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PR
3629
B3
1865

THE WORKS

OF

MICHAEL BRUCE.

'Storyis to red ar delitabill,
Suppos that tha be nocht bot fabill.
Than suld storyis that suthfast wer,
And tha war said on gud maner,
Haf doubill plesans in hering. . . .
Tharfor I wald fane set my will,
Gif my wit micht suffis thartill,
To put in writ ane suthfast story,
That it lest ay furth in memory,
Sa that na tym of lenth it let,
Na ger it haly be forghet.'

JOHN BARBOUR: *The Brus:*
Spalding Club Edition.

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1 Letter from Gairney Bridge. – 2 Sign

Sir

The following will inform
less Condition (if you will
which I desire you to take
to say a great many fine thi
find they are all slipt out
as Brother, make the Comp

Sincerely

(1762) Michael Bruce

CE'S HAND WRITING.

es in Edinburgh University Album.

ou that we are in a table-
use the novelty of the Words
to Consideration. I was about
on this Subject, but I
my Head. To your Wife
ents of yours

Michael Bruce

(1763) Michael Bruce

THE WORKS

OF

MICHAEL BRUCE

EDITED,

With Memoir and Notes,

BY THE

REV. ALEXANDER B. GROSART,

KINROSS.

'With gentle BRUCE, flinging melodious blame
On the Future for an uncompleted name.'

DAVID GRAY, '*In the Shadows.*'

EDINBURGH:
WILLIAM OLIPHANT AND CO.
LONDON: HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND CO.
1865.

MURRAY AND GIBB, PRINTERS, EDINBURGH.

To the Memory

OF

The Rev. William Mackelvie, D.D.,
BALGEDIE,

AS THE

First Vindicator

OF THE CLAIM FOR

Michael Bruce,

TO THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE

'Ode to the Cuckoo,'

AND OTHER POEMS;

I INSCRIBE THIS EDITION OF THE
POET HE REVERED.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

CONTENTS.

PAGE

PREFACE, ... ix

PART I.

MEMOIR, ... 1

PART II.

INTRODUCTION TO THE POEMS: Logan Controversy, 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' and Paraphrases, ... 51

APPENDIX TO MEMOIR: Letters, ... 115

POEMS.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO, ... 123

HYMNS AND PARAPHRASES—

I. The Complaint of Nature, ... 127
II. The Lord God Omnipotent, ... 130
III. The Call of Wisdom, ... 131
IV. Heavenly Wisdom, ... 133
V. Atoning Sacrifice, ... 134
VI. Simeon Waiting, ... 135
VII. Sorrow not as without Hope, ... 136
VIII. The Enthroned High Priest, ... 137
IX. Dying in the Lord, ... 138
X. Trust in Providence, ... 139
XI. Advent of the Messiah, ... 140
XII. The Approaching Saviour, ... 144

REVISED HYMN—

The Millennium, ... 145

ELEGY IN SPRING, ... 149

PAGE

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES—

Weaving Spiritualized, ... 155
Inscription on a Bible, ... 156
The Last Day, ... 157
Lochleven, ... 176
Sir James the Ross: An Historical Ballad, . . . 197
Ode: To a Fountain, ... 205
Danish Ode, ... 207
Danish Ode, ... 208
To Paoli, ... 209
The Eagle, Crow, and Shepherd: A Fable, . . . 214
The Musiad: A Minor Epic Poem, ... 215
Anacreontic: To a Wasp, ... 219
Alexis: A Pastoral, ... 220
Damon, Menalcas, and Melibœus: An Eclogue, . . . 223
Philocles: An Elegy on the Death of Mr William Dryburgh, . 227
Daphnis: A Monody, ... 230
Verses on the Death of the Rev. Wm. M'Ewen, . . . 234
To John Millar, M.D., ... 235
An Epigram, ... 236
Pastoral Song, ... 236
Lochleven No More, ... 237
Fragments of Satires, ... 238
The Poet's Petition for 'a Table,' 240
Eclogue: In the Manner of Ossian, ... 241
The Vanity of our Desire of Immortality here, . . . 244

NOTES, ... 249

PREFACE.

IT is well-nigh an hundred years since MICHAEL BRUCE closed, in little beyond his twenty-first year, as fine an example of 'The Gentle Life' as can be found anywhere. About three years afterwards a little volume of his 'Poems' was published under the anonymous editorship of his college associate, JOHN LOGAN, subsequently known as the Rev. JOHN LOGAN of Leith. I tell the story of this publication in its own place,—a story than which, as there is in relation to Bruce no more pathetic, so in relation to Logan there is no more dishonourable, chapter in the history of Literature. Apart from his impudent theft of the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' and the Hymns and Paraphrases, we have to lament the loss of BRUCE'S Correspondence, which, in order to carry out his after-claims, this '*friend*' took all care to secure, even to single letters, as shown in our Memoir. The scanty original materials for a 'Life' were thus in the outset made scantier; for JOHN LOGAN deliberately DESTROYED every scrap of the Bruce Letters and other MSS. 'wyled' into his possession, over and above the quarto volume

of his transcribed 'Poems,' on which the young Poet worked so yearningly when he knew that

> . . . 'All that tender bloom about his eyes
> Was Death's own violets, which *his* utmost rite
> It is to scatter, when the red rose dies.'—[HOOD.]

Since the original edition of the Poems in 1770, there have been at least other twelve editions. The worthiest was edited by the late DR MACKELVIE in 1837,—fully one-half of the volume consisting of a 'Life of the Author from Original Sources.' The 'Life' won for its right-hearted and manly author the praise and gratitude of all the leading literary authorities. Long 'out of print,' a new edition of the 'Poems' has been a *desideratum*, as witnessed by the enhanced price fetched by chance-occurring copies of Dr Mackelvie's edition, and by the immediate sale, so as to put it also 'out of print,' of a humble little edition published in Belfast.

Had Dr Mackelvie's health not failed him, he would in all probability have re-issued his edition with revision. Now that he is gone, I have undertaken the 'labour of love;' and while awarding the original Biographers (Drs Anderson and Mackelvie) all honour and all acknowledgment when quoted or in any way used, it will be found that our Memoir and handling of the Logan controversy concerning the 'Ode' and Paraphrases, are based upon independent researches that have resulted in the recovery of new *data*, and in placing what was already known in new lights. In some passages of the Memoir I cherish an hope of having spoken words of cheer to young men now battling with Bruce's difficulties, or sorer.

In Part I. I bring together the facts of the 'Life' of Bruce; and in Part II., in an Introduction to the 'Poems,' I establish his claims to the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' and the Hymns and Paraphrases. 'Time brings the truth to light.'

> . . . . 'Interdum vitia prosunt hominibus
> Sed tempore ipso tamen apparet veritas.'—[PHÆDRUS.]

The Notes explain local allusions and other points.

I have to acknowledge the kind interest shown in our undertaking by many correspondents, who will find some of their information and suggestions used. To David Laing, Esq., LL.D., of the Signet Library, Edinburgh; Henry Flockhart, Esq. of Annafrech; and Robert Arnot, Esq. of Portmoak, I return special thanks.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

FIRST MANSE, KINROSS,
December 26th, 1864.

*** 250 copies on large paper, toned (crown 4to, cloth antique), with *original photographs of the scenes of the Memoir and Poems*, are being prepared. The price 10s. 6d.

'I owe thee the far-beac ning memories
Of the young dead, who, having crossed the tide
Of Life where it was narrow, deep, and clear,
Now cast their brightness from the further side,
On the dark-flowing hours I breast in fear.'

LORD HOUGHTON.

Part First.

MEMOIR.

'He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken,
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.'

MRS E. B. BROWNING.

MEMOIR.

BRUCE is a name of renown in Scotland; and just as, over the Atlantic, all the Rogerses are ingenious in tracing their lineage to JOHN ROGERS, the proto-martyr of The Reformation, so every one who bears it, 'gentle and simple,' is eager to claim descent from the victor of Bannockburn. There appear to have been many branches—full of seed—from an ancient parent-trunk of Bruces. The name is met with to this day in well-nigh every county of 'the land of the mountain and the flood.' In the native shire of MICHAEL BRUCE, and its borders, from Leslie to Stirling, and from Perth to 'fair Edina,' it is to be found, as well in the charter-chest of the towered and moated Manor, as in 'the huts where poor men lie.' 'THE BRUCE' of whom JOHN BARBOUR sang in no unworthy Iliad, sleeps in the cathedral church of Dunfermline; while down toward the Forth, among 'immemorial trees,' is the family seat of the Earls of Elgin, whose proudest memory is, that they are of 'the blue blood' of the regal BRUCES. Farther West, the Bruces of Kennet, in their contendings

for baronage, show many a dim old roll. Within Kinross-shire itself, the Bruces of Arnot—on whose property stands the shattered 'Peel' referred to by our Poet—have lately asserted their claim to represent, through Sir John Bruce Hope, Bart., a long line of the name, by disinterring from the mossed vaults in the '*Auld Kirk-yard*' of the Parish, ranges of coffins in musty velvet and faded gold, and rearing over them, in the very bathos of ostentation, a 'Tomb,' that in its hideous largeness and newness—not a sprig of ivy even on its nakedness—spoils the sequestered beauty of this fairest and most tranquil of 'God's Acres.' I do not know that it were possible to connect the name of the 'sweet singer,' whose short Life-Story it is our purpose to tell in this Memoir, with any of these inheritors of royal and lordly descent. Sooth to say, I can't greatly lament *this* 'Missing Link;' for MICHAEL BRUCE wears his unfading 'crown' of violets—their bits of blue, intense as heaven's own azure, and their fragrance never to be exhaled—from what he was and has left behind him, not from what his '*forbears*' gave him. Yet it is not unmeet to enroll his lowly name among THE BRUCES:

> 'Of him I think this buk to ma.
> Now God gif gras that I may sa
> Tret it and bring it till ending
> That I say nocht bot suthfast thing.'[1]

Kinnesswood, or as Sir Robert Sibbald spells it, 'Kinaskwood,'[2] or as 'the common people' pronounce it now,

[1] John Barbour: The Brus, as on title-page, p. 4.

[2] The History, Ancient and Modern, of the Sheriffdoms of Fife and Kinross, with a description of both, and of the Firths of Forth and Tay, etc. etc. By Sir Robert Sibbald, M.D. A new edition. Cupar-Fife, 1803. 8vo, p. 284.

'Kinaskit,' is a fair-placed village in the Parish of Portmoak, a parish locally known—and therein is gathered up probably old ecclesiastical tradition—as 'The Bishopshire.' Couched at the feet of 'The Lomonds'—hills green to the top—it overlooks pleasantly 'Lochleven,' and shares a Landscape that is touched with a quiet beauty, in its well-cultured fields, brightened with the flash of streams; its shy, bosky nooks, vocal with the 'singing of birds;' its 'Walks' in hill and dale, abiding in undesecrated primitiveness; and its bits of antique ruralness that Gainsborough had worshipped: shares also memories of The Picts and The Culdees and St Moak, of Mary Stuart and Sir Walter Scott's 'Abbot,' of The Covenanters and of good Ebenezer Erskine.[1] It neighbours Scotland-well, another village, which still possesses its full-flowing 'Spring,' with its floor of silver-white sand, the '*Fons Scotiæ*' of ancient Charters, if not of Tacitus himself; noticeable likewise as having been among the last places in Scotland that had the peculiar form of street with a raised footpath in the centre, which illustrates the proverb of 'keeping the *croon* ("crown") o' the causey.'[2]

Kinnesswood is lovingly sketched in 'Lochleven:'

> 'Behold the village rise
> In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
> Above whose aged tops the joyful swains,
> At eventide descending from the hill,

[1] Cf. for 'Culdees' and 'St Moak,' Sibbald, as above *sub nominibus*, and Dr Jamieson: for Mary Stuart, any of the innumerable 'Lives:' for the 'Covenanters,' any of the early Histories and Biographies: and for Ebenezer Erskine, his 'Life,' by Fraser. The finest scenes of Scott's 'Abbot' are laid in and around 'Lochleven.'

[2] On Scotland-well, cf. Sibbald, as before, pp. 282 *seq.* Dr Mackelvie told me of the 'causey,' as above.

With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke, high curling to the clouds.'[1]

Within this village, in a house that survives grey and ruinous, in one of the lanes that strike off from the main street and ascend the hill, MICHAEL BRUCE was born on March 27th, 1746,[2] within less than a couple of weeks of the Battle of Culloden. The frontage of the house presents two storeys, or, *Scotice*, 'flats:' the upper was tenanted by the Bruces, and, entered from behind through a small garden, it shows as only one 'storey' there, owing to the declivity of the site. It is a weather-worn, 'eerie' looking place enough at this day; but from the accounts of the older inhabitants of the village, which again corroborate those of Lord Craig and of Dr Huie on their visits in 1779[3] and 1831,[4] it must have looked sunnier and 'bonnier' even comparatively recently. The roof was thatched, and the vernal days found the 'fow' or 'fowat' spreading out its tropical-like leaves along the 'rigging' and patches of moss, showing now the sheen of emerald and now in their dewiness the richer glow of the mottling on a bee's wing; while the 'window'—seen in our photograph[5]—had a honeysuckle twined around it, that no doubt gladdened the 'sick heart' of the dying lad in after years with the rich odour of its pensile blossoms and hum of invited bees. The swal-

[1] In the 'Life' of Bruce in Chambers' 'Eminent Scotsmen,' this description is quoted with enthusiastic praise.

[2] Bruce's own letters inform us of his birth-date. See onward: also 'Life,' by Dr Anderson, in his 'Works of the British Poets.' Vol. xi. p. 273.

[3] Lord Craig in 'Mirror,' No. 36. 1779.

[4] Dr Huie in 'The Olive Branch,' a golden little book published in 1831.

[5] The photographs will be given in the large paper copies of our book, being prepared.

lows kneaded their nests in the latticed window-corner, and the sill was visited o' winter mornings by the robin with his ruff of red.

His father was ALEXANDER BRUCE; his mother ANNE BRUCE, which was her maiden name as well, though not previously related. 'I would I were a *weaver*,' says Falstaff: 'I could sing psalms.'[1] The mighty Knight's wish was doubly gained by Master Michael. His father was a 'weaver;' his cradle was rocked beside the clicking loom; and, though in far other sense than Sir John intended, 'psalms' were sung in devout praise in his house. For over and above his possession of his full share of shrewd, '*common sense*'—most un-common of all sense—ALEXANDER BRUCE was a man of much individuality and sterling worth and weight of Christian character—of the old Scottish type: less loquacious than its modern counterfeit, but all the truer from its silent 'witnessing' rather than fussy consciousness. He was a 'Seceder' and 'elder' in his Congregation; and as an evidence of the breadth of his opinions at a narrow period, nor less of his independence of judgment, he adhered to THOMAS MAIR of Orwell, when that misunderstood and holy man was ejected from the Anti-Burgher Synod for holding that 'there is a sense in which Christ died for ALL men.'[2] Both Mr and Mrs Bruce were connected with his Congregation, and reckoned it no burden to go Sabbath after Sabbath to Milnathort,[3]—a daily journey to and fro of fully ten

[1] I. Henry IV. ii. 4. [2] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 5.

[3] David Pearson (of whom more in the sequel) drew up a memoir of Alexander Bruce, which appeared in the Edinburgh 'Missionary Chronicle' for 1797. It is well worthy perusal.

miles. ANNE BRUCE, again, was a genuine 'mother in Israel,' vigilant, loving, frugal, '*diligent*;' and having been spared long after her husband, and nearly all her children, she mellowed beautifully as she wore her crown of silver hairs, and exemplified the 'hoary head found in the way of righteousness' (Prov. xvi. 31). Thus the lines of Cowper, that can no more grow trite from often quotation than can a Rose or Violet, express his lineage:

> 'My boast is not that I deduce my birth
> From loins enthron'd, and rulers of the earth;
> But higher far my proud pretensions rise,
> The sun of parents pass'd into the skies.'

The Poet of 'The Cuckoo' was thus born into just such a 'fireside' as a few years later his brother-bards ROBERT TANNAHILL and ROBERT NICOLL, not to name others. Of course your 'gentleman' and 'fine lady,' who have nothing but compassion for the '*poor Weaver*,' and to whom the very thought of a 'Loom' calls up visions of wretchedness and want, deem it a sad start in life. But I don't at all agree with them: I very thoroughly disagree. A 'godly' parentage weighs down mere outward splendour; and '*daily bread*' sweetened by honest earning is not to be scorned because of the absence of dainties and luxuries to gratify every whim of appetite. The men of Scotland who have made their deepest mark on their generation, have worked their way upward from just such levels; and in my own personal knowledge of how much of love and comfort, of pleasant laughter, of kindly helping one another, of real

[1] 'Passing' while he lived: 'passed' after he had 'gone before.'

happiness, all transfigured with 'that light that never was on sea or land,' but comes from Above, are to be found under lowly roofs,—and how far a small sum, well-guided, and unbroken by 'strong drink' or other fleshly indulgences, goes,—and how the 'bit' always 'comes' for each new 'mouth,' with the great Father's blessing over all, that seems still miraculously to 'increase' the 'loaves and few small fishes' and to leave 'baskets over,'—and what stores of knowledge are contrived to be laid up, and how the family 'pew' is unfailingly paid for, and never the 'penny' wanting for the 'plate' o' Sundays, or white money for any special appeal,—I must regard the pity as misdirected, and the sentimentalism as unmanly whimpering. The old Covenant-promise is, 'His bread shall be given him: his water shall be sure,' as our daily petition left us by The Master runs, 'Give us this day our *daily bread*.' Let a man have these—'Bread and Water,'—necessaries, not dainties; and if he have a man's brain and a man's heart, and the Christian's faith and hope, he will prove stronger than his circumstances, and will conquer, unless perchance there be taint i' the blood, as in early-ailing MICHAEL BRUCE. I make these remarks because too much has been made of the 'indigence,' etc. etc., of Bruce. Thousands are born into, and are bravely and truthfully and purely living through, the same pressure and 'fight;' and they are the bone and muscle of the body politic, ay, and are ever and anon showing that God gives intellect and genius impartially. Methinks, instead of patronizing pity, the best thing possible for not a few of your gloved and jewelled 'Upper

Classes' (so-called), were enforced winning of 'bread,' even to the tanning of their brow by sweat, and roughening and enlarging of their hands by labour.

We have no pedigree of the 'Kinnesswood' Bruces, whence to trace the Christian name of 'Michael.' I have consulted old records, and registers not a few, including the Baptism-Book of my own congregation, which goes back to the very commencement of 'The Secession,' and embraces the entire county, and far beyond; but while there are many Bruces, there is no 'Michael' in one of them. Neither do the present representatives of the Poet (descendants of a sister) know of any one from whom the name might be selected. It has struck me, that in all likelihood good Alexander Bruce chose the Christian name of the child from '*Michael* Bruce,' the famous Covenanter-preacher, whose burning 'Sermons,' once scattered in quaint chap-books, were much read by the godly peasantry of Scotland and of the North of Ireland.[1]

'Michael' was a delicate infant. He was the 'fifth'

[1] The following are the titles of a few of these :—

1. The Rattling of the Dry Bones; or, a Sermon preached in the night-time at Chapel-yard, in the parish of Carluke, Clydsdale, May 1672. Ezek. xxxviii. 7, 8. 4to.

2. Soul-Confirmation: a Sermon preached in the parish of Cambusnethan, in Clyds-dail. [Acts xiv. 22.] 4to, 1709.

3. Six dreadful alarms in order to the right improving of the Gospel; so [misprint for 'or'] the substance of a sermon. Matt. vii. 24. 4to.

4. The duty of Christians to live together in religious communion, recommended in a sermon preached at Belfast, January 5, 1724-5, before the sub-Synod, on Rom. xv. 7. 8vo. Belfast, 1725.

5. A sermon preached by Master Michael Bruce, in the Tolbooth of Edinburgh, the immediate Sabbath after he received the sentence of exile for Virginia. Ps. cxl. 12, 13. 4to. I have over and over come upon the 'Sermons' of this 'Michael Bruce' in our County,—a circumstance that speaks of their circulation in the district, and so is confirmatory of our supposition concerning the Poet's Christian name.

of a family of eight. While 'Saunders'—that is, his 'father'—plied his shuttle, and 'Annie,' his 'mother,' or as Doric lips call her, 'mither,' having put all to rights exactly as inimitably photographed by ROBERT BURNS in 'The Cottar's Saturday Night,' sat down at the 'Spinning-Wheel,' and worked away at materials for winter underclothing '*for a' the bairns*,' ever and anon lilting some old snatch of song, or perchance a 'Psalm' of David,—Mary Miller, an adopted orphan, took charge of the sickly little thing. All as still to be seen repeated in an hundred lowly but happy Scottish '*hames*.'

Children were earlier sent to school long ago than now: partly because of their pair of hands being all too soon needed to add to the family purse as 'herds,' if boys; as 'servant-maids,' if girls.[1] ALEXANDER BRUCE had taken special pains with 'Michael' himself: so much so, that when he 'toddled,' before he had reached his fourth year, to the village school, which was then taught by a Mr Dun, of whom there are still faint memories in the 'Bishopshire,' he could take with him the Bible as his first lesson-book. 'The Master,' says Dr Mackelvie, reporting the account of those who had been his playmates, 'was surprised at what he considered the stupidity of his parents, in furnishing their child with the sacred volume instead of the Shorter Catechism.' 'His surprise, however, was transferred from the parents to the child, when, upon asking him to

[1] My worthy friend, Mr David Marshall, of the Lochleven Fishings, Kinross, has put into my hands an old receipt, in the handwriting of Dr James Stedman of Whinfield to his grandfather, also Mr David Marshall, by which it appears that down to 1807 even 'girls' acted as 'herds:' said receipt including 12s. 'to his daughter Mary' as 'her fee as Herd.'

show what he could do, he commenced reading with fluency at the place pointed out to him.'[1] Poor, dear little fellow, better far had he run about the hills awhile, ruddying his small cheeks on their breezy slopes!

'At the end of the first week,' the same Biographer continues, 'he was considered by his instructor to have been long enough among the easy lessons of The Gospels; and was therefore enjoined to bring with him, upon his return, the book read by the more advanced class.'[2] Another anecdote has been preserved, witnessing to his precocious attainments. The father and Michael, then a mere child, having visited a book-stall at one of the Market-Fairs in the village, the poems of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount were inquired for. The vendor of books did not chance to have the volume; but learning that it was asked for the child before him, he was so surprised that *he* should wish it, that he turned up a little volume, entitled 'A Key to the Gates of Heaven' (so tradition tells, but probably it was good old Thomas Brooks' 'Privy Key of Heaven;' or perchance Scudder's 'Key of Heaven, or the Lord's Prayer Opened'), and promised to let him have *it* on condition that he would read a portion of it upon the spot; which being done to his satisfaction immediately, he awarded him the prize.[3]

His progress through the other branches of school-learning was equally rapid. A scrap of one of his few letters that have survived the spoliation of Logan—of which in the sequel—informs us that he could 'write' when in his sixth year. 'I could write,' he says, 'or at least scratch, my name, with the year 1752 below it. In

[1] As before, p. 12. [2] *Ibid.* [3] *Ibid.* pp. 6, 7.

that year I learnt the elements of pencraft; and now, let me see, 1752 from 1766 leaves fourteen,—a goodly term for one to be a scholar.'[1] Nay, gentle Michael, not 'fourteen years' a scholar, at least not 'fourteen years' at School: for thy 'often infirmities' compelled frequent absences. Very touching are the reminiscences of the apt boy. He was slender; breast narrow, high-shouldered, neck long; his skin white, even pallid and 'glistering;' his cheeks flushing into red rather than ruddy; his hair golden, and inclined to curl. These traits are gathered from various agreeing sources.[2]

Besides his detention by illness, there was the further abstraction of the summer months of six years, during which, according to the 'use and wont' of persons in his circumstances, he acted as a '*Herd*' among the 'Lomond' hills, that rise behind his native village. Perhaps these summers in the open air, following 'the sheep' through strath and across 'brae,' in devious wanderings, gave him what of the brief lease of years he got. I meet with no lads so brawnily healthy, so full of gleesomeness, so ready for sport or 'trick,' as 'Herds.' I have met with some, too, who revealed, through their stammering, bashful speech, a brain at work under the shock of sunburnt hair; eyes out of which a soul looked not altogether unvisited of speculation. If one might recall delicate 'Michael,' as he went about his daily task, there should doubtless be many a 'daunder' along the 'Glen Vale' to be followed; many a musing

[1] Letter to Mr David Pearson; Mackelvie, as before, pp. 12, 13.

[2] Mackelvie, as before, p. 13: confirmed to myself by a grandniece from her mother. No portrait has been preserved. Pity that it should be so, while we have the wrenched and bloated face of Logan, that none cares for.

pause among the huge stones of 'Richard Cameron's pulpit;' interrogations of sky, and earth, and his own deepening nature, and of 'The Book.' These are not surmises merely. The Proprietor of Upper Kinneston, a small estate upon the south-west declivity of the 'Lomond Hills,' used to tell in his old age how 'Michael' was wont to recount many a wondrous story, and put many a strange question, when he carried his little 'meal' to him,—a service he was always forward to undertake for the sake of having a '*crack*' with the 'auld-farrant' Herd;[1] while his 'Lochleven' is evidently a reproduction of his youthful wanderings and 'visions' transfigured with the hues of poetry—the ineffable light that streams out upon everything which genius looks on. Like the shepherd-boy David 'of old,' even thus early there was a shadow of awe upon his young spirit; and he delighted to turn the conversation to sacred things.[2] If at any time it happened that his father was absent at the usual hour for 'family worship,' —and in the godly weaver's home 'prayer was the key o' the morning and the lock o' the nicht,' as the old Scottish proverb runs,—Michael, by the common consent of the household, took his place. 'It has been stated to the present writer,' Dr Mackelvie observes, 'by a person who was once present upon an occasion of this kind, and who was well qualified to judge of what was becoming in such circumstances, that he was impressed for the moment with a sense of incongruity in a child acting as the domestic "minister" in a family in which there were, at the time,

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 15. [2] *Ibid.*

both an adult man and a matron; but that, before the boy had concluded the service, he was so struck with the propriety of his language, the variety of scriptural allusions, the suitableness of the petitions, and the solemnity of the manner, that he could hardly permit himself to believe that the boy whom he saw before him really uttered the prayer which he heard.'[1]

Spite of the hindrances from sickness and 'herding,' Michael had no difficulty in making up lost ground at school; and indeed it was commonly seen that his classfellows soon lagged behind him. All who were his associates at school agreed in ascribing an unaccountable 'weight' and influence to all he said and did. It was a common saying, that Michael's word was of as great authority as the Master's. The quarrelsome were abashed by his look; the injured fled to him for help; he was the decider of all disputes. It is unspeakably touching to find the loving way in which Arnot, and Pearson, and Birrel, and others of his school-mates, in long after years, spoke of him. At home the same indefinable deference was paid to him. He was a *pet*, but not spoiled. 'He was,' finely remarks his Biographer, already quoted, 'the Joseph of the family, without provoking the envy of his brethren.'[2]

Altogether, not without reason has he been regarded as one who might have sat for Beattie's 'Minstrel:'

> . . . 'Poor Edwin was no vulgar boy,
> Deep thought oft seemed to fix his infant eye;
> Dainties he heeded not, nor gaud, nor toy,
> Save one short pipe of rudest minstrelsy.

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 16. [2] *Ibid.*

Silent when glad, affectionate though shy,
And now his look was most demurely sad,
And now he laughed aloud, yet none knew why;
And neighbours stared, and sighed, and blessed the lad;
Some deemed him wondrous wise, and some believed him mad.'[1]

All this will have prepared the reader for a decision which was arrived at, not without prayer, when Michael was in his eleventh year, viz., that he should be educated for the office of the holy 'ministry,'—a worthy ambition of many of the very humblest ranks in Scotland, and which has furnished some of the sturdiest heads and most devout hearts, as well as the most efficient 'workers,' in all the Churches. Let those who wish to see how, when there is a 'will,' there opens up a 'way,' read the 'Life' of Dr Robertson, the late inestimable Leader of the recent 'Endowment Scheme' of the 'Kirk of Scotland,' as admirably and faithfully written by the Rev. A. H. Charteris, now of Glasgow;[2] and in reading *it*, they will read of just such an upward struggle as Michael Bruce had to maintain, though without the thews and *vis* of the peasant-son of Aberdeenshire. Again, I must protest against misdirected sentiment and pity in this matter. A lad who has manhood and Christianhood is all the better of such 'hardness' and contending. It is mere puling and unmanly weakness, to make a to-do about the self-denial, the vexations, the 'worry,' the inequalities, that have to be endured by those who go out into the world's arena from the humble hut, and wholly thrown upon their own resources. The discipline welds the

[1] Book 1. Stanza xvi.

[2] One vol. 8vo. Blackwood.

character, if there be *substance* in it—strengthens, not weakens; and the issue, under the divine blessing, makes success all the finer and nobler. *As a rule*, your 'young men' who have had parents to do all for them, turn out inferior stuff, and in the work-a-day world go down where the poverty-inured advances buoyant to the conflict. Michael Bruce had neither less nor more to contend with than hundreds of others at the present day. Not his 'indigence,' not his 'hardships,' barbed the arrow that laid him low; but his infirm, 'consumptive' constitution—a heritage that had worked to the same mournful end had he been dandled on the knee of fortune. To hear some men speak, one would suppose that there are no away-goings on 'the far journey' by Michael Bruces, whose cradles were rocked in palaces, and who through their whole days were fenced and guarded, that 'the winds of heaven might not visit their cheeks too roughly.' As with his life-start from a 'weaver's' house,—not lowlier than that in Henley Street, Stratford-on-Avon,—so with his life-progress, by far too much has been made of Bruce's difficulties.

Having decided to 'prepare' for college, Michael, in association with the children of 'portioners' in the parish, and a son of the village teacher, Mr Dun, who was an excellent classic, 'gave himself' to the acquisition of Latin. The tradition is, that he was always 'dux' in the class, and that Latin came to him as had his mother-tongue. One of his 'fellows' was a son of Mr David Arnot, proprietor of Portmoak. They were as twin-brothers; but their friendship was prematurely

broken up by the death of William while at school. He is the 'Daphnis' of an elegy written four years subsequently. Our photograph shows his 'grave' in the lonely churchyard, on the margin of 'Lochleven.' The removal of this youth, who seems to have been a singularly interesting 'boy,' moved Bruce deeply. The father was a man of fine character, of rare sagacity, and, in his circumstances, of rarer culture. To him it was Michael Bruce was indebted for his first introduction to Shakespeare, Pope, Young, and other of the great names of our country. The death of William, so far from sundering Mr Arnot and the now 'student,' appears to have drawn them closer and kindlier together. To the end they corresponded; and many an unostentatious 'present' witnessed to the thoughtfulness and tenderness of 'the laird's' regard. All honour to the memory of the Arnots of Portmoak!

When Michael had reached his fifteenth year, the 'village class' was broken up; one of its members, as we have seen, being dead; one, young Dun, had left for College; and others were variously entered on their various avocations. The question was, to which University he should go. It is said that his first intention was to offer himself as a candidate for a 'bursary' or scholarship in St Andrews; but a companion of his own having been excluded from the competition, Bruce, suspecting that his connection with 'The Secession' Church had operated against *him*, resolved, rather than hazard rejection, not to apply. His thoughts were next directed to Edinburgh. In the interval he employed himself at leisure hours in transcribing large portions

of Milton and of Thomson; and he was 'imping his wing for larger flight' than he had yet indulged. While he was still somewhat uncertain as to the future after leaving the village school, a letter came to his father, informing him that a relative had died, and bequeathed him 200 merks Scots (£11, 2s. 2d.).[1] It was received as a direct 'gift' from God. It was at once 'separated' to Michael's use; and he proceeded to enrol himself as a student in the University of Edinburgh. His unfailing friend, Mr Arnot of Portmoak, declared his readiness to render what assistance lay in his power; and the monthly 'chest,' as it passed from Kinnesswood to Edinburgh, showed that he did not fail of his promise; for there went in it now a little 'kit' of sweet butter, and now a dozen new-laid eggs, even well-nigh all the presents to David at Mahanaim—'honey, and butter, and sheep, and cheese of kine' (2 Sam. xvii. 29).

Dr Mackelvie states his inability, from the loss of his college tickets, to give the classes attended by Bruce; but an examination of the Matriculation Album of the University has furnished us with his first entry, viz., under date 17th December 1762, in the 'Greek' class, under Professor Robert Hunter. His signature is exceedingly neat and careful, and contrasts with others on the same page. Along with him there appear the names of 'John Logan' and 'William Dryburgh.' Under date 1763 his signature again appears,—John Stevenson, Professor '*Rationalis Philosophiæ*,' *i.e.* of Logic,—and once more Logan and Dryburgh are found on

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 29.

the same page. His signature this time is larger than in 1762, but is equally neat, as our frontispiece fac-similes beneath the Letter show.

The enrolment in what is now called the 'Matriculation Album' of the University must then have been voluntary, not, as now, compulsory; as, while it is known that Bruce attended four years or sessions, the above two are the only occurrences of his signature. Moreover, a final search and scrutiny revealed that neither Mr George Henderson of Turfhills, afterwards the Rev. George Henderson, of what is now the United Presbyterian congregation 'Greyfriars,' Glasgow,[1] nor Mr George Lawson, afterwards Professor Lawson, of Selkirk,—a prodigy of learning, and a venerable man,[2]—enrolled themselves. The name of Mr David Greig, afterwards the Rev. David Greig of Lochgelly, appears in 1764 in the 'Greek' class. The only other noticeable 'students' of the period that I have come upon are 'Dugald Stewart' (1765 and 1767), afterwards the eminent Professor of 'Moral Philosophy' in the University; and 'William Smellie' (1762), one of the sturdiest of Scottish thinkers.[3]

There are very few memorials of Bruce's progress and position in the University; but the above fellow-

[1] We have been favoured with the use of a copy of a privately printed volume *in memoriam* of this good man. It is called, 'Discourses of the Rev. George Henderson, Minister of the Associate Congregation, Shuttle Street, Glasgow; with a Prefatory Notice by his son, George Henderson. For private distribution. Glasgow, 1859.' He died on 5th December 1784.

[2] The 'Life' of Lawson has been at last written by Dr John Macfarlane of London. 1 vol. crown 8vo. 1862.

[3] I have to acknowledge the kindness of Mr Smith, Secretary of the University, in allowing me to go through the 'Registers' of the period, and for the permission to take our fac-similes.

students, Henderson and Greig and Lawson, were wont in after years to speak of him with enthusiasm.

Dr Anderson thus summarizes his course from contemporaries :—'He applied himself to the several branches of literature and philosophy with remarkable assiduity and success. Of the Latin and Greek languages he acquired a masterly knowledge ; and he made eminent progress in Metaphysics, Mathematics, and Moral and Natural Philosophy. But the Belles Lettres was his favourite pursuit, and poetry his darling study.'[1]

It is remembered that Bruce became a member of a literary society that met once a-week during the sitting of the College. The laws of the association required each member to read an essay in turn to the meeting. But Michael preferred verse to prose ; and his poem of 'The Last Day,'—only in occasional lines successful,—is understood to have been one of his exercises. His Fable of 'The Eagle, Crow, and Shepherd,' as explained in the place, was another.

We catch a vanishing glimpse of his bookish tastes in another fragment of a letter to his friend Mr Arnot : —[Edinburgh, November 27, 1764.] 'I daily meet with proofs that money is a necessary evil. When in an auction, I often say to myself, How happy should I be if I had money to purchase such a book ! How well should my library be furnished ! "Nisi obstat res angusta domi."

> '"My lot forbids, nor circumscribes alone
> My growing virtues, but my crimes confines."'

He proceeds : 'Whether any virtues would have ac-

[1] As before, p. 274.

companied me in a more elevated station, is uncertain; but that a number of vices, of which my sphere is incapable, would have been its attendants, is unquestionable. The Supreme Wisdom has seen this meet, and the Supreme Wisdom cannot err.'[1]

Let there be no 'whimpering' over 'indigence,' etc. etc. etc., again, from this text. All who have themselves been students know how 'tempting' a book auction is; and how spendthriftly often one is led to buy and buy that which a little self-denial had enabled us to resist with gain, not loss.

That Michael Bruce had this 'weakness,' is evidenced by the singularly beautiful copies of the classics—nearly all Elzevirs—and other books which he secured; and specially from his committing to the furtive care of Mr Arnot of Portmoak his copies of Shakespeare and of Pope, which he wished hidden from his worthy father, not because they were Shakespeare and Pope, but because he had indulged his *Bibliomania* in purchasing 'splendid copies' of what were already available to him, either in his own home-shelves or at his friend's of Portmoak.[2] All his books that remain are beautiful copies, of the finest editions. I have his fair vellum-bound 'Greek Testament,' in selected sections; and the Rev. Thomas Swan of Muirton has his Lactantius, with this inscription on the title-page: 'Michael Brusius

[1] As before, pp. 274, 275.

[2] Dr Mackelvie, as before, pp. 5, 6, has conclusively removed the charge of 'illiberality' from Alexander Bruce, as made in the 'Penny Cyclopædia,' in the Memoir of Bruce. 'The fear of a discovery' intimated, is explained above; and the young Poet's *penchant* will not be hardly regarded by those who know the luxury of the indulgence.

jure emptionis tenet hunc librum. Edin^r Martii 10^mo 1763^tio.;' also his Josephus, by Stoer.

Like many other students in his circumstances, then as now, at the close of each Session of College, he had to look out for employment, toward replenishing his purse, and preparing for the demands of another Winter. In the earlier Summers he resided chiefly with Mr Arnot, and Mr White of Pittendreich; and was constantly engaged, spite of depression of spirits and headache, in wooing the Muses.

Later, under date 'March 27,' *dies natalis* 1765, we find him on the outlook for a School. Writing from Edinburgh to Mr Arnot, he says: 'I am in great concern just now for a school. When I was over last, there was a proposal made by some people of these parts to keep one at Gairney Bridge. How it may turn out I cannot tell.'[1]

The 'School' herein referred to had been commenced by Mr John Brown, afterwards Professor John Brown, of Haddington—*clarum et venerabile nomen*. It had gone down after his departure, on entering upon his ministry.[2] But it was re-established, and Bruce entered upon its duties. Our photograph shows it as it now appears, in all probability little changed; just such a rustic nest as WILLIAM SHENSTONE saw at Hales Owen, and made immortal in his 'Schoolmistress.' The present Writer has the pleasure of conducting public worship once a month within it, besides a Sunday School established; and long may the spot so hallowed by memories of the

[1] See Appendix A to our Memoir for another and hitherto unpublished letter of Bruce's.

[2] See Life of Dr Brown; and Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 47.

'Founders' of 'The Secession,'—who held their first Presbytery in a little 'Hostelry' here, now removed,—of JOHN BROWN of Haddington, of MICHAEL BRUCE, and of JOHN BURT,—the last a 'man of God,' who kept a Sunday School here for many years, and the savour of whose name is as 'ointment poured forth' to this day,—abide as it at present is.[1]

We have various interesting glimpses of Bruce while engaged at 'Gairney Bridge' School. First of all, there is still in the possession of the Laird of Anacroich, or Annafrech (Henry Flockhart, Esq.), a versified petition from the Poet to his ancestor. Here it is, with Dr Mackelvie's remarks :—

'The school was kept in an old cottage which happened to be previously untenanted. A few deals laid on blocks of wood sufficed for forms, and an old table served as writing-desk. This latter article of furniture was so frail, that before the first month transpired, in which it had been so used, it was damaged beyond repair. Upon this disaster the poet addressed the following letter to Mr Flockhart, proprietor of the lands of Annafrech, who took the active management of the school :—

'"SIR,—The following will inform you that we are in a *tableless* condition (if you will excuse the novelty of the word), which I desire you to take into consideration. I was about to say a great many fine things on the subject, but I find they are all slipt out of my head. To your wife and brother make the compliments of,—yours sincerely, MICHAEL BRUCE."'

[1] John Burt was an elder of what is now known as the First United Presbyterian congregation, Kinross.

THE FALL OF THE TABLE.

'Within this school a table once there stood—
It was not iron—No! 'twas rotten wood.
Four generations it on earth had seen—
A ship's old planks composed the huge machine.
Perhaps that ship in which Columbus hurl'd
Saw other stars rise on another world,—
Or that which bore, along the dark profound,
From pole to pole, the valiant Drake around.—
Tho' miracles long since were said to cease,
Three weeks—thrice seven long days—it stood in peace;
Upon the fourth, a warm debate arose,
Managed by words and more emphatic blows;
The routed party to the table fled,
Which seemed to offer a defensive shade.
Thus, in the town, I've seen, when rains descend,
Where arched porticoes their shades extend,
Papists and gifted Quakers, Tories, Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs—
Men born in India, men in Europe bred,
Commence acquaintance in a mason's shed.
Thus they ensconc'd beneath the table lay,—
With shouts the victors rush upon the prey,—
Attack'd the rampart where they shelter took.
With firing battered, and with engines shook,
It fell. The mighty ruins strew the ground.
It fell! The mountains tremble at the sound.
But to what end (say you) this trifling tale?
Perhaps, sir, man as well as wood is frail.—
Perhaps his life can little more supply,
"Than just to look about us and to die."[1]

'GAIRNIE BRIDGE,
June 17, 1765.'

[1] I have had Dr Mackelvie's version compared with the original MS. through the kindness of Mr Flockhart. A number of mistakes have been thereby corrected. I am much indebted to Mr Flockhart in allowing a fac-simile to be taken of the Letter prefixed to the above petition.

From his gentle disposition his friends feared that Bruce lacked the necessary firmness for the discipline of a School. Accordingly his fellow-student and friend Dryburgh wrote him certain counsels, which we may read :—

'Now that you have taken up a school, I beg to remind you that you are a pedagogue—neither be too gentle nor too severe. The one treatment is as bad as the other ; but if there be any difference, I think indulgence the worse of the two. But, on the other hand, there are many who, professing to whip blockheads, ought to undergo a similar punishment for being one themselves—to whom the words of Solomon, which Dean Swift once chose for his text, may be very well applied, "Stripes are for the back of fools."' These sentiments were still further enforced in a letter sent him, about the same time, by his more experienced friend Arnot. 'The energies of the young,' says he, 'will be sure to lie dormant, if they be not roused by those to whom their training is entrusted, as most soils are barren without cultivation. But there is much need of prudence, for, as some ground requires the stronger plough, another plot may be managed by an easy hand. With some, force must be used ; forbearance must be employed towards others. You have the advantage of spurring them up by emulation, which seldom fails, but which, at the same time, does not always succeed. By this common impulse I could not be affected.'[1]

It appears that these excellent 'counsels' were very

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 52; and see Appendix B to our Memoir for the entire Letter, along with another, from the original MS.

much thrown away, in so far as the 'rod' and 'taws' were concerned, as Bruce never could be induced to use either.

The school was not large. About two months after its re-establishment, there were only twenty-eight pupils. A 'Dialogue' written by the poet-teacher has been preserved; and while there are in it evident humorous touches, verging on caricature, it is nevertheless plain that the fees were trifling, and not very willingly paid by certain of the parents. One is gladdened to find that the cloud of melancholy which brooded over him was not without its silver lining of a quiet, 'pawky' mirthfulness. It is pleasant to think of the worn face, 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,' illumined by the gentle smile that accompanies felt power of insight into character, especially *pretence*. Here is the 'Dialogue:'—

'As I was about to enter on my labours for the week, an old fellow like a Quaker came up and addressed me thus:—

'*Q.* Peace be with you, friend.

'*M.* Be you also safe.

'*Q.* I have brought my son Tobias to thee, that thou mayest instruct him in the way that he should go.

'*M.* He is welcome.

'*Q.* Our brother Jacob telleth me that thou showest thyself a faithful workman, hearing thy scholars oftener in a day than others, because thou hast few.

'*M.* I presume I do.

'*Q.* Verily therein thou doest well; thou shalt not lose thy reward; it shall be given thee with the faithful in their day.

'*M.* Ay, but, friend, I need somewhat in present possession.

'*Q.* I understand you; thou wouldst have the prayers of the faithful.

'*M.* Ay, and something more substantial; in short, my friend, I must have *two shillings per quarter* for teaching your son Tobias.

'*Q.* Ah! friend, I perceive thou lovest the mammon of unrighteousness; let me convince you of your sin.

'*M.* Certainly, since thou seemest to be a most righteous man, who deemeth the servant worthy of his hire.

'*Q.* Hearken unto my voice; Ezekiel, who was also called Holdfast, took but sixpence in the quarter, as thou callest it. He was a good man, but he sleepeth; the faithful mourned for him. He catechized the children seven times a-day. He was one of the righteous, yea, he was upright in his day, save in the matter of——

'*M.* I still think that the labour you expect me to bestow upon your son Tobias is worth two shillings a quarter.

'*Q.* Two shillings! verily, friend, thou art an extortioner; yea, thou grindest the face of the poor, thou lovest filthy lucre. Thou hast respect unto this present world.—*Cætera desunt.*'[1]

'Elia' had laid up the quaint little paper in an inner place of that wizard Memory of his, and produced it, with added puns and quips, to 'set the table in a roar.' But while Bruce had apparently slender pecuniary recompense for his 'teaching,' otherwise he was comfort-

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, pp. 54, 55.

ably situated. It had been agreed that, in addition to the school fees, and in place of salary, he was to reside and receive free-board with the more '*bien*' parents of the children. Accordingly, he went to Classlochie, a farm then possessed by a Mr Grieve,—a man of excellent Christian character, who was so 'taken' by his guest, that he would not hear of his leaving him to go elsewhere during the whole period he taught at Gairney Bridge.

We revisited the 'farm' the other day, and found it to be a pleasant residence. It was conveniently near 'the school,' and the roads leading to and out from it are like the English lanes of Miss Mitford's 'Our Village' itself,—odorous hedgerows on either side, and many a fair wild-flower nestling at the roots. The 'Gairney' glints in silvery windings through the fields on its way to 'Lochleven.' Eastward was his own native Kinnesswood. Southward rises Benarty, darkened with plantations—pine and spruce, and sprinkling of birch, with scintillating bark and quivering leafage, tenderly green in spring, and many-dyed in autumn as a New England 'wood' in the Indian summer. All round about were good neighbours; and every 'farmer's ingle' gave hospitable welcome to the shy, gentle Student-Teacher. Tradition garners memories of visits at 'The Brackleys' and 'Cavilstone,' 'Annafrech' and 'Turfhills.'

In each of these 'farms' were to be found fine specimens of the old type of Scottish 'laird;' some naturally 'wild,' perchance, but subdued and well-nigh reverential in the presence of Michael.

But the old, old story came in to play its part also in

the residence at Classlochie. Mr Grieve had a daughter —Magdalene; and the young Poet loved her fondly, but with 'silent love.' She is the 'Eumelia' of his 'Lochleven,' and the 'fair maid' of his 'Lochleven no more.' Magdalene Grieve survived her lover, and became the wife of Mr David Low, proprietor of Cleish Mill and Wester Cleish, in the neighbourhood. She was wont to speak of Bruce with touching affection, but always declared that he had never '*asked*' her. Excessive modesty, and a presentiment that his days were numbered, have been assigned as reasons for his leaving unspoken a love that seems to have been burning in its shy passionateness, and enduring to the end of his brief life. A stanza, by a well-known local character, intended to immortalize this love-story, is still in circulation in the county. It is as follows:

'In Cleish Kirk-yard lies Magdalene Grieve,
A lass [sweetheart] o' Bruce the Poet;
And Tammie Walker made this verse,
To let the world know it.'[1]

While at Gairney Bridge, he contemplated the publication of a volume of 'Poems;' but this I leave to be spoken of in the second division of our Memoir, in the Introduction to his 'Poems.' One short and hitherto unpublished letter to Mr Arnot, dated from Gairney Bridge, may fitly close our account of his connection therewith. It is as follows:—

'My Dear Sir,—I have sent the letter which you have undertaken to carry spite of disappointments. It is open, but I believe the pleasure of reading it will not pay the

[1] Communicated by Mr David Marshall, as before.

trouble of carrying it. I do not choose to send a blank cover: therefore this (as I shall endeavour to fill it up somehow) shall never be called in question as to its letter-ality, that is to say, a return shall be due in law, and that [such as] it shall pass for an identical letter.

'I have been reading Shaftesbury's Characteristics, and shall transcribe for you what I think the best note I have found in it; and it's this:

'"It seems to me remarkable in our learned and elegant apostle, that he accommodates himself, according to his known character, to the humour and natural turn of the Ephesians, by writing to his converts in a kind of architect-style, and almost with a perpetual allusion to building, and to that majesty, order, and beauty of which this temple was a masterpiece; as Eph. ii. 20-22; and so iii. 17, 18, etc., and iv. 16, etc." This is not a bad remark from one whom, notwithstanding my deference for the moderns, I look upon as little better than a deist.

'I was about to entertain you with a character, not altogether unknown to you, of a talker or story-teller; but I do not choose, merely for a little diversion, to deserve the reprehension of any person living.

'I would have seen you this day (only I was troubled with a pain in the head), and perhaps I may see you as soon as this. I am yours affectionately,

'MICHAEL BRUCE.

'GAIRNY BRIDGE, *May* 25, 1765.

'*P.S.*—You may put to a date to the letter when you close it.'[1]

[1] From the original, kindly sent me with others from the present Mr Arnot of Portmoak, or, as Bruce spells it invariably, 'Portmoag.'

Having finished his 'four years' of attendance at the University, he was now at that stage in his curriculum of study which naturally led to his passing from the University to what was then, and still is, designated the 'Theological Hall,' entrance into which constituted him a 'student of divinity,' as distinguished from a 'student of humanity.' There was a difficulty in the way, to wit, that along with his father and mother, and other relatives and friends, he had hitherto attended the Rev. Thomas Mair, who, after his ejection from the Anti-Burgher Synod, stood alone. He had indeed applied for admission to the 'Moral Philosophy' class of the Anti-Burgher Synod at Alloa; but his connection with Mair was deemed an insuperable barrier. He turned next to the Burghers, or Associate Synod, with whose attitude toward what was called the 'Burgess Oath' he sympathized, rather than with the narrower 'Antis.' He was accordingly admitted to the fellowship of the Church by the Rev. John Swanston of Kinross, who had been recently appointed Professor of Theology by the Synod, and into whose classes he was afterwards enrolled as a student. At the 'Hall,' which was held in the large room of what is now the 'Lochleven Inn' in Kinross, and of which our photograph gives a faithful presentment, he had, as fellow-students, George Henderson of Turfhills, David Greig, George Lawson, Ar. Bennet, and Andrew Swanston, with others who in after years eminently filled the pulpits of the Burgher Synod.

Professor Swanston was a man of no ordinary kind, full, wise, scholarly, evangelical in his opinions, but rising above mere orthodoxy, fatherly in his superintendence,

and above all, attractive as a Christian to the young: in his whole 'walk and conversation' emphatically 'commending' Christ, and '*adorning* the doctrine.'

From the outset the Professor was drawn to MICHAEL BRUCE, who got 'far ben' into his large loving heart, and was treated rather as a young brother or son than a mere Church member or student. That delicacy of constitution which he inherited, it is believed, from his father, showed itself very mournfully during his first Session at the Hall; so much so, that good Professor Swanston advised the ailing lad to give over study altogether for a time. But he persevered, fought on, though wounded and bleeding inwardly. For he was wounded: 'He had weakened his strength in the midst of his days.'

The arrangements made for the 'students,' if a primitive, was an exceedingly agreeable one for them. In the congregation of the Professor there were a number of Proprietors of lesser or larger 'Farms,' and otherwise well-to-do. These received the young men into their several houses in the character of friends, without any remuneration further than the satisfaction of thereby rendering service to the future ministers of their beloved Church. In accord with this arrangement, Bruce resided, during his attendance at the Hall, with Mr Henderson, the 'Laird' of Turfhills, whose son George we have already had occasion to mention as his associate at the University, and who is celebrated in 'Lochleven' under the name of 'Lelius.'

The compact little estate of Turfhills, which is still in direct succession held by Hendersons, had come down through many generations of the name, long known in

the county as freeholders, and of the old stock of Covenanters. It is told in the family, that Michael Henderson, in 1715, came forward in Kinross to support the government of George II.; and that thereby he excited the rage of the rebels then in the town, so much so, that he had to take refuge in the Castle of Edinburgh until Mar's rebellion was put down. Again in 1745, when the second Rebellion under Prince Charles brought a host of Highlanders to the low country, James Henderson rescued a neighbour from a savage attack of two of these Highlanders, and conducted them to Kinross, where they were reprimanded by their officers, and the plunder restored. In the evening, a messenger despatched from the town announced that a party of Highlanders were on their way to avenge their comrades. Thus warned, 'the Laird' fled to Stirling, where he remained until the Stuarts were finally scattered at Culloden. There are other traditions of 'hairbreadth escapes,' of Christina Arnot of Arlary, wife of James Henderson, and her infant son, afterwards the Rev. George Henderson. The Hendersons were not only loyal to the Government, not only 'honoured the King,' but at a cold 'moderate' period '*feared God.*' At the time of the noble stand for the 'true Evangel,' made by the Erskines and their compeers, as was to be expected, James Henderson adhered to them; and at the very first meeting at 'Gairney Bridge' was chosen as an 'elder.' All the preliminary 'meetings'—and they were numerous—were held at Turf hills; so much so, that one room in the mansion-house—shown in our photograph—was known as 'the Presbytery's room.' Many

a heartfelt prayer, many 'wrestlings' for the welfare of Scotland, many burning words to Christ for souls, and to souls for Christ, were spoken from one of the open 'windows,'—hundreds, even thousands, coming from 'far and near' to hang upon the lips of such men as Ebenezer Erskine of Stirling, Ralph Erskine of Dunfermline, Thomas Mair of Orwell, James Fisher of Kinclaven, William Wilson of Perth, and Alexander Moncrieff of Abernethy,—a noble band, to whom Scotland owes more than ever will be known until 'the great Day.'

It was into this Family—one of the old stamp of 'godliness,' kingly men and mother-of-Lemuel-like women—that Michael Bruce was received. It must have had peculiar attractions to him. There were the traditions of 'The Covenanters;' there was a hereditary taste for ballad-lore and the 'auld manners' of 'auld langsyne;' there was generous hospitality; there was a fellow-student like-minded; and above all and about all as an atmosphere, real godliness of no austere but contrariwise joyous sort.[1] Altogether, whether in the outset with Mr Arnot of Portmoak, and Mr White of Pittendreich, or while at Gairney Bridge with Mr Grieve of Classlochie, or while at the Hall with this grand old Scotchman and his no less noble wife—before whom we bare instinctively the head—James Henderson and Christian Arnot,—MICHAEL BRUCE seems

[1] I have gathered the details of the text from the volume *in memoriam* of the Rev. George Henderson, already mentioned; and from the MS. 'Records' of Professor Swanston's congregation, now in my possession, as the minister thereof, together with gleanings from the History of 'The Secession,' and the Lives of the several Leaders in that great evangelical movement.

to have been singularly fortunate in his circumstances. I must regard it as sheer nonsense to sentimentalize over 'pressure of indigence,' and the like. Sure we are, the student-Poet had been the first to reject such misdirected commiseration. At no time, as it appears to us, had MICHAEL BRUCE to struggle with a tithe of the difficulties which many of his contemporaries had: not to speak of the present day, wherein brave-hearted, large-faithed young men are doing stout battle up 'the hill Difficulty,' with none to cheer save 'the great Taskmaster.' It looks to us unmanly exaltation of circumstances over the man, to make such a to-do about them, even had they been very much more adverse. It seems to us to undervalue the divine 'discipline' of self-denial,—the glorious necessity, through a trustful poverty that is not ignoble, of reposing on the Fatherhood of God.

While at Turfhills it is traditionally remembered that Michael Bruce and George Henderson, and other fellow-students, were wont to take frequent walks along 'the Kirk-gate' to the 'Auld Kirk-Yard' of the Parish—shown in our photograph; and to recite their Hall 'Sermons' and other exercises on a small elevation near Turfhills, called 'The Kippit Knowe.'

At the close of the Hall in 1766, Bruce was again on the outlook for a 'School'—that of Gairney Bridge not being sufficiently remunerative. Besides, a sad 'backsliding' of his substitute while he himself was attending the prelections of Professor Swanston, distressed him exceedingly, and rendered the place distasteful. One was offered him at Forrest Mill, then a lorn and ill-favoured place, about fifteen miles south-west of Kinross, and a

few miles from Tillicoultry. We paid a recent pilgrim-visit to the spot; and from inquiries made and faint memories revived, can understand that to one so predisposed to consumption, and, spite of resistance, apt to be overcome with melancholy, it was a poor exchange for Gairney Bridge and Classlochie. The 'School' was low-ceiled, earthen-floored, chill, musty, close. Outside, dreary spaces of moor flushed with 'heather,' skirted with sombre pines,—the 'wild' of his 'Elegy in Spring.' Society uncongenial; children dense, stupid, backward. The only ray of sun-light was the wistful care of him by a daughter of the family with whom he lodged, whose name was Mill.

Tradition has it, that Bruce, in fording the Devon on horseback on his way to Forrest Mill, was thrown, and though not hurt in limb was wet 'all through,' and arrived drenched, so that he had at once to be put a-bed. He soon rose and began his 'School;' and it is told of Miss Mill, that she saw that it was as well 'warmed' as might be before the Teacher entered, and that 'boards' were placed on the ground where his feet rested, to keep them from the clammy floor. But all was in vain. 'Disease' was working out to the last issue; all the more touching, that it was what the great Poet has called 'CONCEALMENT,' which, 'like a worm i' the bud, feeds on the damask cheek.' And yet 'Concealment' is scarcely either the word or thing, inasmuch as Bruce seems from the outset to have looked forward to early dying.[1]

[1] I would return thanks to the present Teacher at Forrest Mill, Mr Alexander Fortune, for his kind attention in the above visit, in tracing out traditional scenes connected with Bruce.

A few of his 'Letters' from 'Forrest Mill' have been preserved, and put into my hands. They are none the less pathetic from their slight out-flashings of humour. First of all: I am fortunate enough to have recovered one complete Letter that has hitherto only been given in fragments.[1] The opening allusion is to 'stocking-knitting,' which was then practised by males as well as females, as Geikie has immortalized:—

'Dear Friend,—What has happen'd to you, that I don't hear from you? Surely you have forgot me. No, I cannot think so, for I measure your friendship by my own; and barely to say I love you, were poor to my soul's measuring.

'I rather think my evil genius has hindered you from writing, or what you may have written from reaching me. Well, be it so. For once I shall consider I have more time than you. But I beseech, request, and command (d' ye see?) that you set apart a night every week for writing to me. Out of my sovereign, royal bounty, I will allow you the others, at least four of them, for seeing the l[assie]s, always providing that you carry your stocking with you to enable you to purchase candles. But, trifling apart, write as often as your situation will allow. I have not many friends, but I love them well. Scarce one enjoys the smiles of this world in every respect, and in every friend I suffer. Death has been among the few I have. Poor Dryburgh; but he's happy. I expected to have been his companion through life, and that we should have stept into the grave together. But

[1] I am indebted for it to the Rev. William M'Laren of Blairlogie, who discovered it among some family papers.

Heaven has seen meet to dispose of him otherwise. And there's my dear Geordie, perhaps at this moment (for I have not heard from him of late) in the grasp of death. May "the good will of Him who dwelt in the bush" be with him! Alas, that I can do no more than wish! But who in this case can do more? What think you of this world, Davie? I think it very little worth. You and I have not a great deal to make us fond of it; and yet I would not change my condition with the most wealthy unfeeling fool in the universe, if I were to have his dull hard heart into the bargain. But to have done. Farewell, my rival in immortal hope, my companion (I trust) for eternity. Though far distant, I take thee to my heart. Souls suffer no separation from the obstruction of matter or distance of place. Oceans may roll between us, and climates interpose; in vain, the whole material creation is no bar to the winged mind. Farewell, through boundless ages, fare-thou-well. The broad hand of the Almighty cover thee. Mayst thou shine when the sun is darkened. Mayst thou live, and triumph when time expires. *It is at least possible we may meet no more in this foreign land*, this dreary apartment of the universe of God. But there is a better world, in which may we meet to part no more.—Adieu. Remember your sincerest friend,

'MICHAEL BRUCE.

'To Mr DAVID PEARSON, Easter Balgedie.'

All his 'correspondence' that remains runs in the same vein: nor is the veining superficial like the painted

imitative marble; rather is it interpenetrative as in the stone itself. Writing to Mr Pearson again, he says:

'The next letter you receive from me, *if ever you receive another*, will be dated 1767. . . . I lead a melancholy kind of life in this place. I am not fond of company. But it is not good that man be still alone; and here I have no company but what is worse than solitude. If I had not a lively imagination, I believe I should fall into a state of stupidity and delirium. I have some evening scholars, the attending on whom, though few, so fatigues me, that the rest of the night I am quite dull and low-spirited. Yet I have some lucid intervals, in the time of which I can study pretty well.'[1]

Another 'Letter,' of a somewhat earlier date, to his friend Arnot of Portmoak is tinged with even a deeper despondency:[2]

'Dear Sir,—It is an observation of some of your philosophers, that it is much better for man to be ignorant of, than to know the future incidents of his life; for, says one, if some men were beforehand acquainted with the terrible miseries that await them, they would be as miserable in fearing (and I believe more so) than in suffering. Again, when we are in expectation of any good, we paint all the agreeable to ourselves, and dwell in fancy on it; nor can we be convinced, but by experience, that everything here is of a mixed nature. When this so long expected convenience arrives, we can scarce believe it [is] what we hoped for, and, in truth, it is

[1] Dr Anderson, as before, p. 277.

[2] The original is now before me, and it is given for the first time accurately and in its complete form.

very different. Many a disappointment of this kind have I met with. What I enjoyed of anything was always in the hope of it. I expected to be happy here, but I am not; and my sanguine hopes are the reason of my disappointment. The easiest part of my life is past, and I was never happy. I sometimes compare my condition with that of others, and imagine if I was in theirs I should be well. But is not everybody thus? Perhaps he whom I envy thinks he would be glad to change with me, and yet neither would be better for the change. Since it is so, let us, my friend, moderate our hopes and fears, resign ourselves to the will of Him who "doth all things well," and who hath assured us that He careth for us; and rejoice in hope of the glory that is to be revealed, and which will infinitely surpass our greatest expectations.

. . . . "Hoc res est una
Solaque qui facere possit et servare beatum."

Things are not very well in this world, but they are pretty well. They might have been worse; and, as they are, may please us who have but a few short days to use them. This scene of affairs, tho' a very perplexed, is a very short one, and in a little all will be cleared up. Let us endeavour to please God, our fellow-creatures, and ourselves. In such a course of life we shall be as happy as we can be in such a world as this. Thus, you who cultivate your farm with your own hands, and I who teach a dozen blockheads for bread, may be happier than he who, having more than he can use, tortures his brain to invent new methods

of killing himself with the superfluitie. But whither do I ramble? I forget that I am telling you what you know better than I do. But I must say something. I hope to hear from you an account of your journey to Edinr., &c.

'I have wrote a few lines of a descriptive poem, *cui titulus est* 'Lochleven.' You may remember (as Mr M——r says) you hinted such a thing to me; so I have set about it, and you may expect a dedication. I hope it will soon be FINISHED, as I every week add two lines, blot out six, and alter eight. You shall hear the plan when I know it myself. My compl^ts. to the family. Farewell.—I am, yours, etc.

'MICHAEL BRUCE.

'FORREST MILL, *July 28th, 1766.*'

One leaf only of another Letter from 'Forrest Mill' remains. The reference in the opening sentences is probably to the famous or infamous treatise of De Mandeville, 'The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits.' This Letter—which is now published for the first time—is also addressed to Mr Arnot of 'Portmoag.'

. . . . 'I think it a most dry unentertaining oddity, wanting that which makes a number of bad books too agreeable, I mean beauty of language. Many have erred in their pictures of human nature, on the favourable side, but he on the opposite. I look on it as an attempt to prove that even God Himself, who rules in the kingdoms of the earth, cannot promote the wealth and strength of a nation, but by the means of luxury and profusion, in all their most detestable branches.

'In his representations of men he differs very little from the *Candidus* of Voltaire, and the too witty Dr Swift's *Hughnims*. But surely the contempt of the world is not a greater virtue than the contempt of our fellow-creatures is a vice. Dr Young has said it, and it is truth.

'Make my compliments to your Family, and believe me yours, etc.,

'MICHAEL BRUCE.

'FORREST MILL, *Decr. 10th*, 1766.

'*P.S.*—I design to be at Kinross, Sabbath next, from whence I will send this. I will probably fetch Rollin to Gair[ney] Br[idge], and engage J. Campbell to carry him to you. By him you will write to me.'

Bruce's sickness, with its accompanying day-gloom, was not all that he had to contend with. His weakness was such that he slept but little, and his condition altogether was very much a reproduction of Job's: 'When I say, My bed shall comfort me, my couch shall ease my complaint; then thou scarest me with dreams, and terrifiest me through visions' (Job vii. 13, 14). Perhaps 'terrify' is not the exact word; but one of his 'Visions' has been preserved in a Letter to his life-long friend Pearson. Taking a stanza of his own tender and exquisitely-touched 'Elegy in Spring' as a motto,—the 'Elegy' having also been composed at 'Forrest Mill,'—he proceeds:

> 'If morning dreams presage approaching fate,
> And morning dreams, as poets tell, are true,
> Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
> And bid this life and all the world adieu.

'A few mornings ago, as I was taking a walk on an eminence which commands a view of the Forth, with the vessels sailing along, I sat down, and taking out my Latin Bible, opened by accident at a place in the book of Job, ix. 23, "Now my days are passed away as the swift ships." Shutting the book, I fell a-musing on this affecting comparison. Whether the following happened to me in a dream or waking reverie, I cannot tell; but I fancied myself on the bank of a river or sea, the opposite side of which was hid from view, being involved in clouds of mist. On the shore stood a multitude, which no man could number, waiting for passage. I saw a great many ships taking in passengers, and several persons going about in the garb of pilots, offering their service. Being ignorant, and curious to know what all these things meant, I applied to a grave old man, who stood by, giving instructions to the departing passengers. His name, I remember, was the *Genius of Human Life*. "My son," said he, "you stand on the banks of the stream of *Time*. All these people are bound for *Eternity*, that 'undiscovered country from whence no traveller ever returns.' The country is very large, and divided into two parts: the one is called the Land of Glory, the other the Kingdom of Darkness. The names of those in the garb of pilots are *Religion*, *Virtue*, *Pleasure*. They who are so wise as to choose Religion for their guide, have a safe though frequently a rough passage; they are at last landed in the happy climes where sighing and sorrow for ever flee away. They have likewise a secondary director, *Virtue*, but there is a spurious virtue who pretends to govern by himself; but

the wretches who trust to him, as well as those who have Pleasure for their pilot, are either shipwrecked, or are cast away in the Kingdom of Darkness. *But the vessel in which you must embark approaches; you must begone.* Remember what depends upon your conduct." No sooner had he left me, than I found myself surrounded by those pilots I mentioned before. Immediately I forgot all that the old man said to me, and seduced by the fair promises of *Pleasure*, chose him for my director. We weighed anchor with a fair gale; the sky serene, the sea calm. Innumerable little isles lifted their green heads around us, covered with trees in full blossom; dissolved in stupid mirth, we were carried on, regardless of the past, of the future unmindful. On a sudden the sky was darkened, the winds roared, the seas raged; red rose the sand from the bottom of the troubled deep. The angel of the waters lifted up his voice. At that instant a strong ship passed by; I saw Religion at the helm. "Come out from among these," he cried. I and a few others threw ourselves out into his ship. The wretches we left were now tost on the swelling deep. The waters on every side poured through the riven vessel. They cursed the Lord; when, lo! a fiend rose from the deep, and, in a voice like distant thunder, thus spoke: "I am Abaddon, the first-born of death; ye are my prey; open thou, abyss, to receive them." As he thus spoke they sunk, and the waves closed over their heads. The storm was turned into a calm, and we heard a voice saying, "Fear not, I am with you. When you pass through the waters, they shall not overflow you." Our hearts were filled with

joy. I was engaged in discourse with one of my new companions, when one from the top of the mast cried out, "Courage, my friends, I see the fair haven, the land that is yet afar off." Looking up, I found it was a certain friend who had mounted up for the benefit of contemplating the country before him. Upon seeing *you*, I was so affected that I started and awaked. Farewell, my friend, farewell.'[1]

There must have been 'lucid intervals,' as he himself designates them—re-luming of life's lamp of Hope—seeing that his long poem of 'Lochleven' was composed while resident in 'Forrest Mill,' as appears from the letter to Arnot of July 26th, 1766. But at last the weaker went 'to the wall.' The 'lean fellow' who 'beats all conquerors,' threw him in the wrestle. As he felt the shaft rankle, not without blood flowing, the young heart yearned for home—for a mother's hand, a mother's face, a mother's kiss, a mother's love. And giving up 'The School,' he hied him slowly eastward 'on foot.' He walked the full twenty miles, resting only for a little at Turfhills. He reached the humble dwelling, not unwilling to live, but prepared to 'die.'

For a little while, through a few weeks, he was able to go out into 'the garden,' reclining on a 'bank of soft grass,' which until recently was pointed out. Having also procured a quarto volume of writing paper, he with pathetic earnestness daily transcribed his 'Poems' therein, including his 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' 'Hymns' and 'Para-

[1] Dr Anderson, as before, pp. 277, 278. I have said that the 'Elegy' was composed at Forrest Mill, and this because the letter to his friend Pearson, which contains a stanza from it, must have been written there. Pearson was resident in Kinnesswood; there could be no occasion for letters after Bruce had returned home.

phrases,' and 'Elegy in Spring,' and in short all that he deemed worthy of preservation. Latterly he was altogether confined to bed. There his one inseparable companion was his little pocket Bible, from which he was wont to commit portions to memory, repeating and commenting upon them to visitors very sweetly and modestly.

One day his old College and Hall friend, George Lawson—who being appointed to occupy the pulpit of the deceased Thomas Mair—hastened to Kinnesswood to see him. He found him in bed, very pale, his eyes large and lustrous, but delighted to see his unexpected visitor. Mr Lawson observed to him that he was glad to find him so cheerful. 'And why,' said he, with noble trustfulness, 'should not a man be cheerful on the verge of heaven?' an answer which reminds us of the Poet's picture of the Christian's death-bed :—

> 'The chamber where the good man meets his fate
> Is privileged beyond the common walks
> Of virtuous life, *quite on the verge of heaven.*'

'But,' said his friend, 'you look so emaciated, I am afraid you cannot last long.' Quickly, and with a flash of the humour of his healthful days, he answered, 'You remind me of the story of the Irishman who was told that his hovel was about to fall; and I answer with him, Let it fall, it is not mine;' or perhaps his words were, 'it is not *me*.'[1] 'Thou wilt keep him *in perfect peace* whose mind is stayed upon Thee.' He maintained this cheerfulness throughout his illness, overcast only for a moment by the sudden death of his beloved minister

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, pp. 77, 78.

and professor, Swanston; lingered for a couple of months, 'wearin' awa' to the land o' the leal;' and in the night-time, when 'deep sleep falleth upon men,' slept the deeper sleep, being found in the morning of 5th July 1767, *dead*, aged twenty-one years and three months. 'He was not, for God took him.'

> '*Bewildered reader! pass without a sigh,*
> In a proud sorrow! There is life with God
> In other kingdoms of a sweeter air.
> In Eden every flower is blown. Amen.'[1]

It is his own request. His Bible—which is still lovingly preserved—was found upon his pillow, a corner of the leaf turned down at Jer. xxii. 10, 'Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him.' His father was 'chief mourner.' The world heeded not the weeping that day in the 'weaver's' home of Kinnesswood. You look in vain in the magazines and newspapers for so much as an announcement of his death. But 'devout men carried him to his grave, and made great lamentation over him' (Acts viii. 2). Our photograph shows the monument that now marks the spot in the churchyard of what was the first charge of EBENEZER ERSKINE. Pilgrims from 'far Lands' still find their way to it. Not a Summer but some are observed reading the inscription, and mayhap plucking a few spires of grass or an early primrose from the mound. A very gentle, very modest, very pure, very holy, very beautiful, very genuine, very gifted Life had here its premature close. And a Sky-Lark that rose, with broken wing, from his grave when last we visited it, supplies us with at once an emblem of his

[1] David Gray, as before.

Life, and a guarantee of his Fame. Of his Life: for his delicate constitution was as a 'broken wing' to his heaven-aspiring spirit. Of his Fame: for it needeth not 'great things,' no Sinai thunder, but a 'still small voice,' to win an abiding place among the 'sweet singers' who last. The 'Psalm' outlives the Epic; the snatch of true 'Song' what was intended to compel immortality. We may draw near, and read the Inscription on the monument:—

TO THE

MEMORY OF

MICHAEL BRUCE,

WHO WAS BORN AT KINNESSWOOD IN 1746,

AND DIED WHILE A STUDENT

IN CONNECTION WITH THE SECESSION CHURCH,

In the 21st Year of his Age.

MEEK AND GENTLE IN SPIRIT, SINCERE AND UNPRETENDING IN HIS CHRISTIAN DEPORTMENT, REFINED IN INTELLECT, AND ELEVATED IN CHARACTER, HE WAS GREATLY BELOVED BY HIS FRIENDS, AND WON THE ESTEEM OF ALL; WHILE HIS GENIUS, WHOSE FIRE NEITHER POVERTY NOR SICKNESS COULD QUENCH, PRODUCED THOSE ODES UNRIVALLED FOR SIMPLICITY AND PATHOS WHICH HAVE SHED AN UNDYING LUSTRE ON HIS NAME.

'Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
He sparkled, and exhaled, and went to heaven.'

Alexander Bruce survived his son Michael for a few years only; but Mrs Bruce, his mother, lived on until 1798. In her old age, while 'poor,' she continued 'stedfast' in her 'faith,' and received with touching gratitude certain small annual sums which admirers of the Poet sent her. It is told that, regularly as these little

payments arrived, she was seen, with basket on arm, going from house to house of still lowlier neighbours; and on being asked what she was about, said, in the largeness of her heart, 'When Heaven is raining so plentifully upon me, I may let two or three drops fa' on my puir neighbours.' A fine trait of the grateful old 'body' is also remembered, which may be given in Mr Birrel's words. When acknowledging a little money sent for her, he says, 'My brother-in-law has put up a stone chimney for Ann, and a *halland* of brick, which makes her little cot much more cleanly and comfortable than it was. She insists upon having a window cut out in the south wall, in order that she may see Lochleven and Stirling; for she says, that though she never saw either Mr Harvey or Mr Telford, yet she likes to see the *airt* they come frae; and this window must be cut out, though it should be at her own expense.'[1]

Toward the beginning of Autumn, while the fields were mellowing to Harvest, one of her acquaintances chancing to 'look in' upon her, found the venerable Saint seated in her arm-chair, with her head leaning a little back, and her open Bible on her knee. She had tranquilly 'fallen on sleep.' Her 'spectacles' were removed, and placed upon the Bible. Did she think that another help was needed to illumine 'the dark valley?' 'Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season' (Job v. 26).

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, pp. 160, 161.

Part Second.

INTRODUCTION TO THE POEMS.

INTRODUCTION TO THE POEMS.

JOHN LOGAN—ODE TO THE CUCKOO—HYMNS OR PARAPHRASES.

I FEEL that it is a pity to perturb so meek and gentle a life as was that of Bruce with controversy. But unfortunately the first editor of his Poems so dealt with the MSS. entrusted to him, and subsequently so asserted for himself the authorship of the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' and the well-known 'Paraphrases' or 'Hymns,' that no choice is left. I have gone over the whole of the evidence *pro* and *con* after Dr Mackelvie, with a 'single eye' to ascertain the truth—nothing more, nothing less, nothing else; and the result has been a conviction of the utter untenableness of the claims of Logan. I use no stronger word at present.

I would narrate the facts, adduce the evidence, and fortify our conclusions; and I am mistaken egregiously if any capable of weighing 'proof' will refuse acquiescence in the last.

We have first to narrate and examine the FACTS—general and specific. From fragments of letters that survive, it has been ascertained, that while at Gairney Bridge, Bruce

had himself intended to publish a volume of his 'Poems.' With reference to the scheme, his old school-fellow and fellow-student Dun thus wrote him, under date 'Edinburgh, January 25th, 1766:'—'I received yours, and am surprised that you say you have nothing to write. Have the Muses forsaken you? Have the tuneful sisters withdrawn from the banks of Lochleven? It is impossible you can have offended them. No! they will yet exalt your name as high as ever they did Addison's or Pope's. My dear friend, *I long to see you appear in public.* I hope I shall be freed from suspense ere long. *Do not fail to do it soon.*'[1] Again, in a letter from his fellow-student, subsequently Professor Lawson, dated 'Boghouse, Feb. 20, 1766,' there is an incidental allusion to the extent of his materials for such a volume as was projected. 'Pray, inform me,' he says, 'when Mr Swanston proposes to begin his course of lectures, and whether you design to attend them. I would have been glad to have seen your criticism on Moir's pamphlet, or some of your new compositions, *unless so large that they cannot be conveyed.*'[2] Another letter from Bruce himself to his friend Pearson, in which he had enclosed his ballad of 'Sir James the Ross,' confirms the same abundance of materials: 'Let me see some of your papers,' he writes; 'at least a little more of something new; for really I cannot afford *such cartloads of stuff as you have every day from me*, if it were to my brother, at the rate you return.'[3]

We have thus far two facts: (1) That Bruce himself contemplated the publication of a volume of Poems;

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, pp. 57, 58. [2] *Ibid.* p. 58. [3] *Ibid.*

(2) That even before 'Lochleven' was written—it not having been begun until fully half a year subsequently—there were ample materials. Hence, as Logan received *the whole of his manuscripts*, there was not the shadow of need for '*making up*' what he called, as we shall see, a 'miscellany.'

Attendance at the 'Theological Hall,' his transference to 'Forrest Mills,' and his increasing illness, combined with his naturally shrinking temperament, explain the delay and ultimate non-publication of the volume under his own auspices. But that to the deep-shadowed close he 'hoped against hope,' that he might still be spared to 'make a book,' is evident from his careful revision of all his papers, and copying out of them into a large quarto volume, obtained for the express purpose, as stated in our Memoir, and *of which volume more in the sequel*.[1]

He 'died,' his year 'ending in May,' and his young purpose unfulfilled. He had not been gone many months when Logan, who was at the time a tutor in the family of Sir John Sinclair, Bart., came to Kinnesswood; and having called upon the parents of the deceased Poet, expressed the deepest interest in his fame, and by the representations made, prevailed upon Alexander Bruce to furnish him with all Michael's MSS., which he knew, it appeared, were prepared for the press; as also all letters *by* and *to* him, and *particularly* those which he—Logan—had himself addressed to him.

Besides delivering up to him the quarto volume of carefully transcribed 'Poems,' in guileless, unsuspecting compliance with Logan's additional request, every person

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 77; and our Memoir, pp. 44, 45.

who had ever been known to correspond with the Poet was importuned to furnish him with his letters and poetry. I have to state that, in addition to Dr Mackelvie's testimony, based upon personal inquiries at those who had been so 'importuned,'—for various survived even up to 1837,—there are living at this day sons and grandchildren who over and over heard their several relatives repeat precisely the same statement. I have to specify representatives of the Hendersons of Turfhills, Arnots of Portmoak, Flockharts of Annafrech, Lawson of Selkirk, Greig of Lochgelly, and many others.

Before leaving the Village, Logan assured Mr and Mrs Bruce, that every paper with which they had entrusted him, or might send, should be carefully returned; and that he had no doubt of realizing from the publication of their son's 'Poems' such a sum as would maintain them in comfort during the remaining part of their lives. These are the exact words preserved to this day—to use a fine expression—by oral tradition; the tradition being mostly from first to second hand. So that once more it is apparent he contemplated such a volume as the abundant materials warranted, not the small thing ultimately published and 'made up' by him into a 'miscellany.'

Anxiously was the publication looked for by the household of Kinnesswood, and by the circle of admirers who cherished the lamented Poet's winsome memory. One year passed, and then another, without the slightest intimation of what was being done. Wearied and wistful, Alexander Bruce addressed a letter to Logan, requesting information as to progress. No answer was returned.

The first letter was succeeded by several others, with the same result. At length in 1770, three years after the papers had been delivered to him under the circumstances narrated, a slight volume appeared, containing *seventeen* poems [not *nineteen*, as Dr Mackelvie states[1]], under the title, 'Poems, on Several Occasions, by Michael Bruce.' No name of Editor was given, nor any statement of how the MSS. had come into his possession; but Logan let it be known in society that he was the Editor.

The following, in the form of a 'Preface,' was prefixed to the volume:—

'Michael Bruce, the Author of the following Poems, lives now no more but in the remembrance of his friends. He was born in a remote village in Kinross-shire, and descended from parents remarkable for nothing but the innocence and simplicity of their lives. They, however, had the penetration to discover in their young son a genius superior to the common, and had the merit to give him a polite and liberal education. From his earliest years he had manifested the most sanguine love of letters, and afterwards made eminent progress in many branches of literature. But poetry was his darling study; the poets were his perpetual companions. He read their works with avidity, and with a congenial enthusiasm; he caught their spirit as well as their manner; and though he sometimes imitated their style, he was a poet from inspiration. No less amiable as a man than valuable as a writer; endued with good nature and good sense; humane, friendly, benevolent; he loved

[1] See p. 95.

his friends, and was beloved by them, with a degree of ardour that is only experienced in the æra of youth and innocence.

'It was during the summer vacations of the college that he composed the following Poems. If images of nature that are beautiful and new; if sentiments, warm from the heart, interesting, and pathetic; if a style, chaste with ornament, and elegant with simplicity; if these, and many other beauties of nature and of art, are allowed to constitute true poetic merit, the following Poems will stand high in the judgment of men of taste.

'After the author had finished his course of philosophy at Edinburgh, he was seized with a consumption, of which he died, about the 21st year of his age.

'During that disease, and in the immediate view of death, he wrote the elegy which concludes this collection; the latter part of which is wrought up into the most passionate strains of the true pathetic, and is not perhaps inferior to any poetry in any language.

'To make up a miscellany, some poems, wrote by different authors, are inserted, all of them original, and none of them destitute of merit. The reader of taste will easily distinguish them from those of Mr Bruce, without their being particularized by any mark.

'Several of these Poems have been approved by persons of the first taste in the kingdom; and the Editor publishes them to that small circle for whom they are intended, not with solicitude and anxiety, but with the pleasurable reflection that he is furnishing out a classical entertainment to every reader of refined taste.'

Of this 'Preface' as a whole, the Biographer of

Logan, in the 'Lives of the Scottish Poets' (3 vols. 12mo, Boys, London, 1822), remarks :

'Had he [Logan] been only as scrupulously just to the literary fame, as he has been liberal of praise to the personal character of Bruce, their names could never have been mentioned in conjunction but with undivided applause. As Editor of Bruce's works, however, he has been guilty of an infidelity which, as it is of a sort which POISONS THE VERY WELL-SPRINGS OF LITERARY HISTORY, cannot be too severely condemned.'

But we must return specifically upon two of the statements made in this 'Preface' in their order.

1. 'To *make up* a miscellany, some poems, wrote by *different authors*, are inserted.'

The words '*make up a miscellany*' would imply, that there were not materials for even so small a volume as was thus at last issued. *We have found this to be the reverse of the truth ;* and further, FACTS will go to show why *part* of the Bruce MSS. was kept back.

2. 'All of them [*i.e.* the 'poems by *different authors* inserted'] [are] original, and none of them destitute of merit. The reader of *taste will easily distinguish them from those of Mr Bruce, without their being particularized by any mark.*'

The only other author ever specified by Logan was Sir James Foulis, Bart., to whom the 'Vernal Ode' is ascribed by Dr Anderson. But letting this pass, could anything have been more preposterous than to assign as a reason for not putting an asterisk or other mark against the pieces not by Bruce, that 'the reader of taste' should 'easily distinguish them from those of Mr

Bruce,'—nothing whatever of Bruce's having previously appeared in print, whereby his style might be known? Logan's conduct in this has been called 'disingenuous' by one, and 'dishonourable' by another, and 'villainous' by a third.[1] I state the fact in his own *ipsissima verba;* and leave it to make its own impression.

Again: In the face of this declaration, that the 'reader of taste' should so recognise the superior merit of those of Bruce's over the others, what are we to think of the after-claim made upon what was admittedly *the* gem of the little collection, viz. the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' which every 'reader of taste' had at once singled out as placing MICHAEL BRUCE among the rare band of true Poets?

Further: There were *seventeen* pieces in all only; and if Logan's own claims, and claims made for him, were to be admitted—which never for a moment can we do—fully the half of the volume, or ten separate poems, and 278 lines of 'Lochleven' itself, must be assigned to him; and all this in a volume issued by himself as 'Poems *by Michael Bruce*.' Logan seems to have had a secret sense of the incongruity, inasmuch as he included only ONE of all the NINE, and nothing of 'Lochleven'—the one, however, being the 'Ode to the Cuckoo'—in his own volume published in 1781, though, as we shall see, in this volume he committed other and aggravated spoliation upon the withheld MSS. of Bruce.

Some time after the volume which we have been describing was published, its Editor sent six copies of it,

[1] The third is the Rev. Peter Mearns of Coldstream, in his Lecture on 'The Poet of Lochleven,' Kelso, 1863; painstaking and sympathetic.

without one word explanatory of either the delay or the 'making up' of a 'miscellany,' to ALEXANDER BRUCE at Kinnesswood. Copies had previously reached the village, and it was *instantly* the 'talk' of the community, —then, as to this day, marked by no little discernment and intelligence and godliness,—that there should be next to nothing in the book indicative of the profoundly Christian character of the Poet,—what, above everything, had impressed all who had intercourse with him. Except the 'Elegy in Spring,' there was scarcely a line that breathed of 'divine things.' There was universal wonder; and all the more that many of the Villagers could repeat verses that breathed the most seraphic devotion, which they knew to have been his productions, but none of which were included in the volume, nor any explanation given why they were not. When the volume was put into old Bruce's hands, he went over its contents, and, bursting into tears, exclaimed, 'Where are my son's Gospel Sonnets?'—a significant phrase, the meaning of which will appear by and by, when we come to consider the 'Hymns or Paraphrases.'

Feeling indignant and injured, the good old man resolved upon recovering his son's MSS. from Logan, and publishing them himself. Toward this he scraped together a few shillings which were due to him, and set out for Edinburgh. He found his way to the house of Sir John Sinclair, where he was informed that Logan had left the Family some time before; but he was kindly directed to a Bailie Logan's in Leith Wynd. Thither he proceeded. Logan was not there at the moment. While strolling about, in order to wait his return, the old man

met and recognised him in Leith Walk, told him his errand, and charged him with having kept back the larger portion and the best portion of his son's poems,—having in his eye the 'Gospel Sonnets,' already named, which were his own special favourites. Logan took him to his lodgings, where he delivered to him a few loose papers, containing the first sketch of 'Lochleven,' 'The Last Day,' and 'Lochleven No More,' expecting that he would be satisfied with these. But Alexander Bruce's heart was set above everything on the 'Gospel Sonnets,'—on his boy's devotional pieces,—and insisted upon having the large quarto manuscript volume, containing the collection of carefully transcribed and completed 'Poems,' in Michael's own handwriting. Logan professed inability to place his hands upon it, but promised to make a search. Ill as he was able to bear the expense, the old man remained over another night. When he returned the following day, Logan was not prepared to deliver up the book, and expressed his fears '*that the servants had singed fowls with it*.' The poor old father was utterly dejected; and when—constrained, no doubt, by his poverty—he sought some account of the profits derived from the publication, he received not one penny, nor any satisfaction. One can't but admire at the unblushing audacity which sought to make the old man believe that a '*large fully bound quarto volume*' could have been so used by 'servants,' as if it had been some loose waste paper!

Alexander Bruce returned to Kinnesswood 'cast down' and broken in heart. The shock caused his wound from the death of his beloved Michael to bleed

afresh. He soon afterwards became exceedingly 'weak,' and died on July 19th, 1772.

I have told the FACTS of the reception of the volume in the Village, and by the Poet's father, on the authority of the painstaking, conscientious, and as-on-oath Narrative of Dr Mackelvie. But I have had every 'jot and tittle' of it confirmed and re-confirmed by conversations with the sons and daughters and grandsons and granddaughters of the Villagers, who had over and over heard every detail from old Mr Bruce himself, from Mrs Bruce, from the brother of the Poet, James, who lived until 1814; from Mr David Pearson, Mr John Birrel, Mr David Bickerton, Mr David Arnot, and from many others who remembered and told their friends the FACTS. THERE IS NOT A SYLLABLE OF OUR ACCOUNT BUT RESTS ON THE AUTHORITY OF EYE AND EAR WITNESSES OF UNCHALLENGEABLE INTEGRITY.

So much for Logan's *general* conduct in relation to the Bruce MSS. Thus far, we think, it will not be gainsaid that he acted in a singularly heartless and unworthy manner.

Now we enter upon the authorship of the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' that Ode which won the praise of Edmund Burke, and can never 'die.'

Here worse remains behind what we have already told:—In 1781 appeared a thin 8vo volume,* entitled 'POEMS. By the Rev. Mr Logan, one of the Ministers of Leith. London: Printed for T. Cadell, in the Strand. MDCCLXXXI.' It is now before us. There is no 'Preface,' and not a single 'Note' or 'Explanation.' *Nevertheless*, the very first poem in the volume is the 'Ode

to the Cuckoo,' which was, as we have seen, the choice jewel of that volume which he had himself published as 'Poems on Several Occasions. By *Michael Bruce*.' From the date of publication of Bruce's 'Poems' up to the publication of this volume, Logan never had hinted his own claim to the 'Ode;' neither in his interview with Alexander Bruce nor in any way publicly. But when 'every reader of taste' had selected it as *the* poem of the 'Poems,' lo! he claimed it; and there have been found those credulous enough to admit the flagrant and impudent claim. On what authority? From what evidence? On the simple *ipse dixit* of the claimant! Which is much as though a Liar or a Thief were to be declared 'honourable' on his own unsupported testimony. Let this FACT be grasped. For Logan there is merely his publication of the 'Ode' —with a few 'corrections' that it won't be difficult to show were not 'improvements'—in his volume of 1781; and his brazening-out of that by subsequent necessary adherence to his claim.[1] This is the sum and substance of the evidence in his behalf,—if evidence it may be called, where the accused is at once and in one, arraigned criminal, witness, jury, and judge; and behind all, a character even then 'blown' upon, as shall more fully appear in the sequel.

[1] The earliest assertion of another's claim than Bruce's to the authorship of the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' that I have met with, is the following: In the 'Weekly Magazine or Edinburgh Amusement'—the well-known Periodical of the Ruddimans, in which Robert Fergusson first published the most of his poems—for May 5th, 1774 (vol. xxiv. p. 178), there appeared a version of it, showing verbal changes. It is signed R. D. In the next number, among answers to correspondents, there was this sharp rebuke: 'We little imagined our good friend B. M. was capable of imposition. The little Poem he sent us, under the signature R. D., inserted p. 178, proves a literary theft, and is the production of a gentleman in this

It never has been ventured to be affirmed, either as *from* Logan or *by* Logan's friends, *e.g.* his executor, Dr Thomas Robertson, of Dalmeny (of whom more anon), that the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' was seen in his handwriting earlier than 1767; *and 1767 was the very year in which he obtained the* MSS. *of Michael Bruce.* Here is the cautious language of his eulogist, Dr Robertson, in his Life of Logan prefixed to his 'Sermons:'—'The only pieces which Logan himself ever acknowledged, in his conversations with the compiler of this biographical sketch, were the story of Levina, the Ode to Paoli, and the *Cuckoo.* The *last* was handed about and highly extolled among his literary acquaintances in East Lothian, long before its publication, probably (though not certainly) in 1767, as he did not reside there at all in 1768, and very little in 1769. This fact, and his inserting it as his own in a small volume eleven years afterwards, seem pretty decisive of his claims.'[1] *Credat Judæus!* Only first seen in 1767, and yet 1767 was the year of his reception of Bruce's MSS.; not to say that, as a correspondent of the Poet, he might even have received and 'shown' it earlier, though it is nowhere attempted to be proved he did this. The claim on such a miserable chance probability, 'not certainly,' is—monstrous; and as the strength of a

neighbourhood, already in print. He ought to challenge and chastise the thief' (p. 224). Nothing more seems to have come out of it; and of course we are unable to say who R. D. or B. M. was; and equally are we left in the dark concerning the 'gentleman in the neighbourhood,' *i.e.* of Edinburgh. If it was Logan himself,—and Leith answers to the description,—it is singular enough that he did not give his name. Are we to suppose that, though Bruce was dead *six years*, he was only feeling his way toward his ultimate claim? Certainly he was wary enough not to act upon the irate Editor's advice; and still other *seven years* elapsed before he gave the 'Ode' to the public *as his own.*

[1] Quoted by Dr Mackelvie from Life prefixed to Logan's 'Poems,' pp. 110, 111.

chain is measured, not by its strongest but by its weakest part, this link failing, the after publication shares its worthlessness.[1]

As this is the one point that has been put for Logan, I wish to give it in every way in which it has been presented. A Mrs Hutcheson, then wife of a Mr John Hutcheson, merchant, Edinburgh, and cousin to Logan, assured Dr Anderson that she saw the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' in her relative's handwriting, '*before it was printed*.' Very possible, nay, most probable. But then it was not printed until 1770, or about three years *after* Bruce's MSS. had come into Logan's possession. Dr Anderson has accordingly very properly remarked upon the statement: 'If the testimonies of Dr Robertson and Mrs Hutcheson went the length of establishing the existence of the ode in Logan's handwriting in Bruce's lifetime, or before the MSS. came into Logan's possession, they might be considered decisive of the controversy. *The suppression of Bruce's* MSS., *it must be owned, is a circumstance unfavourable to the pretensions of Logan*.'[2] No wonder that the good Doctor begins with an 'if;' but never has it been attempted to be shown, as it can't be too earnestly reiterated, that the 'Ode' was in existence in *Logan's handwriting* before the Bruce MSS. were secured by him. In all the many Letters of Logan that are extant, not one sentence has been produced, vindicating or establishing in any way

[1] A friend reminds us of a *pat* anecdote: An old fellow got into trouble before the Sheriff about some debt he owed or did not owe. When he came home from seeing the Sheriff, a neighbour asked him how he had got on: 'How did I get on, ye fule? It was left to my *ain oath*.' Anybody who knew him could have told exactly how much his oath was worth.

[2] Life prefixed to Logan's 'Poems,' p. 1030.

his claim. Absolutely nothing has been adduced, beyond his adherence to his claim, after publishing the Ode in his volume of 1781. Most strange, that not one of all those 'literary acquaintances,' of whom Dr Robertson of Dalmeny speaks, ever was or has been found to so much as turn the Doctor's 'probably' as to 1767 into 'certainty.' 1767 was too damning a coincidence with the reception of the Bruce MSS. to bear investigation.[1]

It must be stated, finally, in relation to Logan's claim, that when, in 1781–82, a few admirers of Bruce resident in Stirling were preparing a reprint of the volume of 1770, he attempted to hinder it by procuring a 'Bill of Suspension and Interdict' against the 'printers and publishers.' The whole proceedings are given, with superabundant details, by Dr Mackelvie, whither I refer the reader.[2] It is sufficient for our purpose to note these *four* things :—

[1] David Laing, Esq., LL.D., of the Signet Library, Edinburgh, has kindly favoured me with a copy of the first edition of Bruce's 'Poems' (1770), in which some anonymous former possessor of the volume has marked the pieces usually claimed for Logan as his; and of course the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' is one of them. But this is of no value whatever, seeing it only shows that the writer, whoever he may have been, accepted Logan's own statement. Dr Laing has also sent me copy of a letter by Dr Robertson of Dalmeny, containing nearly the same list; but we have seen all that *he* had to adduce (*supra*). In short, wherever I have come upon any attempt at evidence in favour of Logan, an examination has invariably resolved it into his own publication and self-assertion.

On submitting this sheet to an accomplished literary friend, he wrote me, 'Once in my life I composed a little thing of six or eight stanzas, which a college acquaintance, who wished to be thought a poet, got from me in MS., and wrote out in his own way, altering three or four words. I afterwards met it in *his* handwriting, *and with his name at the bottom;* and I believe it got into a newspaper or small magazine as his. I should have had difficulty in establishing a claim to my own property had it been worth while doing so. But when a man publishes a thing as his, after the real writer is in his grave, he is merely a thief, with stolen goods in his hands, declaring that he got them honestly,—knowing that the main witness against him can't be produced.'

[2] Dr Mackelvie, as before, pp. 127-142.

(1.) Logan had the audacity to designate himself PROPRIETOR of the 'Poems,' and to base his right to prevent any reprint on a FALSEHOOD, viz. that Michael Bruce had 'left his works to his charge;' or as elsewhere, 'Mr Logan was entrusted by Michael Bruce, *previous to his death*, with these very poems.' This instruction to his Law-agent he never attempted to prove, nor could he, as our Narrative must satisfy.

(2.) Logan professed to be himself designing a 'new and elegant edition' of the 'Poems'—for *his own benefit*. This too when old Mrs Bruce, mother of the Poet, was in extreme penury; and although, with the exception of six copies of the volume in 1770, neither she nor the family had ever reaped a penny of advantage from the publication.

(3.) Decision was given against Logan, setting aside his alleged 'rights,' and holding his 'statements' as disproved.

Then—what escaped Dr Mackelvie—

(4.) The Stirling volume, which is a *verbatim* reprint of that of 1770, WAS PUBLISHED. It is now before us: 'Poems on Several Occasions. By Michael Bruce. *Sine me, liber, ibis in urbem.* Ovid. Edinburgh: Printed by J. Robertson for W. Anderson, bookseller, Stirling. MDCCLXXXII.' (12mo, pp. 127).[1]

Significant surely it is, that, notwithstanding his necessary disappointment with the 'decision' against him, and his anger with the Publishers, JOHN LOGAN allowed this volume to go forth into the world without a single

[1] Our copy has the book-plate of the amiable Lord Craig, who in 'The Mirror was the earliest to call attention to the merits of Bruce.

public word claiming either the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' or the other poems ascribed to him. Even in his 'pleadings' he grounded his 'rights' to prohibit, on his 'proprietorship,' and in so far as 'authorship' was concerned was suspiciously unspecific, designating himself generally 'in a great measure the author of the collection of the poems in question.' *Never once did he attempt, through all the Trial, to prove that he was himself the author of the 'Ode;'* and his own agent in the prosecution, the late venerable Alexander Young, Esq., W.S., Edinburgh, thus wrote Dr Mackelvie: 'Logan certainly never said to me that he was the author.'[1]

Turn we now to the evidence for BRUCE'S authorship. If the Bible rule hold good, that 'out of the mouth of two or three witnesses shall everything be established,' then this will be so 'established,' and beyond.

1, 2. DAVID PEARSON and ALEXANDER BRUCE.—In answer to inquiries addressed to him by Dr Anderson, one of *Michael Bruce's* most intimate associates and friends, viz. Mr DAVID PEARSON of Easter Balgedie, thus wrote *inter alia*, with special reference to the 'Ode:'—'When I came to visit his father [Alexander Bruce] *a few days after Michael's death*, he went and brought forth his poem-book [*i.e.* the quarto volume

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 140. In a letter addressed to Dr Mackelvie upon the publication of his edition of Bruce, Mr Young, though Logan's own agent, thus gave his estimate of Bruce and Logan: 'I really am at a loss to express to you my approbation of the manner in which you have executed the work, and the justice you have done to the talents and memory of a most extraordinary youth, *more especially by rescuing them from the fangs of a poisonous reptile*.' Cf. 'Sermons by the late William Mackelvie, D.D.; with Memoir of the Author by John Macfarlane, LL.D., London. 1864.' (Oliphant), pp. 31, 32.

already referred to, into which the Poet had transcribed carefully all his productions deemed fit for the press], and read the "*Ode to the Cuckoo*" and "The Musiad," at which the good old man was greatly overcome.'[1] To the same effect he further wrote: ['Kinnesswood, August 29, 1795.']—'I need not inform you concerning the bad treatment that his [Bruce's] poems met with from the Rev. Mr Logan, when he received from his father the whole of his manuscripts, published only his own pleasure, and kept back those poems that his friends would most gladly have embraced, and since published many of them in his own name. THE CUCKOO AND THE HYMNS IN THE END OF LOGAN'S BOOK ARE ASSUREDLY MR BRUCE'S PRODUCTIONS.'[2] Now, David Pearson, who gives this explicit '*testimony*,'—and there are many persons still alive who over and over heard him make the same unvarying statement,—was first of all an 'apprentice' with Alexander Bruce, then a 'journeyman,' and throughout the bed-fellow of Michael. Manuscripts that remain show him to have had also a taste for poetry, a taste which the elder Bruce encouraged, and which he and our Poet mutually stimulated in one another. The friendship between David and Michael was of the most intimate kind. It was their delight to read every now and then their 'new pieces' as they came fresh from the mint, though Bruce's absence at Forrest Mill latterly prevented their seeing or showing all they produced, which, however, was supplemented

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, pp. 117, 118. The 'original letter' of Pearson was entrusted to Dr Mackelvie by the daughter of Dr Anderson.

[2] Dr Anderson, as before, p. 274.

by Correspondence of the most ardent and confiding character. The Letter given by us (pp. 34–36) is one of the few spared from the spoliation of John Logan, when, as explained, he sought every possible MS. to and from Bruce. Besides all this, David Pearson was a man of shrewd and noticeable intelligence, of literary instincts, and of the same tender religious character with Michael; and through life was regarded as of sterling integrity, unquestionable truthfulness, and rare worth. When he died, in a 'good old age,' the whole Village mourned as for a father. Dr Anderson, in his Life of Logan, describes him as 'a man of strong parts, and of a serious, contemplative, and inquisitive turn, who had improved his mind by a diligent and solitary perusal of such books as came within his reach. . . . . This worthy and respectable man is now living at Easter Balgedie.' Such is our first twofold witness and witnessing Alexander Bruce and David Pearson. And it may be added, that over and above his distinct and unforgetable remembrance of old Alexander Bruce reading from the well-known quarto volume the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' David Pearson was wont to tell with the same certainty that he *knew* the poem to be Michael's, for that he had repeatedly read and heard it in Bruce's lifetime. This I have had confirmed not once or twice, but at least *six times*, by present representatives of the Villagers, and of county families with whom Pearson was wont to converse on the subject. He always, it must be added, in common with Mr Birrel and all others of the circle of the Bruces' relatives and acquaintances, adhered to the version of the 'Ode' as first

given in the Poems published in 1770 (of which more by and by).

3. JOHN BIRREL.—Another 'witness,'—who died in 1837, as Dr Mackelvie's edition of Bruce was passing through the press,—viz. Mr John Birrel, gave the very same unhesitating 'testimony' from personal knowledge. He was the junior by a few years of Bruce and Pearson, but was very early in life admitted into the friendship of both. He was specially '*the* friend' trusted in everything by Alexander Bruce, and he learned from him again and again the facts that have been stated. The elder Bruce died on 19th July 1772, nearly ten years before Logan published his own volume, or in any *public* way claimed the 'Ode to the Cuckoo;' so that *he* never had occasion to be interrogated as to its debated authorship. But Mr Birrel, in common with David Pearson, recalled the tears of the old man as he would now and again take up the little volume of 1770, and read the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' and the 'Elegy,' and 'Lochleven,' when he was wont to recall the circumstances under which these and other pieces were composed. It was to Mr Birrel that Alexander Bruce gave over the few loose MSS. that Logan had returned to him on his sad visit to Edinburgh. In a letter to Dr Anderson ['Kinnesswood, Aug. 31, 1795'], he thus gives a narrative of the FACTS: 'Some time before the poet's father died, he delivered to me the book containing the first draught of some of Michael's poems, his sermons, and other papers, desiring I would keep them, saying, "I know of none to whom I would rather give them than you, for you 'mind' me more of my Michael than anybody,"—a com-

pliment which I never deserved, and which in modesty I should conceal. Some years after I entered upon terms with Mr Morison of Perth to sell the MSS. for the benefit of auld Annie [Mrs Bruce], who was in very destitute circumstances. But in the meantime Dr Baird wrote for them, with a view to republish Michael's poems, with any others that could be procured of his. I sent them to him gladly, hoping soon to see the whole in print, and the old woman decently provided for in consequence. *The finished book of Michael's poems was given to Mr Logan, who never returned them.* Many a time, with tears trickling down his face, has old Alexander told me how much he was disappointed. He came unexpectedly and got all the papers, letters, and the books away, without giving him time to take a note of the titles, or getting a receipt for the papers,' etc.[1] There follows the reception by Logan of the father, as already fully told. In another Letter to Dr Anderson, after specially calling upon DAVID PEARSON, he informs him that *he* 'does not remember of seeing the Ode to the Fountain, The Vernal Ode, Ode to Paoli, Chorus of Elysian Bards, or the Danish Odes, until he saw them in print. But the rest of the publication [*i.e.* of 1770] he DECIDEDLY ascribes to Michael, *and* in a most particular manner the 'Cuckoo,' 'Salgar and Morna,' and the other 'Eclogue.' The 'decidedly' here is interpreted to us by what David Pearson himself wrote to Dr Anderson; and from a man so upright, so truthful, so guarded, so venerable, it was as an oath.

In the course of our researches for this edition of

[1] Dr Anderson, as before, pp. 1029, 1030.

Bruce, a number of interesting letters of Mr Birrel have been put into our hands; and otherwise I have had fresh light shed upon his circumstances and character. All go to show that he must have been thoroughly well-educated, of literary and specially poetic tastes, and, in the fullest sense of the term—a '*godly man*.' From the outset on to his white-headed old age, Mr Birrel gave the same unvarying statement to all who introduced the subject, and to Dr Mackelvie from within the shadows of the 'Valley of Shadows;' and such 'testimony' from such a man in such circumstances, and speaking from his own immediate personal knowledge, and as having also read the 'Ode' in the Poet's volume of transcribed pieces, cannot be set aside by the audacious claim of Logan himself, made without a syllable of explanation or of evidence.

Thus far we have adduced three unchallengeable 'witnesses,' viz.:

ALEXANDER BRUCE, father of the Poet;
DAVID PEARSON and JOHN BIRREL, associates and correspondents.

All of these had 'heard' and 'read' the 'Ode' during the lifetime of Bruce, and before Logan had ever been heard of. All of them had 'seen' it in the MS. volume carefully prepared by the dying Poet; and out of this volume, within a few days after his death, David Pearson had heard the Ode 'read' by Bruce's father, as one of his favourite pieces. The volume which contained it and many other 'Poems,' was, as we have seen, guilelessly entrusted to, or rather, by false pretences secured by, John Logan; and, as we have also

seen, he DESTROYED it, thus removing the one grand evidence against his claim.

Fortunately, at least one other copy, not improbably two, of the 'Ode' in Bruce's handwriting had been preserved; and we have the 'testimony' of two 'witnesses,' who will not be suspected, to having seen the *manuscript*, viz. Dr Davidson of Kinross, and Principal Baird of Edinburgh. These in order:

(1.) DR DAVIDSON OF KINROSS.—Dr Mackelvie having applied to the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam, of Blairadam, who had made investigations into the question, was informed by his Lordship, that Dr Davidson, Professor of Natural and Civil History, Marischal College, Aberdeen, had stated to him, that his father [Dr Davidson of Kinross] told him that he had seen a letter from Michael Bruce, in which he said, 'You will think me ill employed, for I am writing a poem about a gowk' (*Anglicè*, cuckoo).[1]

On communicating with Professor Davidson, Dr Mackelvie received this more detailed and thoroughly satisfactory account:—

'The information you have received from the Lord Chief Commissioner is in every respect correct; but in addition to what my father told me (as stated in his Lordship's letter), he also told me that the letter containing the poem was in the possession of a Mr Bickerton, residing either at Kinnesswood or Scotlandwell, but, at this distance of time, I cannot certainly recollect which. But soon after this, I was paying a visit to Colonel Douglas of Strathenry; when passing through Kinness-

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 114.

wood, I met a Mr Birrel [already noticed], an acquaintance of my father's, who introduced me to Mr Bickerton, who showed me the poem written upon a very small quarto page, with a single line below it, nearly in the words as stated by the Lord Chief Commissioner, and signed Michael Bruce. The words were, as nearly as I can recall them, "You will think I might have been better employed than writing about a gowk." If I recollect right, the word *Glasgow* was written on one corner of the paper, but no date. The handwriting was small and cramped, and not very legible; but as I had not seen Bruce's handwriting, I could not positively say that the handwriting was his, although *Mr Bickerton assured me that it was*. I cannot be perfectly certain in what year I saw the manuscript, but, from some circumstances which occurred about that period, I am inclined to believe that it was in the year 1786 or thereby. I may observe, that there were some slight differences between the manuscript which I saw and the copy published in Logan's poems. The word "attendant" was used in place of "companion;" and several other variations, but of no importance. I shall be most happy if what I have stated can be of any use to you in your projected edition; and if there are any dubious points in Bruce's life which would require to be cleared up, perhaps I might be able to give you some information, *as my father and I had many conversations regarding him;* and he had good opportunities of knowing him, from being his medical attendant.'[1]

There are two or three points in this letter which call for remark.

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, pp. 114, 115.

1. I have to state that Miss Davidson, daughter of Dr Davidson of Kinross, and sister of Professor Davidson, who lived and died in Kinross, is still remembered by various of the older residents in the town to have made the very same statement on the same authority, viz. her father, who never for a moment doubted that Bruce was the author of the 'Ode.'

2. In confirmation of Dr Davidson's incidental recollection that the paper on which the 'Ode' was written was 'a very small quarto' page, it is to be noted that all Bruce's letters which have been preserved are written upon half of a sheet of foolscap, folded double, which makes exactly such a page as is described. The fac-simile prefixed to our volume is also written on the same kind and size of paper.

3. The Mr Bickerton mentioned by Professor Davidson is still remembered by many in the village and county, as having been a school-fellow and associate of Bruce, and afterwards a correspondent. He was a man of kindred character and worth with Pearson and Birrel; and he gave identically the same account of Logan's visit and conduct with theirs.

It is greatly to be lamented that the *manuscript* was lost by Mr Bickerton, who never ceased to grieve over it, in common with Mr Birrel and Mr Pearson. *In the very same way the original* MS. *of the 'Elegy in Spring' has gone amissing from the family papers of the Hendersons of Turfhills.*

(2.) PRINCIPAL BAIRD.—When Dr Anderson published the 'Poems' of Logan, in his well-known Collection of the British Poets, he assigned the 'Ode' to him. After-

wards, in applying to David Pearson for information, while preparing a 'Life' of Bruce, that worthy man cordially entered into a correspondence with the Doctor; but in a little Memoir of Bruce, which he drew up, and which was submitted to Dr Anderson, reflected somewhat '*snelly*' on the giving of the 'Ode' to Logan. The Doctor's letter to Pearson, in reply, is given by Dr Mackelvie.[1]

The following extract is important: 'I have since seen your account of Bruce, which, so far as it goes, is pleasing and interesting. I hope, however, you will do me the justice to cancel the sentence relating to me. I do not complain of its coldness, but of its unfairness. In my narrative *I followed Dr Baird's authority* in ascribing the "Ode to the Cuckoo" to Logan, who had indeed himself claimed it, and, till I saw Mr Birrel, I had no doubt of his being the indisputable author of it.' On all this Dr Mackelvie has these remarks and FACTS:—

'The reader will observe that Dr Anderson, according to his own account, had assigned the "Ode to the Cuckoo" to Logan, upon Dr Baird's authority. Now it is necessary to inform him that, in the year following that in which he gave Dr Anderson the sanction of his authority for assigning this Ode to Logan, Dr Baird published a new edition of Bruce's Poems in behoof of the poet's mother, in which he inserted the "Ode to the Cuckoo" without note or comment; thus awarding to Bruce what he had formerly claimed for his friend Logan, and what he was aware Logan had claimed for himself. The reason for this apparent inconsistency on the part of Dr Baird, in whose commendation we have

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, pp. 116, 117.

yet much to say, is explained in a letter to Mr John Birrel, from Mr John Hervey, merchant, Stirling, with whose character, and connection with this publication, the reader will be made acquainted in a subsequent stage of this narrative. "He" (Dr Baird) "has found the Cuckoo to be Michael Bruce's, *and has the original in his own handwriting.*"[1]

In all probability, the MS. formerly in possession of Mr Bickerton was identical with that which Principal Baird had obtained, though it is not known how it reached him. It may have been another copy. *It is exceedingly to be desired that the Baird family papers should yield up this prize.*

The Mr Hervey referred to, promoted, and indeed was the moving agent in, the publication of Dr Baird's edition of Bruce's 'Poems.' He was the bosom friend of Mr Birrel; and two of the latter's letters to Mr Telford, banker, Stirling, which have been kindly forwarded to us, express very touchingly his grief for his death.

Besides all this indubitable 'testimony,' direct and indirect, from personal knowledge, and from those who had seen the 'Ode' in Bruce's handwriting, there falls to be added this, that Professors Swanston and Lawson, the Rev. George Henderson of Glasgow, the Rev. David Greig of Lochgelly, and all the fellow-students of Bruce at the University, and afterwards at the 'Theological Hall' in Kinross, over and over stated, on grounds of *personal knowledge*, that the 'Ode' to the 'Cuckoo' was the composition of Michael Bruce. All the representatives of these persons confirmed this to Dr

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 117.

Mackelvie; and I have had it repeatedly re-confirmed to myself.

Further, we have the unhesitating 'testimony' of a man greatly revered in his generation, to wit, Mr Bennet of Gairney Bridge. He was the grandson of Ebenezer Erskine's friend, the 'Laird' of Gairney, and son of good Mr Bennet, Associate minister of St Andrews. He was a fellow-student and intimate friend of Bruce's. He received 'Licence,' but never having received a 'Call,' he settled down on his paternal acres, and filled most exemplarily the office of 'Elder' in the congregation of which the present Writer is minister. He is still remembered as having often attested Bruce's authorship; and Lord Commissioner Adam thus incidentally refers to his testimony, in the letter to Dr Mackelvie already quoted: 'I ought to have mentioned that Mr Bennet of Gairney Bridge, the Seceding clergyman, told me that he believed, or rather *that he knew*, that Bruce was the author of the "Cuckoo."'[1]

Two additional things only remain to be added:—

1. That during Bruce's lifetime, and before the 'Ode' was published—which was not until 1770—many of the young men of the Village who were the Poet's contemporaries, could and did repeat it, from copies furnished by himself, as he was wont to furnish of any of his pieces that might be sought. Besides the 'witnesses' already cited, there are those now living who perfectly remember their grandfathers and grandmothers so repeating it.

2. That it is still remembered in Kinnesswood that old Mrs Bruce, mother of the Poet, having gone along with

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 113.

a number of the Villagers to see a 'Cuckoo,' which had been shot by one of them,—a thing of rare occurrence from the shyness of the bird,—remarked, 'Will that be the bird our Michael made a sang about?' the good old 'body' meaning the well-known 'Ode.'

Such is our case against Logan and for Bruce. On the one hand, for Logan, there is his publication of the 'Ode,' with a few verbal changes, in his own volume of 1781, but without note or explanation or subsequent proof;[1] and without a solitary witness to its existence in his handwriting, prior to the Bruce MSS. coming into his possession. On the other hand, there are for Bruce: (1) The 'Ode,' known to many of the Villagers before publication; (2) read by Alexander Bruce out of the quarto MS. volume; (3) heard and read by two associates and correspondents, David Pearson and John Birrel; (4) possessed in Bruce's *manuscript* by Mr Bickerton; (5) that MS. seen by Dr Davidson; (6) another MS. copy in Bruce's handwriting, possessed by Principal Baird; and (7) the still well-remembered 'testimony' of the County of Kinross, of those who personally knew the Poet. Besides, as against Logan: (1) *The destruction of Bruce's carefully prepared quarto volume of Poems, which is attested to have contained the 'Ode;'* (2) its publication by himself as Bruce's, in the volume of 1770. I gather up the whole in the emphatic verdict of another, well-fitted by genius and culture to judge, and,

[1] We shall see in the sequel the worth or worthlessness of Logan's claim from publication, in other relations. We shall see that he similarly 'published' *as his own*, in the same volume, and on the strength of like mere slight verbal changes, what was printed before he was born, over and above his appropriation of the Bruce MSS.

as an Englishman, removed beyond national and local prejudices :—

'This beautiful Ode first appeared in the posthumous Poems of Michael Bruce, Edinburgh, 1770. It was, however, subsequently claimed by the editor of the volume, the Rev. John Logan, among whose poems it was afterwards printed. It is here unhesitatingly assigned to the author, under whose name it was first given to the public, on the following grounds : First, No one of Logan's unquestioned pieces makes the slightest approach to it in beautiful simplicity. Second, Were such literary frauds to be tolerated, and editors of posthumous poems allowed to claim and possess without title the best pieces in such volumes, thus taking the benefit of their own *laches*, no posthumous work would appear without suspicion of being interpolated, and no author's fame resting on such works would be safe.'[1]

In addition to the *external* evidence submitted, there has recently been discovered a singular *internal* confirmation of the Bruce authorship of the 'Ode.' In a rich and racy Paper in the 'North British Review' for February 1864, entitled 'Bibliomania,' we read as follows :—

'No 6 is a copy of the poems of the Rev. John Logan, which formerly belonged to John Miller, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn. Over against the Ode to the Cuckoo, Mr Miller has inserted a slip of paper containing the following curious piece of information : "The following note relative to the Ode to the Cuckoo was found

[1] The 'Poetic Wreath,' consisting of select Passages from the English Poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth. London : Chapman and Hall. 1836. 8vo.

among the papers of Dr Grant, one of Logan's executors :—

> 'Alas, sweet bird! not so my fate,
> Dark scowling skies I see
> Fast gathering round, and fraught with woe
> And wintry years to me.'

I find that, after the stanza 'sweet bird,' he had written the above; but as he did not express a wish to have it inserted, I have omitted it. And it is perhaps too solemn for the tone of the rest of the poem, but it is expressive of that predictive melancholy which was with him constitutional."

'Now, of course, Dr Grant must have been much better qualified to judge than we are as to Logan's "predictive melancholy." But it is at least remarkable that the Ode to the Cuckoo should thus be ascertained to have included a stanza so strikingly characteristic of Michael Bruce, who is on other grounds strongly suspected to have been the real author of the poem. The singularly close parallelism of the above with the well-known lines :—

> "Now spring returns, but not to me returns
> The vernal joy my better years have known," etc.,

must necessarily strike every one. The stanza we have now given has never, so far as we know, been printed before; and it is a little unaccountable that it should not have reached the hands of Dr Mackelvie, who published a carefully edited edition of Bruce's poems about thirty years ago, and who, as we remember, mentions that he had applied to Mr Miller of Lincoln's Inn for any infor-

mation that might be in his possession, bearing upon the question as to the authorship of the several poems which have been variously attributed both to Bruce and Logan.'[1]

It is plain that Mr Miller—into whose possession the Logan and Grant MSS. came—must have discovered this stanza and note subsequently to his correspondence with Dr Mackelvie. It may be well to state, that after a protracted correspondence, evidencing a keen and lawyer-like penetration and sifting of evidence, Mr Miller finally wrote : 'My own firm persuasion is, that the Ode is Bruce's, though Logan may have changed some of the words or expressions.'[2]

No one will disagree with the writer of 'Bibliomania,' as to the recovered stanza being characteristic of Bruce ; and Logan's suppression of it points to a shrewd discernment thereof. The touching lines reflected the very circumstances of the young ailing Poet as he felt himself struggling with a 'consumptive' constitution. At the most, he could only live 'in weakness' and in pain ; and was looking forward to going away prematurely. Such were his blended fears and hopes. John Logan was too 'riotous' a 'liver' to be visited by such 'predictive melancholy,' spite of his credulous 'executor's' observation.

Having thus vindicated the claims of Bruce to the authorship of the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' it may not be unmeet that we give it here as originally published in 1770, and as subsequently altered by Logan in 1781. We place them opposite one another :—

[1] North British Review, February 1864.
[2] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 121.

I.

1770. As Bruce wrote it—

I.

Hail, beauteous Stranger of the wood!
Attendant on the spring!
Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

II.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

III.

Delightful Visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flow'rs,
When heav'n is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bow'rs.

IV.

The schoolboy, wand'ring in the wood
To pull the flow'rs so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

V.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another spring to hail.

VI.

Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

VII.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee:
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

II.

1781. As Logan amended it—

Hail, beauteous Stranger of the grove!
Thou Messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear;
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful Visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering thro' the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet Bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

For reasons that will appear in the sequel, it is necessary to take particular notice of the successive alterations in the text of 1781 from that of 1770.

First of all, in stanza first, line first, for Bruce's 'wood,' Logan substitutes 'grove,' no doubt because of

the occurrence of the former in line fourth. It is to be noticed that 'wood' is the local name still, for the plantation on the hill-sides; and also that in 'Lochleven' 'wood' occurs repeatedly.

In line second we read—

'Thou Messenger of Spring,'

for Bruce's

'Attendant on the Spring.'

As the Cuckoo comes with, not precedes, 'Spring,' the original 'Attendant' is the more nicely accurate.

It is noticeable also—for it is in these little things craft is shown—that Logan had a motive to make the change of 'Messenger' for 'Attendant' on the Spring, inasmuch as he thereby removed a suspicious parallelism with the opening of 'Lochleven,'—

'Beauty . . . where she treads,
Attendant on her steps, the blushing Spring
And Summer wait.' . . .

In stanza second, for Bruce's vivid 'Soon as,' Logan gives 'What time;' in stanza third, for Bruce's

'When heav'n is filled with music sweet
Of birds among the bowers,'

which fills up the vision of the dawning Season—first the 'daisy' and the 'cuckoo,' then the whole flush of flowers and the whole quire of 'singers' in the woodlands—we have Logan's

'And hear the voice of music sweet
From birds among the bowers;'

the 'and' being in contradiction to the 'hail!' addressed

to the advancing bringer of flowers and birds, and transforming the future into the present.

In stanza fourth, line first, for Bruce's 'in' there is 'thro';' and for his 'To pull the flow'rs so gay,' the more definite 'To pull the primrose gay,'—Logan here giving the one improving touch that can be accepted. '*In* the wood' occurs twice in 'Lochleven.'

In line third, Logan makes a change which no one will approve, and on which we may hear Lord Mackenzie: 'Will you allow me,' he wrote to Dr Mackelvie, 'to suggest that, when you republish the "Ode to the Cuckoo," you should consider whether the original reading of the line ought not to be restored, namely,

"Starts thy curious voice to hear,"

instead of

"Starts the new voice of Spring to hear."

"Curious" may be a Scotticism, but it is felicitous. It marks the unusual resemblance of the note of the cuckoo to the human voice, the cause of the "*start*" and "*imitation*" which follow: whereas the "New voice of Spring" is not true; for many voices in Spring precede that of the cuckoo, and it is not peculiar and striking, nor does it connect either with the *start* or *imitation*.'[1]

In stanza fifth, line first, we have again Bruce's 'Soon as' exchanged for 'What time.'

Logan leaves untouched stanzas fifth and sixth, the latter the finest of the whole; and only in stanza seventh, line second, for Bruce's 'social' reads 'joyful.' Such are the entire 'words or expressions' (to use Mr Miller's

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 240.

phrase, *ante*) 'changed' by Logan; and I apprehend it may be safely left with every reader capable of insight, to judge whether the hand that made these alterations was the hand of a genuine 'Makkar'—whether they do not answer to the drivellings of 'Runnymede.' Two things seem very clear: the altered copy is less truthful and is less poetical. It is the 'lesser' blessing the 'greater'—the backward way. With therefore the one exception of the specification of the 'primrose,' I know not that any one will accept Logan's alterations as improvements. Even the 'primrose' lacks that accuracy characteristic of Bruce, inasmuch as schoolboys don't ramble 'in the woods' to 'pull' one flower in particular, be it 'primrose' or any other, but are apt to seize upon all that offer; and again, in the present day at least, in the county of Kinross, I have found the cuckoo preceding the full yellowing of the 'primrose' banks in the bosky glades.

Logan is not the only one who has 'tinkered' this exquisite ode. Dr M'Culloch, in the third volume of his series of school-books, imagines that he improves the original of

'Starts thy curious voice to hear,'

by reading

'Stands still to hear thy two-fold shout,'

an attempt to import Wordsworth into Bruce.

That the version of 1770 represents the 'Ode' as it came from Bruce, will appear from these three things:—

1. The Villagers had so 'learned it by heart' previous to publication.

2. Messrs Pearson, Birrel, Bickerton, Arnot, and all Bruce's contemporaries, so gave it.

3. Principal Baird, who had in his possession a copy in the handwriting of Bruce, so printed it, thus deliberately refusing Logan's version.

Before passing on to another flagrant illustration of Logan's appropriation of the Bruce MSS. in the 'Hymns' or 'Paraphrases,' the Reader will no doubt be glad to have placed before him other three addresses to the 'Cuckoo,' two of surpassing subtlety of thought and music of wording; and the other interesting for comparison, as having appeared in 1777, *i.e.* after Bruce's volume, but prior to Logan's, and showing knowledge, especially in the penultimate stanza, of the former.

We take them in order. First of all, the *anonymous* 'Ode' of the old Magazine.

ODE TO THE CUCKOO.

Semper eadem.

See! the vernal flow'rets bloom,
Wove in Flora's silken loom,
Gay linnet of the Spring!
See! the halcyon skims the lake,
And the lizard leaves the brake,
Where countless warblers sing!

Come, dear Cuckow! come away!
April wanes!—'twill soon be May!
Too short thy pleasing reign!
Come, and with unvary'd note,
Perch beside my little cot,
And soothe me once again!

Silver willows shed perfume,
Sweeter than Arabia's gum,
Along the marshy rill;
Shepherds pipe the rural lay,
As their lambkins frisk and play
Upon the pendant hill.

Whisp'ring pleasure everywhere,
Genial zephyrs fan the air,
In mazy, mystic sport!
Insect swarms begin to live;
Jocund nymphs their chaplets weave;
And Venus holds her court!

Sunshine moments dost thou prize?
Lo! unclouded as the skies;
At work the active bees!
Nature bids thee come with speed,
Revel in the laughing mead,
Or wanton on the trees!

Oh! like thee, the bird I love,
I, on ev'ry new remove
Fresh scenes of joy would know;
And when gath'ring storms appear
(Left the baneful hemisphere),
To kinder regions go.

Mine this hope, when grizzly death
Asks the tribute of my breath,
The debt I'll freely pay;
And, unbody'd, take my flight
Far beyond the starry height,
Where beams eternal day![1]

It seems like placing a 'gowan' beside a passion-flower, with its awful lines and stains, to follow this

[1] Ruddiman's 'Weekly Magazine or Edinburgh Amusement,' May 22, 1777.

with Wordsworth's witching and exquisitely-touched 'Ode,' to which, for perfectness of thought, of feeling, of metaphor, of word-painting, and of melody,—there is nothing of its kind that approaches it; nevertheless the comparison is interesting, and more especially in reference to Bruce's 'Ode.' For just as—to return to our symbol—we detect in the mystic passion-flower the very same tints, and spots, and 'freckles' as are found in the lowlier blossomings of the woodland, so in *his* profounder strain there are self-revealing recollections of the young Scot's simpler lines. It is known that the great Poet of the Lakes admired exceedingly Bruce's 'Ode' and 'Elegy.' Next then is Wordsworth's :—

O blithe New-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee, and rejoice.
O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass,
Thy two-fold shout I hear;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
At once far off, and near.

Though babbling only to the Vale
Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!
Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my schoolboy days
I listen'd to; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways,
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green;
And thou wert still a hope, a love;
Still long'd for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place,
That is fit home for Thee!

Lastly, there is the quaint, antique-toned 'Lines' of Bruce-like David Gray, which remind us of those instantaneous photographs that give the breaking 'froarie' curl of the wave, the soft wreathing of autumnal mist, in their fine telling of the shock of illusion, as the actual dissolved the visionary :—

Last night a vision was dispell'd,
Which I can never dream again;
A wonder from the earth has gone,
A passion from my brain.
I saw upon a budding ash
A cuckoo, and she blithely sung
To all the valleys round about,
While on a branch she swung,
Cuckoo, cuckoo; I look'd around,
And like a dream fulfill'd,

A slender bird of modest brown,
My sight with wonder thrill'd.
I looked again and yet again;
My eyes, thought I, do sure deceive me;
But when belief made doubting vain,
Alas! the sight did grieve me.
For twice to-day I heard the cry,
The hollow cry of melting love;
And twice a tear bedimm'd my eye,—
I *saw* the singer in the grove;
I saw him pipe his eager tone,
Like any other common bird,
And, as I live, the sovereign cry
Was not the one I always heard.
O why within that lusty wood
Did I the fairy sight behold?
O why within that solitude
Was I thus blindly overbold?
My heart, forgive me! for indeed
I cannot speak my thrilling pain;
The wonder vanish'd from the earth,
The passion from my brain.[1]

Having successfully, it is believed, vindicated BRUCE'S claim to the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,'—having shown that Logan acted the part of Bathyllus to Virgil, or, if we may be pardoned saying it, the part of the 'Cuckoo;' for in truth one must retort upon him the old Latin proverb, 'astutior coccyge,' seeing that if she steal another's nest, she at least lays her own eggs, and adheres to her own mononote, but John Logan usurped nest *and* eggs, and the 'sweet singing' of the bird whose little all he robbed,—we have now similarly to narrate and examine the FACTS

[1] The Luggie, and other Poems. By David Gray. With a Memoir by James Hedderwick, and a Prefatory Notice by R. M. Milnes, M.P. (Lord Houghton). (Macmillan) 1862. 12mo. Pp. 108, 109.

concerning Logan's misappropriation of the Bruce MSS. in the well-known Paraphrases and Hymns.

It has already been told how surprised and disappointed the Villagers were when the little volume of 1770 reached them, and was found to contain none of the Poet's religious pieces. We daresay none of our readers will have forgotten the broken-hearted exclamation of his good old father, 'Where are my son's Gospel Sonnets?' The volume of 1781 gave an all too plain explanation of the mystery and of the suppression; for at its close there appeared nine 'Hymns' that were instantly recognised as *substantially* the 'Gospel Sonnets,' or poetical renderings of passages of Scripture, of Michael Bruce—some of them revisions of already existing Hymns, and others wholly his own, as will immediately be shown.

That the villagers and old Mr Bruce should thus instantly have missed the sacred poems of Bruce in 1770, and that the former—for Bruce senior was now dead—should with equal decision have recognised them in the so-called 'Poems by the Rev. Mr Logan,' in 1781, is explained by the facts which now fall to be stated. Here I would do all honour to Dr Mackelvie, by allowing him first of all to present these

'Short and simple annals of the poor,'

merely stating for myself, that through venerable surviving representatives of those whose 'forbears' were wont to sing these very 'Hymns' *long before they ever appeared in print*, and o' winter nights to recall the memory of Bruce and 'auld langsyne,' I have taken no

small pains to re-verify every little detail. The following is Dr Mackelvie's narrative :—

'The circumstance which first led our poet to write hymns has been rendered memorable in Kinnesswood by its contributing, at the same time, to form a taste for sacred music among its inhabitants, for which they are still celebrated. About the period to which our narrative refers, a farmer of the name of Gibson settled in the village with his family, all the members of which were fond of church music; and one of them, afterwards a preacher in connection with the Established Church, took delight in teaching this art to such of the villagers as would receive his instructions. Among the youths who benefited by his lessons was one John Buchan, who, after residing in several towns with a view to improve himself in his profession as a mason, returned to his native village, where he taught church music, and introduced a number of new tunes which he had learned in the places he had visited. Till then, "the old eight,"—which were, "French, Dundee, Stilt or York, Newton, Elgin, London, Martyrs, Abbey,"—as they are now emphatically called, were considered the only tunes which it was lawful to sing in country congregations, and, consequently, were all that it was deemed necessary or proper to learn; but in town churches a few others had begun to be added to the number (among these were "St David's, St Paul's, St Thomas's, St Ann's"). In the summer of 1764, Michael Bruce joined Buchan's class. At the time of his doing so, the following doggerel rhymes, among others, were sung by the pupils when practising in school :—

"O mother, dear Jerusalem,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?"

"The Martyrs' tune, above the rest,
Distinguish'd is by fame;
On their account I'll sing this
In honour of their name."

"Fair London town, where dwells the King,
On his imperial throne,
With all his court attending him,
Still waiting him upon."

Buchan, knowing Bruce to be both a poet and a scholar, requested him to furnish the class with verses which might be substituted for those we have quoted, which he considered as destitute of sentiment, and calculated to produce a ludicrous effect when sung to solemn airs. With this request Bruce complied, and wrote a number of hymns, several verses of which, in consequence of being often sung in these rehearsals, became familiar to the inhabitants of the parish. The following have been attested to the writer as among the number :—

"O happy is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice;
And who celestial wisdom makes
His early, only choice."

"Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man of woman born;
Thy doom is written, Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

"The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King that reigns in Salem's towers
Shall all the world command."[1]

We have now to make a few remarks upon the Hymns or Paraphrases, as they belong to the two classes indicated in the outset, viz. revised hymns already existing, and hymns wholly original.

1. *Revised Hymns already existing.* These are the first and fifth in Logan's volume of 1781, and form the second and eighteenth of the 'Paraphrases' of the Church of Scotland in universal use among us, and largely in the United States of America.[2]

It will startle many to be informed, that these two Hymns had been printed, *substantially*, in 1745; and that the one—viz. 'O God of Bethel'—belongs to the saintly Dr Doddridge of Northampton, in whose posthumous 'Hymns, founded on Various Texts in the Holy Scriptures,' published by Orton in 1755, it duly appears. To the proof:—Through the kindness of the Rev. Dr Johnston, of the United Presbyterian Church, Limekilns, I have now in my possession a copy of the *ad interim* edition of the 'Paraphrases.' Its title-page is as follows:—

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, pp. 99-102.

[2] Dr Laing, in his edition of Baillie, has given a most valuable account of the different editions of the metrical 'Psalms.' The same, and something more, were acceptable, concerning the 'Paraphrases.' We have before us what appears to have been a *third* edition of the volume referred to on next page:—'Aberdeen: Printed by F. Douglas. MDCCLXV.' Three 'Hymns' are added from Dr Watts.

TRANSLATIONS

AND

PARAPHRASES

OF

SEVERAL PASSAGES

OF

SACRED SCRIPTURE,

Collected and prepared
By a *Committee* appointed by the General
Assembly of the Church of SCOTLAND.

And, by the Act of last Assembly, transmitted to
PRESBYTERIES for their Consideration.

EDINBURGH,
Printed by ROBERT FLEMING and COMPANY,
Printers to the Church of *Scotland.*
MDCCXLV.

In this interesting little volume, at pages 49, 50, as the twenty-eighth, and 74, 75 as the forty-fourth respectively, the hymns in question are found. It may be well to give them *verbatim et literatim;* and over against them Logan's versions :—

1745.	LOGAN. 1781.
I. ISAIAH ii. 2-6.	
I.	
In latter Days, the Mount of GOD, His sacred House, shall rise Above the Mountains and the Hills, and strike the wond'ring Eyes.	Behold! the mountain of the Lord In latter days shall rise, Above the mountains and the hills, And draw the wondering eyes.
II.	
To this the joyful Nations round all Tribes and Tongues shall flow; Up to the House of GOD, they'll say, to *Jacob's* GOD, we'll go.	To this the joyful nations round All tribes and tongues shall flow; Up to the Hill of God, they'll say, And to His house we'll go.

III.

To us He'll point the Ways of Truth;
the sacred Path we'll tread:
From *Salem* and from *Zion*-Hill
His Lord shall then proceed.

The beam that shines on Zion Hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion towers
Shall all the world command.

IV.

Among the Nations and the Isles,
as Judge supreme, He'll sit;
And, vested with unbounded pow'r,
will punish or acquit.

V.

No Strife shall rage, nor angry feuds
disturb these peaceful years;
To plow-shares then they'll beat their swords,
to Pruning-hooks their Spears.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

VI.

Then Nation shan't 'gainst Nation rise,
and slaughter'd Hosts deplore:
They'll lay the useless Trumpet by,
and study War no more.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

VII.

O come ye, then, of Jacob's House,
our Hearts now let us join:
And, walking in the Light of GOD,
with holy Beauties shine.

Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

1745.

II. GEN[ESIS] XXVIII. 20, 21, 22.

LOGAN. 1781.

THE PRAYER OF JACOB.

I.

O GOD of *Bethel*, by whose Hand
thine *Israel* still is fed!
Who thro' this weary pilgrimage
hast all our Fathers led.

O GOD of Abraham! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led!

II.

To thee our humble vows we raise;
to thee address our Pray'r:
And in Thy kind and faithful Breast
deposit all our care.

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before Thy throne of grace:
God of our Fathers, be the God
Of their succeeding race!

III.

If Thou, through each perplexing Path,
wilt be our constant Guide;
If thou wilt daily Bread supply,
and Raiment wilt provide;

Through each perplexing path of life,
Our wandering footsteps guide;
Give us by day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide!

IV.

If Thou wilt spread Thy Wings around,
'til these our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd Abode
our souls arrive in Peace;

O spread Thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our feet arrive in peace!

V.

To Thee, as to our Cov'nant GOD,
we'll our whole selves resign;
And count that not our Faith alone,
but all we have, is Thine.

Now with the humble voice of prayer
Thy mercy we implore;
Then, with the grateful voice of praise,
Thy goodness we'll adore!

On comparing the text of 1745 with that of Dr Doddridge (1755), the only departures are in stanza first, line first, where for 'Bethel' we read 'Jacob;' and in stanza fourth, line first, where for 'wings' we read 'shield.'

Thus the Rev. John Logan published *as his own*, in his volume of 1781, without a syllable of explanation, two Hymns that, as we have seen, were (*substantially*) printed in 1745, when he was non-existent; and in 1755, when, if not 'puking in the nurse's arms,' he was at most a child, having been born in 1748. The question then arises, How came Logan to have the effrontery to do this? The answer is simple: Having Bruce's MSS. beside him, he adopted the grand third stanza of the first:

'The beam that shines from Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem tow'rs
Shall all the world command;'

and also the verbal changes, which with true poetic instinct Bruce had made, *and thereupon laid claim* to the WHOLE.[1]

[1] It is quite within probability that Bruce had written an entire and original paraphrase of the passage, Isaiah ii. 2–6, and that Logan took from it the one stanza which lingered in the memory of the villagers of Kinnesswood,

'The beam that shines,' etc.

Be this as it may, in addition to the two paraphrases above, which Logan pub-

All this reflects back light upon Logan's similar audacious claim to the 'Ode to the Cuckoo.' As we found, there were slight alterations,—*not improvements*, save one,—on the text of 1770 in the volume of 1781; and on the strength or weakness and worthlessness of these, lo, he claimed the 'Ode' itself! We have here all unintentionally revealed his principle or no-principle of authorship. Apart altogether from Bruce, it will be admitted that Logan had not the shadow of title to pub-

lished as his own in 1781, on the strength of his verbal changes on the text of 1745, there is another—viz. the 48th of our collection of 'Paraphrases,' which also was claimed by Logan and bears his name—that nevertheless was, in like manner, (substantially) printed in the little volume of 1745. I place the two side by side.

1745. ROMANS viii. 31, *to the end.*	1781. 48th PARAPHRASE.
I.	
Now let our souls ascend above The fears of guilt and woe: God is for us, our Friend declared; Who then can be our foe?	Let Christian faith and hope dispel The fears of guilt and woe; The Lord Almighty is our friend, And who can prove a foe?
II.	
He who his Son, most dear and lov'd, For us gave up to die, Will he withhold a lesser gift, Or ought that's good deny?	He who his Son, most dear and lov'd, Gave up for us to die, Shall he not all things freely give That goodness can supply?
III.	
Behold all blessings seal'd in this, The highest pledge of love; All grace and peace on earth below, And endless life above!	Behold the best, the greatest gift, Of everlasting love! Behold the pledge of peace below, And perfect bliss above!
IV.	
Who now shall dare to charge with guilt Whom God hath justified? Or who is he that shall condemn, Since Christ the Saviour dy'd?	Where is the judge who can condemn, Since God hath justified? Who shall charge those with guilt or crime For whom the Saviour dy'd?
V.	
He died,—but He is risen again, Triumphant from the grave; And pleads for us at God's right hand, Omnipotent to save.	The Saviour dy'd, but rose again Triumphant from the grave; And pleads our cause at God's right hand, Omnipotent to save.
VI.	
Then who can e'er divide us more From Christ, and love divine?	Who then can e'er divide us more From Jesus and his love,

lish these hymns as his own ; but when it is shown, as Dr Mackelvie has done, that the stanza which is the 'perfect chrysolite' of its Hymn, was familiarly sung by the Villagers in 1764, or *seventeen years* before it was printed by Logan, and that similarly the two Hymns, with the 'verbal changes' upon the text of 1745 and 1755, were regularly used in the village-singing under the circumstances recorded, it is difficult to restrain one's indignation against Plagiarism so base and Audacity so supreme.

We claim for Bruce, then, the stanza, the lines, and the felicitous verbal changes of these two Hymns. *Had*

Or what dissolve the sacred band That joins our souls to him?	Or break the sacred chain that binds The earth to heav'n above?
VII.	
Let troubles rise, and dangers roar, And days of darkness fall; Through him all terrors we'll defy, And more than conquer all.	Let troubles rise, and terrors frown, And days of darkness fall; Through him all dangers we'll defy, And more than conquer all.
VIII.	
Nor death, nor life, nor heaven, nor hell, Nor time's destroying sway, Can e'er efface us from his Heart, Or make his Love decay.	Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell, Nor time's destroying sway, Can e'er efface us from his heart, Or make his love decay.
IX.	
Each future period this will bless, As it has bless'd the past: He lov'd us from the first of time, And loves us to the last.	Each future period that will bless, As it has bless'd the past; He lov'd us from the first of time, He loves us to the last.

Such is another example of the audacity of Logan in claiming *as his own* what was, with the exception of verbal alterations, in print before his birth. It may be stated that a singularly interesting, if over-violent and controversial, series of papers on 'The Paraphrases,' appeared in the 'Free Church Magazine' for 1847; which papers were fiercely assailed in Macphail's 'Edinburgh Ecclesiastical Journal' and in 'Tait's Magazine' of the same year. The discussion sprang out of an alleged discovery of the Robert Burns authorship of 'The Paraphrases,' which the 'Evangelicals' were disposed to push over-much against the 'Moderates.' The Manuscript turned out to be, it is understood, Logan's, and shows that he had much to do with the preparation of the 'Paraphrases,' as finally issued in 1781. Beyond doubt, what led him to his 'Paraphrase' studies were the Bruce MSS., and above all the 'Gospel Sonnets,' so shamelessly and heartlessly suppressed and destroyed, as told *ante*.

he himself lived to publish his Hymns, 'he would undoubtedly have recorded that in these instances his were only improved versions of older hymns; just as Burns acknowledged the old songs; which were so amended by him, that no one cares to remember the original verses.'[1] So much for the revised hymns, already substantially existing in 1745 and 1755, and Logan's impudent publication of them *as his own*. Dr Robertson of Dalmeny earlier, and Chambers in his 'Cyclopædia of English Literature' later, lay stress on Logan's *publication* of the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' *as his own* in the volume of 1781; but here in the very same volume he is found publishing *as his own* Hymns that we have seen were printed substantially before he was born. The man capable of doing the one is self-convicted as capable of doing the other; *and he did it*. Surely Phædrus may here be cited:

> 'Quicunque turpi fraude semel innotuit,
> Etiamsi verum dicit, amittit fidem.'

I would thus render the couplet,

> 'He who is known, once, a base fraud t' have done,
> E'en speaking truth, believed is by none.'

2. *Hymns wholly original.* These are the 2d, 3d, 4th, 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th in Logan's volume. The whole evidence for the Bruce authorship of the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' belongs equally to them. They are the 'Gospel Sonnets' to which old Mr Bruce referred when he gave them this name, in allusion to the people's classic, the 'Gospel Sonnets' of Ralph Erskine, which,

[1] The Rev. Peter Mearns, as before, p. 19.

—as having been composed in part while meditating in a 'plantation' on the hill-side above the Manse of Portmoak, then occupied by Ebenezer Erskine,—were lovingly read and sung in the 'Bishopshire;' they are what Bruce the elder regarded as the jewels of the quarto volume entrusted to Logan; they are the 'sacred pieces' immediately missed by the Villagers when the volume of 1770 reached; they were personally committed to memory ('learned by heart' is the expressive Scotticism) by David Pearson, John Birrel, the Bickertons, Arnots, Hendersons, and indeed the whole Community between 1764 and 1767, or *seventeen* years before Logan published them; or, reckoning from 1767, *fourteen* years. There were extant so recently as 1837 written copies of all, and bearing these dates, as Dr Mackelvie discovered almost immediately after his edition of the 'Poems' was issued,—as over and over he assured me, and as I have since had confirmed by persons of indisputable integrity.[1] And, further, James Bruce, brother of the poet,—who lived until 1814, and was a man of sterling worth,—declared in the most solemn manner, from his own personal knowledge, 'that all the Paraphrases published in Logan's name

[1] Having had frequent conversations with the late Dr Mackelvie on the whole subject of the Poems of Bruce, I was impressed with the amount of labour bestowed by him in verifying every minutia of his book; and I had the promise from him, as well of above dated copies as of at least two (already published) letters, part of 'Lochleven,' and other MSS. of Bruce. But his great infirmities latterly made attention to any such things painful, and I forbore urging him. With that kindling eye which all who knew him will remember, he said, 'Every one of the eleven paraphrases belongs to Bruce—every one; and if I ever print the poems again, they'll all go in.' From one so judicious and conscientious this was weighty; but independent of it, we have all the above witness-bearing to superadd to Logan's proved self-appropriation of the two Hymns printed before he was born.

were written by his brother Michael; that he had often read them, heard them often repeated, and frequently sung portions of them in Buchan's class long before the addition to the Assembly's collection was heard of,' *i.e.* the final Collection of the present Paraphrases, which was published in 1781.[1] Finally, be it kept in mind, Logan *destroyed the* MS. *quarto volume into which Bruce had transcribed the whole*, and which would no doubt have shown whatever was old in the revised Hymns, and what were Bruce's own entirely. Besides other 'sacred pieces,' Hymns and Paraphrases are known to have been included in the volume; so that we can appeal to the emphasis of good David Pearson: 'They may as well ascribe to Logan the framing of the universe as the writing of these poems.'[2]

The only reservation which it is necessary to make is, that Logan appears to have made 'verbal changes.' This seems to have been a principle with him, in order to satisfy his 'dregs of conscience' in his claim thereupon to the entire authorship. His own procedure has put it out of our power to get at any 'improvements' that he may have made. If we may judge from his 'improvements' in 1781 of the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' of 1770, these can't have been great. One admires at the Logan-like assurance of one of his Biographers, who boasts of personal intimacy,—on the whole matter: 'Bruce might have left hymns in a more or less polished

[1] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 104; and let any one disposed to undervalue his testimony, or that of Pearson and Birrel and the others, recall Cicero's words, 'Idoneus quidem mea sententia, præsertim quum et ipse eum audiverit, ut scribat de mortuo; ex quo nulla suspicio est, amicitiæ causa, eum esse mentitum.'

[2] Dr Mackelvie, as before, p. 105.

state, and these hymns might have been altered, embellished, and published by Logan as his own.'[1] What a supposition! What an admission! What a commentary upon his 'publishing *as his own*' the first and fifth of the Hymns with his (*stolen*) 'alterations' and 'embellishments!' 'O Shame, where is thy blush?'

Confirmatory of all the *external* evidence, we have in regard to one of the Paraphrases—viz. The Complaint of Nature, selected stanzas of which make the eighth of the Collection now in use—striking *internal* evidence. We have only to place three stanzas—the seventh, eighth, and ninth—in juxtaposition with a fragment in Bruce's handwriting, which has been preserved, in order to trace one mind in both :—

'When chill the blast of winter blows,
Away the summer flies;
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

'Nipt by the year, the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

'The winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of spring,
And flourish green again.'

Now for the fragment in prose :—

'The hoar-frost glitters on the ground, the frequent leaf falls from the wood, and tosses to and fro driven in

[1] Life of Logan, prefixed to his Poems. Bell and Bradfute, 1812.

the wind. The summer is gone with all her flowers; summer! the season of the muses.

. . . . . "Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the Muses haunt,
Clear Spring, or shadie grove, or sunnie hill."[1]

'It was on a calm morning, while yet the darkness strove with the doubtful twilight, I rose and walked out

"Under the opening eyelids of the morn."'[1]

Compare also these stanzas from Bruce's 'Elegy':—

'Loos'd from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flow'rs, and all around
Smiling the cheerful face of Spring is seen.
Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn,
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.
And even when winter chilled the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain;
Tho' frosty Boreas warned me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.'

Internal evidence is not very much to be depended on, as the present Writer has had occasion to prove, while this is being passed through the press, in the case of 'The Paradoxes' of Herbert Palmer;[2] but in combination with such seven-fold *external* evidence as has been adduced, it is an element not to be despised. It is a misrepresentation of matter of fact in Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature—whoever may be responsible

[1] Dr Mackelvie failed to observe these two quotations from Milton (Paradise Lost, book iii. lines 26-28; and Lycidas, line 26). By reading 'shadow' for 'shady' also, the sense is confused.

[2] See 'Lord Bacon not the Author of "The Christian Paradoxes," being a reprint of "Memorials of Godliness" by Herbert Palmer, B.D. With Introduction, Memoir, and Notes, by the Rev. A. B. Grosart. *For private circulation.* 1864.

for it—that Dr Mackelvie rested his claim for Bruce to the authorship of this Paraphrase upon the 'resemblances' presented. Having given irrefragable *external* proof, these 'resemblances' were added; and the interweaving of the lines from Paradise Lost and Lycidas, instead of weakening, strengthens the evidence in favour of Bruce, knowing as we do how lovingly he studied Milton.[1]

Without the shadow of hesitation, then, in retrospect of the evidence adduced, the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' and the hymns and paraphrases appropriated by Logan, together with one of the two *revised* hymns, are included in the Works of Michael Bruce; from which may no sacrilegious hand ever withdraw them. Such may suffice. I wish *tondere non deglubere;* and indeed it were to waste so fine a thing as righteous anger, to add much more on the literary delinquencies of John Logan. I pause not, therefore, to show—which might easily be done—how, in his no doubt 'elegant' Sermons, he has appropriated Sherlock, and Blair, and Zollikofer, and numerous others. They were published *posthumously;* and he must have the benefit of that. Neither do I enter into his astounding candidature for

[1] It is somewhat vexatious to find Mr Robert Chambers so very 'shifty' in relation to Bruce. In his Correspondence with Dr Mackelvie he is all acquiescence; and on the appearance of the Doctor's edition in 1837, an admirable paper appeared in his *Journal* (No. 292, September 2, 1837), unhesitatingly recognising Bruce's claims, and with cordial admiration giving the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' as his; and lo! in his 'Cyclopædia of English Literature,' without a tittle of further evidence, one way or another, it is carelessly inserted under Logan, with the extraordinary statement that Logan's authorship never was questioned during his lifetime, whereas his most earnest defenders could only urge that he asserted his 'innocence,'—a word that involves not merely questioning but accusation, such as we know to have been over and over made during his lifetime. One regrets such slips, from the very love and gratitude cherished for this 'lealest' and truest of Scotland's sons. I don't refer to the Life in 'Eminent Scotsmen,' as it was written by a Mr Hogg.

one of the Chairs of the University, on the basis of a course of 'Lectures' which were afterwards shown not to have been his own, by their publication, unchallenged, during his own lifetime, by Dr William Rutherford. His 'Defence' of Hastings, his 'Runnymede,' and other ventures, lie beneath the 'small dust' of oblivion. We will not disturb them.

Concerning the man as a man and as a minister of the gospel, it is impossible to speak without reprobation. His life was unwholesome, unclean, base and embased; for it were to speak 'smooth things' where rough truth is demanded, to describe the flagitious course of this clerical Champion (for he might have sat to M. About), this clerical *scapegrace* of mean and meagre nature and untrue to the very core,—by the euphemisms of gentle Dr Anderson, *e.g.* 'deviations from the modes of the world, and violations of professional decorum, which offended his parishioners, and made it eligible for him to discontinue the exercise of his clerical function,' though even he had to write, 'He grew burdensome to himself, and with the usual weakness of men so diseased, eagerly snatched that temporary relief which the bottle supplies.'[1] We spare the remainder; for we could not quote, without reproof, apology so misplaced. And yet we have pity for the prematurely old and desolate wretch,

[1] As before, in Life of Logan. Chambers, in his 'Biographical Dictionary of Eminent Scotsmen,' under Logan (Division VI.), furnishes one of a hundred illustrations of his miserable condition even early: 'An aged parishioner of Mr Logan mentioned to a friend of the editor of this work, that he was present in church one day, when the conduct of the reverend gentleman was such as to induce an old man to go up, and, in no very respectful language, call upon the minister to descend from the pulpit which he disgraced. Such an anecdote, if read immediately after perusing one of the elegant discourses of Logan, would

trembling with the trembling of fourscore within his fortieth year. If his Biographers tell true, one catches a glimpse of him in an attitude of, at the least, remorseful penitence. He is said, away in one of the lanes of London, whither he had skulked, to have called in the neighbours' children, and gathering one or two about his knees, to have got them to read the Bible to him. It brims one's eyes with tears to read of it. It moves to pity: it excites hope. 'God forbid' that we should hold even of one so 'fallen,' of one so false to such shy genius, and such saintly worth, as that of Michael Bruce,—not to say to trust so sacred,—there could not be divinely given 'turning' and the divine 'cry' right through the gathering dark, Christ-ward. But while 'judging not' of his soul's destiny,—in the interests of Literature and of Right, JOHN LOGAN must be branded as heartlessly false to a dead young friend, and be spoiled of the lustrous-eyed feathers with which, at another's cost, he—as sooty a bird as ever ventured among 'sweet singers'—decked himself.

Of the other 'Poems' published in 1770, the following have been claimed for Logan:—'Damon, Menalcas, and Melibœus: an Eclogue;' 'Pastoral Song,' to the tune of 'The Yellow-hair'd Laddie;' 'Eclogue in the manner of Ossian;' 'Ode to a Fountain;' the two 'Danish Odes;' 'Chorus, of Anacreontic to a Wasp;'

form a singular illustration of the propinquity which sometimes exists between the pure and impure, the lofty and the degraded, in human character' (p. 492).

I must add, that in the course of my literary researches I have been brought pretty near to Logan, by his own letters, by letters of contemporaries, by anecdotes, and other data; and I know not that a more *false* life has ever been lived,—the worst of all falsity moreover, seeing it is a serving the devil while wearing Christ's livery. It may be needful, some day, to reveal all, though personally I should prefer silence, save only where Bruce's claims come in for defence.

the tale of 'Levina' in 'Lochleven;' and the 'Ode to Paoli:' that is to say, of the entire *seventeen* pieces which composed the little volume, ELEVEN are to be appropriated to Logan; one at least, 'the Vernal Ode,' to Sir James Foulis, Bart.; and, according to the 'Preface,' some others to 'other gentlemen.' And yet, while thus leaving, say FIVE short pieces to Bruce, out of the *seventeen*, the volume was published as

POEMS
ON
SEVERAL OCCASIONS
BY
MICHAEL BRUCE.[1]

It were no great loss though it could be shown that all the pieces named were not Bruce's. But inasmuch as (1) Logan did *not* place any of them in his volume of 1781, or in any of the editions published during his lifetime; and inasmuch as (2) He *nowhere* publicly claimed any of them, though, as we have seen, swift to re-claim the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' and to publish as his own the 'Hymns;' and inasmuch as (3) The fragments of Bruce's MSS. preserved after the spoiling of Logan, show the germs of 'Levina' in 'Lochleven,' and traces of various of the others, confirmed by Pearson and Birrel; and inasmuch as (4) Dr Anderson, spite of Dr Robertson's letter, in which above list is enumerated (dated September 19th, 1795), and for which I am indebted to Dr Laing of the Signet Library,—assigns nearly all to Bruce,

[1] It is a Law-maxim of Coke, 'Cum duo inter se pugnantia reperiuntur in testamento, ultimum ratum est.' The principle holds here. The volume is a 'deed,' not a 'Will,' and the 'first' statement, not the last, is binding. That first was—that Bruce was the author of all the Poems.

and excludes the whole from Logan; and finally, inasmuch as (5) Other Editors have unhesitatingly given all to Bruce,—the whole, save the 'Vernal Ode' of Sir James Foulis, will be found in our edition.

In estimating the position of Michael Bruce among the minor Poets of our Country, three things must be remembered.

1. That the 'Ode to the Cuckoo' and the 'Hymns,' being proven to be his, we have in them a token of what, had years been given him, he might and would have done.

2. That the quarto volume into which he had transcribed all his Poems under the shadow of departure, was DESTROYED by Logan. It probably contained many such gems as those named. I strongly suspect that the ballad of the 'Braes of Yarrow,' and the Tale commencing, 'Where pastoral Tweed, renown'd in song,' were, in substance, from his Muse, not Logan's.

3. That he died only three months beyond his twenty-first year. This explains the immaturity of his taste, and his echoes of Milton and Thomson, Gray and Collins, and Young and other poets.

But as it is, this volume of the 'Works' of our Poet deserves a place among the genuine '*Makkars*.' Even in his barest productions, as 'Lochleven' and 'The Last Day,' there are bits of description not at all unworthy of the master, Thomson. Thus,—

'Fair from his hand behold the village rise,
In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees!
Above whose aged tops the joyful swains,
At even-tide descending from the hill,
With eye enamoured, mark the many wreaths

Of pillared smoke, high-curling to the clouds.
The streets resound with Labour's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
The village hope. All in a reverend row,
Their grey-haired grandsires, sitting in the sun,
Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
The well-remembered stories of their youth
Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.
How fair a prospect rises to the eye,
Where Beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
For ever pleasant, and for ever new!
Swells the exulting thought, expands the soul,
Drowning each ruder care: a blooming train
Of bright ideas rushes on the mind.
Imagination rouses at the scene;
And backward, through the gloom of ages past,
Beholds Arcadia, like a rural queen,
Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs,
The mazy dance conducting on the green.
Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales
Thine, gentle Leven! Green on either hand
Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,
With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice
With all the riches of the golden year.
Fat on the plain, and mountain's sunny side,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks,
Feed undisturb'd; and fill the echoing air
With music, grateful to the master's ear.
The traveller stops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart
With mirth and music. Ev'n the mendicant,
Bowbent with age, that on the old grey stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.'

There are, too, lines that reveal the poet's eye and the poet's ear. Thus, how exquisitely imitative is this of

the startled 'crane,' winging its laboured flight to its hiding-place among the reeds of the Lake :—

> 'In the dusky air
> The slow-winged crane mov'd heavily o'er the lee,
> And shrilly clamour'd as he sought his nest.'

Then how delicate this is :

> 'Twilight trembles o'er the misty hills.'

Here are two fine pictures, of a village beauty and of a mountain stream :

> 'She reddened like the morning, under veil
> Of her own golden hair.'
>
> 'A rivulet pure
> Bursts from the ground, and through the crumbled crags
> Tinkles amusive.'

There is grandeur in this 'spectacle' in the 'Last Day :'

> 'Heard'st thou that crash ?
> There fell the tow'ring Alps.'

The ballad of 'Sir James the Ross' may compare with 'Hardynute' and 'Owen of Carron.'

There are epithets also, that, though grown familiar now, were uncommon then. They lie like the gleaming dew, lucent as it, and as sparkling. One is memorable, 'eyeless darkness,' which might take its place in Macbeth. Is it a reminiscence of the 'eyeless night' of Shakespeare (King John v. 6) that certain asinine editors misread 'endless ?' Another, 'The *inexorable* doors of death,' may bear comparison with Mrs Clive's so much admired '*insuperable* threshold.' But his 'unfailing crown' is the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' and his Hymns that for well-nigh a century have interpreted the praises

of Scotchmen to Him who has assured us that 'whoso praiseth, glorifieth Him.' Stanzas and lines of the latter are interwoven with our language. I have seen a vast Multitude in 'this England' of ours, and also over the Atlantic, stirred as by an electric thrill of emotion—the hearts of many moved as the heart of one—by the climax of a missionary appeal being barbed with the grand Millennial stanza :—

> 'The beam that shines from Zion hill
> Shall lighten every land;
> The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
> Shall all the world command.'

I have found lines also of these Hymns carved on tombstones in far-away 'God's Acres' and in many languages—if not in the very words, certainly closely rendering the thought. Who may number the tear-wet eyes that have been turned Upward by this—to select only another stanza ?

> 'A few short years of evil past,
> We reach the happy shore,
> Where death-divided friends at last
> Shall meet to part no more.'

And then there is his 'Elegy in Spring,' so brave, so sonorous, so sunny-hearted spite of coming night, so instinct with unconscious pathos as the eye is introverted upon the 'dim taper,' so assured and yet so tender in its hope, so dove-like mournful, and so dove-like Zion-haunting, so covetous of the green grave by 'Lochleven,' beside his boy-friend Arnot, and so lofty in its anticipation, after the long rest of 'the eternal day.' It will do us all good to read the closing stanzas, and to pause upon the italicized lines :—

'Now spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

'Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclined,
And count the silent moments as they pass:

'The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them at rest.

'Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate;
And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true.
Led by pale ghosts, I enter death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

'I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of wo;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

'Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the churchyard's lonely mound,
Where melancholy with still silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

'There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes:
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my Daphnis lies.

'*There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,*
When death shall shut these weary, aching eyes;
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise.'

Surely, with all abatements, there is only another English 'Elegy' to be placed beside it.

ALEXANDER B. GROSART.

APPENDIX TO MEMOIR.

A.—See Page 21.

Letter of Michael Bruce to 'Mr David Arnott of Portmoag,' from the family MSS. *of the present Mr Arnot of Portmoak.*

Dear Sir,—You may remember you were inquiring, the last time I had the pleasure of your company, who the Hutchinsonians are. Perhaps you know. I then did not; but have since learnt something of them. Mr Hutchinson, from whom they take their name, was an English gentleman, skilled in the Hebrew; and denied that the vowels or points belonged to the language. His reason for this was thought to be a disposition to criticise on the sacred writings, in which he has been followed by some in our own Nation. When once they have discarded the vowel-points, they may give very different readings, and consequently significations, to many words. But what he was most famous for was, that he published a work in two volumes, called, I think, Principia Mosæ, a kind of commentary on the Old Testament, but particularly the Pentateuch and Psalms. The most part of the Old Testament, but especially these aforesaid, he holds [to be] symbolical, and in every sentence finds meanings which none but himself and some of his followers can see. Every part of the Psalms, he says, refers to the Messiah; or, to use the words of an honest enthusiast of him, 'he finds the Saviour in every word.' The whole work is a confused piece of absurdity (they say who have read it), filled with trifling allegories and far-fetched conceits. To give one instance: The flaming sword placed at the gate of Paradise, according to him, was appointed to show the way to the tree of life, not to guard the way. It is said there are few passages of Scripture in which,

either in the translation he has not found some concealed meaning, or altered the translation for the sake of an allegory. You will let me know if this agrees with any hints you have met with of these people.[1]

There is a manuscript of Longinus, lately found in the Library of the Benedictine Monks at Rome, containing a comparison of some passages of Holy Writ, with some [of] the heathen poets. I lately saw some extracts from it. Homer, says this judicious critic, 'makes the forest tremble at the approach of the Deity; but the Jewish poet says, "The earth did melt like wax at Thy Presence;" and indeed in every respect their Jehovah is superior to our Jupiter.' And so he goes on in a great number of passages, always giving the preference to the Book of God.[2]

I saw Mrs Wallace this day, and received a letter to you. She has not yet got the *escritore* or glass, but is to use diligence. I design to make one last effort on R. Hill, before I give up my commission, to resume it no more. I have not got Shep. Par.[3] It was sold before I came over, not above a shilling. I ask your pardon for not sending your seeds before now. They were bought two weeks ago, but neglected to be sent by a forgetfulness in your affectionate MICHAEL BRUCE.

EDINBURGH, *April* 10, 1765.

P.S.—I remember one who shall be nameless here, in a letter to a young man, has these words, 'Si mihi, nil novi publici, etc., rescribis; nil boni vel jucundi, etc., communicas; vel tui fastidii vel ignaviæ, si non ægritudinis argumentum habebo: et tui a me nil amplius audiendi voluntas.'[4] Pray could such an one fail in the same article? You may believe I am not a little chagrined on being so cruelly disappointed. I have sent the seeds and Mrs W.'s letter.—11 o'clock night.

[1] For a list of the Writings of this singular laic Theologian, see Allibone's 'Dictionary of British and American Authors,' *sub nomine*, where will also be found various authorities on Hutchinsonianism.—G.

[2] Longinus quotes Moses in his famous work, *De Sublimitate;* and it must be to some MS. of this work Bruce refers.—G.

[3] Probably Thomas Sheppard's 'Parable of the Ten Virgins,' a well-known New England Puritan book.—G.

[4] This is no doubt a quotation from one of Mr Arnott's own Latin letters. See as to these under B.—G.

B.—See Page 24.

Two Letters from Mr David Arnott, Portmoag, to Bruce.

1. From the Latin; for Arnott and Bruce were wont to interchange Latin epistles,—a somewhat noticeable thing in relation to a small Scottish 'Laird' of the eighteenth century. The Latin is somewhat *canine*, it must be conceded; and therefore we prefer giving a translation to the rugged original. From the present Mr Arnot of Portmoak's Family MSS.

My Dear Sir,—I lately received your letter, in which you inquire respecting the health of our family. I have to say, in reply, that it is now as well as could be wished; but, alas, how frail is it! and in this dubious path of life how liable every fleeting moment to fail us! I am now desirous, in my turn, to hear that you are well, and successfully advancing in your studies. I hope and trust that you are still persisting in the course and pursuing the track which leads to the summit of learning, and consequently to honours. For there is no difficulty which labour may not obviate. Avail yourself of the opportunity which is now in your power. If neglected, it will never return. For as in the river wave presses upon wave, so in reference to Time does day upon day.[1] And as nothing is more shameful than the squandering away of time, so many, seriously, though too late, deplore it as a loss beyond all calculation. If in this spring-time of life you sow the seeds of learning, you have ground to expect hereafter a most abundant harvest,—a harvest agreeable to your parents, and honourable to yourself. Thus is it, my dear sir, that 'he who would make the gain must take the pain.'[2] Give to your studies whatever you take from sleep or recreation. This path has been trod by all who have ever rendered themselves illustrious for their distinguished learning. Degenerate souls steal their own time and that of others. They are a dishonour to their family and their country. Avoid them as you love yourself, and keep them at a distance. But, above all, let piety have the

[1] 'Truditur dies die.' Horace (Car. ii. 18), 'Urget diem nox et dies noctem.'—G.

[2] 'Qui e nuce nucleum esse vult frangat nucem.' Plautus.—G.

ascendant in your heart and pursuits; and modesty, without which I value as nothing, whatever may be mastered by laborious application. These are the groundwork of all true learning, by which whatever is reared on them upholds and proclaims its own stability. Without piety, what are learned men but bladders inflated with wind; whereas the humble, endued with virtue, are agreeable to themselves and useful to others.

It was out of my power last week to answer your letter with regard to the book, and equally impossible is it for us to recall your letter. But what an abundance of books is there in the world! In these, however, a systematic method should be observed, whether in consulting, reading, or purchasing,—not such books as are good, but such as are the best.

Enclosed you will receive a memorandum. When you have perused the letters to R. Hill and J. Thomson, you will peruse their object and connection. These letters deliver to them sealed. Farewell, and regard me with affection.

DAVID ARNOTT.

PORTMOAG, *Jan.* 24, 1763.

II. We give here the entire Letter of this guide and friend of our poet. It is taken from a scroll-copy, also preserved among the family MSS. of the present Mr Arnot of Portmoak. It will be noticed that the opening 'Sir,' and other antique touches, recall the gracely stateliness of the correspondence of our forefathers, especially when addressing those in lower social grade, as was Bruce to this worthy 'Laird.' The present Letter was written in acknowledgment of 'Daphnis: a Monody' on the death of young Arnott.

SIR,—I owe an answer to your most elegant lines, which you must account to be delayed hitherto, and not neglected. Neither are you to impute it to my want of love to you, nor regard for you, but to the fulness of my confidence in you, and the frequent occasions of seeing you, which now seem to be at an end in so far. On which account I am made to inquire where you now dwell, and what you are now conversant about, and whether or not this storm has freezed your pen, your hands, and feet, that we neither see you nor hear from you. As I said, I own my

obligations to you for the regard you show for me and the deceast in your elegant composition, procured without any merit or good offices from me; and I no less admire your singular vein and happy turn, whereby you're pleased and able not only to play the poet, but strenuously to imitate and equal those writers of this kind, in style, numbers, phrase, etc., whose fame will never decay. Learned sir, I desire and hope you will proceed with your essays, and that exercise and use may perfect him whom nature will have to be a poet.

'Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.'[1]

Nothing hinders great attempts so much as delay. You now profess the study of divinity, and is not this divinity? None can compose a learned, a grave and instructing poem, save he that is above humanity. But I stop, knowing that they who are most deserving are the least fond of praise; and I know nothing new which I can now impart to you, either for instruction or amusement.

Being abroad lately, I heard (you'll readily have feared it ere now) of Mr D[ryburg]h,—his being infected seemingly with his brother's mortal disease. A pain in his leg and a loss of appetite have seized him; he goes not out. What may hinder you from making a step down to see him? Alas! had we our senses about us, we would see all our earthly relations and comforts fast decaying. But, alas! man wishes life, that

. . . . . 'secandam marmora
Locat sub ipsum funus et sepulcri immemor struit domos.'[2]

I know you'll be fearing the loss of him; for it often happens that, as a whirlpool swallows up the rich ship in a surprize, so doth death such as have the better genius and learning above their years, beyond our expectation and before our desire.[3] But [illegible . . .] pray impart to me something that may be instructive in the now common calling of education or otherwise,

[1] Horace.—G.

[2] This is an inaccurate quotation or accommodation from Horace (Car. ii. 18), whose words are—

'Tu secanda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus et, sepulcri
Immemor, struis domos,' etc. —G.

[3] This fellow-student of Bruce died immediately after this date. See Elegy thereupon.—G.

as you have now the prize put into your hand of getting experience, etc.; and wherein I can serve you, command me. I am sensible that the charge of the education of children, as it is honourable, so it is heavy. Philip, king of Macedonia, had this view of it, and understood how much it serves the interest of virtue, when, in the letters he sent with his son to Aristotle, he testified how much he was indebted to the gods, not so much for a son being born to him, as for his being born at such a time, when he might be privileged with such a teacher.

As man is the most noble creature, so much the more pains are to be employed in cultivating of him. Surely the geniuses of youth will lie dormant as to all glorious and praiseworthy actions, if they be wanting which should rub them up, as the most fruitful soils will be barren without cultivation. But here there is surely much need of prudence, for as some ground requires the stronger plough, so another plot will be manured with an easy hand; and some think that there are none of such an evil, hard, and obstinate disposition, but they may be made tractable by serious and sedulous bringing up, if so be they understand themselves to be loved by them who educate and instruct them. The dispositions of some, when more roughly handled, or too much kept in, turn desperate, even as the exhalations, when pent up within the clouds, turn into thunder. With some, force must be used; forbearance will do with the most. As in disease, they are the surest and safest medicines which draw out or correct the noxious blood. By little and little you have the advantage of spurring them up by emulation, which seldom fails. This in some measure I want. But whither am I carried? Observing my little [illegible . . .] esteem for you, I suspect [= expect?] my boy (?) to join with you in reading. Geordie readily will; and you'll begin with Mr Wood[1] when he comes over. I am very willing to join with you as far as opportunity answers.

May He who in all things gives the increase, cherish, ripen, and preserve you in your labours and studies.

[David Arnott.]

[1] Probably the once celebrated Edinburgh teacher of elocution; who was also manager of the Theatre, and the friend of Fergusson.—G.

Ode to the Cuckoo.

NOTE.

The letters *a*, *b*, *c*, etc., refer to the respective Notes at close of the volume. Those throughout bearing the initials M'K, are from Dr Mackelvie. For all the others, in the body of the book and in these Notes, having my initial, I am responsible. G.

ODE:

TO THE CUCKOO.[1]

I.

HAIL, beauteous Stranger of the wood!
Attendant on the Spring!
Now heav'n repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

II.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

III.

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flow'rs,
When heav'n is fill'd with music sweet
Of birds among the bow'rs.

IV.

The schoolboy wand'ring in the wood
To pull the flow'rs so gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

[1] See Memoir, pp. 83-86, for the so-called 'improvements' of Logan; and for account of the seventh stanza, now for the first time inserted.—G.

V.

Soon as the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fly'st thy vocal vale,
An annual guest, in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

VI.

Sweet bird! thy bow'r is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No winter in thy year!

VII.

Alas! sweet bird! not so my fate,
Dark scowling skies I see
Fast gathering round, and fraught with woe
And wintry years to me.

VIII.

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee:
We'd make, with social wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

Hymns and Paraphrases.

1.

THE COMPLAINT OF NATURE.[1]

Few are thy days and full of woe,
O man of woman born!
Thy doom is written, dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.

Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing,
That lays thee with the dead.

Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

Gay is thy morning, flattering Hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

[1] The Eighth Paraphrase in the well-known 'Translations and Paraphrases,' issued by the Church of Scotland, consists of selected verses from this poem. It is hymn second in Logan's volume of 1781. See Memoir, pp. 104-106. The initial stanza was one of those preserved in the Villagers' memories long previous to publication in 1781, by Logan, the 'Complaint' having been sung in Buchan's music-class in 1764. Cf. Memoir, pp. 93, 94, 101, and 103.—G.

Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er the beam of light;
A Pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees, that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

Nipt by the year the forest fades;
And shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

The Winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return!
No second Spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

Th' inexorable doors of death
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cearments of the tomb
Can raise the human mold?

The mighty flood that rolls along
  Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
  From that abyss again.

The days, the years, the ages, dark
  Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeem'd
  Back to the gates of light.

So Man departs the living scene,
  To Night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of Morning ne'er shall break
  The slumbers of the tomb.

Where are our Fathers? Whither gone
  The mighty men of old?
'The Patriarchs, Prophets, Princes, Kings,
  In sacred books inroll'd.

'Gone to the resting-place of man,
  The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
  Where future ages come.'

Thus Nature pour'd the wail of woe,
  And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice in agony extreme
  Ascended to the sky.

Th' Almighty heard: then from His throne
  In majesty He rose;
And from the Heaven, that open'd wide,
  His voice in mercy flows.

'When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight,
To never-setting day.

'Prepar'd of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.'[1]

II.

THE LORD GOD OMNIPOTENT.[2]

Who can resist th' Almighty arm
That made the starry sky?
Or who elude the certain glance
Of God's all-seeing eye?

From Him no cov'ring vails our crimes;
Hell opens to His sight;
And all Destruction's secret snares
Lie full disclosed in light.

Firm on the boundless void of space
He poised the steady pole,
And in the circle of His clouds
Bade secret waters roll.

While nature's universal frame
Its Maker's power reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
An awful cloud conceals.

[1] See Note (*a*) at close of the Volume for the 'Paraphrase' from 'The Complaint.'—G.

[2] The ninth of the 'Translations and Paraphrases,' as before: Job xxvi. 6-14.—G.

From where the rising day ascends,
To where it sets in night,
He compasses the floods with bounds,
And checks their threat'ning might.

The pillars that support the sky
Tremble at His rebuke;
Through all its caverns quakes the earth,
As though its centre shook.

He brings the waters from their beds,
Although no tempest blows,
And smites the kingdom of the proud
Without the hand of foes.

With bright inhabitants above
He fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked serpent's breed
Dismay'd before Him stand.

Few of His works can we survey;
These few our skill transcend:
But the full thunder of His pow'r
What heart can comprehend?

III.

THE CALL OF WISDOM.[1]

In streets, and op'nings of the gates,
Where pours the busy crowd,
Thus heav'nly Wisdom lifts her voice,
And cries to men aloud:

[1] The tenth of the 'Translations and Paraphrases,' as before: Prov. i. 20–31.—G.

How long, ye scorners of the truth,
Scornful will ye remain?
How long shall fools their folly love,
And hear my words in vain?

O turn, at last, at my reproof!
And, in that happy hour,
His bless'd effusions on your heart
My Spirit down shall pour.

But since so long, with earnest voice,
To you in vain I call,
Since all my counsels and reproofs
Thus ineffectual fall;

The time will come, when humbled low,
In Sorrow's evil day,
Your voice by anguish shall be taught,
But taught too late, to pray.

When, like the whirlwind, o'er the deep
Comes Desolation's blast:
Prayers then extorted shall be vain,
The hour of mercy past.

The choice you made has fix'd your doom;
For this is Heaven's decree,
That with the fruits of what he sow'd
The sinner fill'd shall be.

IV.

HEAVENLY WISDOM.[1]

O HAPPY is the man who hears
Instruction's warning voice,
And who celestial Wisdom makes
His early, only choice.

For she has treasures greater far
Than East or West unfold,
And her reward is more secure
Than is the gain of gold.

In her right hand she holds to view
A length of happy years;
And in her left, the prize of Fame
And Honour bright appears.

She guides the young, with innocence,
In Pleasure's path to tread,
A crown of glory she bestows
Upon the hoary head.

According as her labours rise,
So her rewards increase,
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.[2]

[1] This is the eleventh of the 'Translations and Paraphrases,' as before. It is Hymn fourth in Logan's volume of 1781. See Memoir, pp. 92-95, 101-104. Prov. iii. 13-17.—G.

[2] See Note (*b*) at close of the Volume for variations.—G.

V.

ATONING SACRIFICE.[1]

THUS speaks the heathen : How shall man
The Power Supreme adore !
With what accepted off'rings come
His mercy to implore ?

Shall clouds of incense to the skies
With grateful odour speed ?
Or victims from a thousand hills
Upon the altar bleed ?

Does justice nobler blood demand
To save the sinner's life ?
Shall, trembling, in his offspring's side
The father plunge the knife ?

No : God rejects the bloody rites
Which blindfold zeal began ;
His oracles of truth proclaim
The message brought to man.

He what is good hath clearly shown,
O favour'd race ! to thee ;
And what doth God require of those
Who bend to him the knee ?

Thy deeds, let sacred justice rule ;
Thy heart, let mercy fill ;
And, walking humbly with thy God,
To Him resign thy will.

[1] This is the thirty-first of the 'Translations and Paraphrases,' as before : Micah vi. 6-9. See Memoir, pp. 92-95, 101-104.—G.

VI.

SIMEON WAITING.[1]

When Jesus, by the Virgin brought,
So runs the law of Heaven,
Was offer'd holy to the Lord,
And at the altar given;

Simeon the Just and the Devout,
Who frequent in the fane
Had for the Saviour waited long,
But waited still in vain;

Came Heaven-directed at the hour
When Mary held her son;
He stretched forth his aged arms,
While tears of gladness run:

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smiled,
While fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the promis'd child.

And then he lifted up to Heaven
An earnest asking eye;
My joy is full, my hour is come,
Lord let thy servant die.

At last my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace!

[1] This, altered, makes the thirty-eighth Paraphrase, as before. It is Hymn eighth in Logan's volume. See Memoir, pp. 101–104. See Note (*c*) for the Version as it now appears.—G.

The star and glory of the land
Hath now begun to shine;
The morning that shall gild the globe
Breaks on these eyes of mine!

VII.

SORROW NOT AS WITHOUT HOPE.[1]

TAKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
In Jesus fall asleep;
Their better being never ends;
Why then dejected weep?

Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is given?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heaven.

As Jesus died, and rose again
Victorious from the dead;
So his disciples rise, and reign
With their triumphant Head.

The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpet's awful voice
The heav'ns and earth shall rend.

Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake;
The grave shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.

[1] This is the fifty-third of the 'Translations and Paraphrases,' as before: 1 Thess. iv. 13-28. See Memoir, pp. 101-104.—G.

The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high;
The heav'nly host, with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky.

Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go;
And dwell for ever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.

A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends at last
Shall meet, to part no more.

VIII.

THE ENTHRONED HIGH PRIEST.[1]

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our Nature wears,
The Patron of mankind appears.

He who for men in mercy stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in Heaven His plan of Grace,
The Guardian God of human race.

Tho' now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye,
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

[1] This is the fifty-eighth of the 'Translations and Paraphrases,' as before. See Memoir, pp. 101-104.—G.

Our fellow-sufferer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, and agonies, and cries.

In every pang that rends the heart,
The Man of Sorrows had a part;
He sympathises in our grief,
And to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the throne
Let us make all our sorrows known,
And ask the aids of heavenly power,
To help us in the evil hour.

IX.

DYING IN THE LORD.[1]

The hour of my departure's come;
I hear the voice that calls me home:
At last, O Lord! let trouble cease,
And let thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run;
The combat's o'er, the prize is won;
And now my witness is on high,
And now my record's in the sky.

Not in mine innocence I trust;
I bow before thee in the dust;
And through my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at Thy throne.

[1] This forms 'Hymn V.' of the five Hymns appended to the 'Translations and Paraphrases,' as before. See Memoir, pp. 101-104. Every one will feel how it breathes the very spirit of our young dying Poet; and also how incongruous it is with Logan's.—G.

I leave the world without a tear,
Save for the friends I held so dear;
To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
And to the friendless prove a friend.

I come, I come, at Thy command,
I give my spirit to Thy hand;
Stretch forth Thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.

The hour of my departure's come:
I hear the voice that calls me home:
Now, O my God! let trouble cease;
Now let Thy servant die in peace.

X.

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE.[1]

Almighty Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain;
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.

Thou art our kind Preserver, from
The cradle to the tomb;
And I was cast upon thy care,
Even from my mother's womb.

In early days thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.

[1] This is Hymn third in Logan's volume of 1781. See Memoir, pp. 101-104.—G.

I know the Power in whom I trust,
The arm on which I lean;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.

In former times, when trouble came,
Thou didst not stand afar;
Nor didst thou prove an absent friend
Amid the din of war.

My God, who causedst me to hope,
When life began to beat,
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet;

Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.

Therefore in life I'll trust to Thee,
In death I will adore;
And after death will sing thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

XI.

ADVENT OF THE MESSIAH.[1]

Behold! th' Ambassador divine,
Descending from above,

[1] This, somewhat altered, makes the twenty-third of the 'Translations and Paraphrases,' as before. It is Hymn sixth in Logan's volume of 1781. See Memoir, pp. 101–104.—G.

We give this Hymn as it appears in the final Version of the 'Paraphrases,' as

To publish to mankind the law
Of everlasting love!

On Him in rich effusion pour'd
The heavenly dew descends;
And truth divine He shall reveal,
To earth's remotest ends.

No trumpet-sound, at His approach,
Shall strike the wondering ears;
But still and gentle breathe the voice
In which the God appears.

By His kind hand the shaken reed
Shall raise its falling frame;
The dying embers shall revive,
And kindle to a flame.

The onward progress of His zeal
Shall never know decline,

in all probability it furnishes a specimen of Logan's 'improvements' upon what he found in the Bruce MSS., while the text, as above, represents more nearly what Bruce wrote. The same holds of our text of what is the eighth Paraphrase, compared with 'The Complaint of Nature' (pp. 127-130, and note *a*); the eleventh Paraphrase, compared with 'Heavenly Wisdom' (p. 133); the thirty-eighth Paraphrase, compared with 'Simeon Waiting' (pp. 135, 136); and the fifty-eighth Paraphrase, compared with 'The Enthroned High Priest' (pp. 137, 138):—

Behold my Servant! see Him rise
Exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in Him
I place supreme delight.

On Him, in rich effusion pour'd,
My Spirit shall descend;
My truths and judgments He shall show
To earth's remotest end.

Gentle and still shall be His voice,
No threats from Him proceed;
The smoking flax He shall not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.

The feeble spark to flames He'll raise;
The weak will not despise;
Judgment He shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.

The progress of His zeal and pow'r
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

He who erected heaven's bright arch,
And bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
And form'd the human soul,

Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

He who spread forth the arch of Heaven,
And bade the planets roll,
Who laid the basis of the earth,
And form'd the human soul.

Thus saith the Lord, 'Thee have I sent,
A Prophet from the sky,
Wide o'er the nations to proclaim
The message from on high.

'Before thy face the shades of death
Shall take to sudden flight,
The people who in darkness dwell
Shall hail a glorious light;

Thus saith the Lord, Thee have I rais'd,
My Prophet thee install;
In right I've rais'd thee, and in strength
I'll succour whom I call.

I will establish with the lands
A covenant in thee,
To give the Gentile nations light,
And set the pris'ners free:

Asunder burst the gates of brass;
The iron fetters fall;
And gladsome light and liberty
Are straight restor'd to all.

I am the Lord, and by the name
Of great JEHOVAH known;
No idol shall usurp My praise,
Nor mount into My throne.

Lo! former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

Sing to the Lord in joyful strains!
Let earth His praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around!

O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accents rude rejoice;

Till 'midst the streams of distant lands
The islands sound His praise;
And all combin'd, with one accord,
JEHOVAH'S glories raise.

'The gates of brass shall 'sunder burst,
The iron fetters fall;
The promis'd jubilee of Heaven
Appointed rise o'er all.

'And lo! presaging Thy approach,
The Heathen temples shake,
And trembling in forsaken fanes,
The fabled idols quake.

'I am Jehovah: I am One:
My name shall now be known;
No Idol shall usurp my praise,
Nor mount into my throne.'

Lo, former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.

Now sing a new song to the Lord!
Let earth His praise resound;
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around.

O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scattered villages
The joyful notes prolong.

Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up the lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accent rude rejoice.

O from the streams of distant lands
Unto Jehovah sing!
And joyful from the mountain tops
Shout to the Lord the King!

Let all combined with one accord
Jehovah's glories raise,
Till in remotest bounds of earth
The nations sound his praise.

XII.

THE APPROACHING SAVIOUR.[1]

Messiah! at Thy glad approach
The howling wilds are still;
Thy praises fill the lonely waste,
And breathe from every hill.

The hidden fountains, at Thy call,
Their sacred stores unlock;
Loud in the desert sudden streams
Burst living from the rock.

The incense of the Spring ascends
Upon the morning gale;
Red o'er the hill the roses bloom
The lilies in the vale.

Renew'd, the earth a robe of light,
A robe of beauty wears;
And in new heavens a brighter Sun
Leads on the promised years.

[1] This is the seventh Hymn in Logan's volume of 1781. See Memoir, pp. 101-104. —G.

The kingdom of Messiah come,
Appointed times disclose;
And fairer in Emmanuel's land
The new Creation glows.

Let Israel to the Prince of Peace
The loud Hosannah sing!
With Hallelujahs and with hymns,
O Zion, hail thy King!

REVISED HYMN.

THE MILLENNIUM.[1]

Behold! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw the wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round
All tribes and tongues shall flow,
Up to the Hill of God they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.

The beam that shines on Zion hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion towers
Shall all the world command.

[1] This is the eighteenth of the 'Translations and Paraphrases,' as before. See Memoir, pp. 95–101. This revised Hymn is included among Bruce's, because the third stanza is indubitably his, and because of felicitous verbal alterations on the older Version. His part in this fine Hymn may be likened to Kirke-White's supplement to Waller's Song.—G.

No strife shall vex Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years,
To ploughshares soon they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
And study war no more.

Come then—O come from every land,
To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

*** We do not insert—'O God of Bethel'—the second Paraphrase here, because, as shown in our Memoir, it is taken almost bodily from Doddridge. The verbal changes are very slight. Neither do we include the twenty-fifth, twenty-seventh, nor twenty-eighth, inasmuch as, though ascribed partially to Logan, and in all likelihood derived as the others were from the Bruce MSS., these were revised and altered by Dr John Morrison of Canisbay, and it is now impossible to distinguish their several portions.—G.

Elegy in Spring.

ELEGY:

WRITTEN IN SPRING.

'Tis past: the iron North has spent his rage;
Stern Winter now resigns the length'ning day;
The stormy howlings of the winds asswage,
And warm o'er ether western breezes play.

Of genial heat and cheerful light the source,
From southern climes, beneath another sky,
The sun, returning, wheels his golden course;
Before his beams all noxious vapours fly.

Far to the north grim Winter draws his train
To his own clime, to Zembla's frozen shore;
Where, thron'd on ice, he holds eternal reign;
Where whirlwinds madden, and where tempests roar.

Loos'd from the bands of frost, the verdant ground
Again puts on her robe of cheerful green,
Again puts forth her flow'rs; and all around,
Smiling, the cheerful face of Spring is seen.

Behold! the trees new-deck their wither'd boughs;
Their ample leaves the hospitable plane,
The taper elm, and lofty ash, disclose;
The blooming hawthorn variegates the scene.

The lily of the vale, of flow'rs the Queen,
Puts on the robe she neither sew'd nor spun:
The birds on ground, or on the branches green,
Hop to and fro, and glitter in the sun.

Soon as o'er eastern hills the morning peers,
From her low nest the tufted lark upsprings;
And, cheerful singing, up the air she steers;
Still high she mounts, still loud and sweet she sings.

On the green furze, cloth'd o'er with golden blooms
That fill the air with fragrance all around,
The linnet sits, and tricks his glossy plumes,
While o'er the wild his broken notes resound.

While the sun journeys down the western sky,
Along the greensward, mark'd with ROMAN mound,
Beneath the blithesome shepherd's watchful eye,
The cheerful lambkins dance and frisk around.

Now is the time for those who wisdom love,
Who love to walk in Virtue's flow'ry road,
Along the lovely paths of Spring to rove,
And follow Nature up to Nature's GOD. (*d*)

Thus ZOROASTER studied Nature's laws;
Thus SOCRATES, the wisest of mankind;
Thus heav'n-taught PLATO trac'd th' Almighty cause,
And left the wond'ring multitude behind.

Thus ASHLEY gather'd Academic bays;
Thus gentle THOMSON, as the Seasons roll,
Taught them to sing the great CREATOR'S praise,
And bear their poet's name from pole to pole.

Thus have I walk'd along the dewy lawn ;
My frequent foot the blooming wild hath worn ;
Before the lark I've sung the beauteous dawn,
And gather'd health from all the gales of morn.

And, even when Winter chill'd the aged year,
I wander'd lonely o'er the hoary plain ;
Tho' frosty Boreas warn'd me to forbear,
Boreas, with all his tempests, warn'd in vain.

Then, sleep my nights, and quiet bless'd my days ;
I fear'd no loss, my MIND was all my store ;
No anxious wishes e'er disturb'd my ease ;
Heav'n gave content and health—I ask'd no more.

Now Spring returns: but not to me returns
The vernal joy my better years have known ;
Dim in my breast life's dying taper burns,
And all the joys of life with health are flown.

Starting and shiv'ring in th' inconstant wind,
Meagre and pale, the ghost of what I was,
Beneath some blasted tree I lie reclin'd,
And count the silent moments as they pass :

The winged moments, whose unstaying speed
No art can stop, or in their course arrest ;
Whose flight shall shortly count me with the dead,
And lay me down in peace with them that rest.

Oft morning-dreams presage approaching fate ;
And morning-dreams, as poets tell, are true. (*e*)
Led by pale ghosts, I enter Death's dark gate,
And bid the realms of light and life adieu.

I hear the helpless wail, the shriek of wo;
I see the muddy wave, the dreary shore,
The sluggish streams that slowly creep below,
Which mortals visit, and return no more.

Farewell, ye blooming fields! ye cheerful plains!
Enough for me the church-yard's lonely mound,
Where Melancholy with still Silence reigns,
And the rank grass waves o'er the cheerless ground.

There let me wander at the shut of eve,
When sleep sits dewy on the labourer's eyes,
The world and all its busy follies leave,
And talk with Wisdom where my DAPHNIS lies.

There let me sleep forgotten in the clay,
When death shall shut these weary aching eyes,
Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
Till the long night's gone, and the last morn arise.

Miscellaneous Pieces.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

WEAVING SPIRITUALIZED. (*f*)

A WEB I hear thou hast begun,
And know'st not when it may be done—
So death uncertain see ye fear—
For ever distant, ever near.

See'st thou the shuttle quickly pass—
Think mortal life is as the grass,—
An empty cloud—a morning dream—
A bubble rising on the stream.

The knife still ready to cut off
Excrescent knots that mar the stuff,
To stern affliction's rod compare—
'Tis for thy good, so learn to bear.

Too full a quill oft checks the speed
Of shuttle flying by the reed—
So riches oft keep back the soul,
That else would hasten to its goal.

Thine eye the web runs keenly o'er
For things amiss, unseen before,—
Thus scan thy life—mend what's amiss—
Next day correct the faults of this.

For when the web is at an end,
'Tis then too late a fault to mend—
Let thought of this awaken dread,—
Repentance dwells not with the dead.

INSCRIPTION ON A BIBLE.

'Tis very vain for me to boast
How small a price my Bible cost,
The day of judgment will make clear
'Twas very cheap—or very dear. (*g*)

THE LAST DAY.[1]

A POEM.

His second coming, who at first appeared
To save the world, but now to judge mankind
According to their works;—the trumpet's sound,—
The dead arising,—the wide world in flames,—
The mansions of the blest, and the dire pit
Of Satan and of woe,——O Muse! unfold.

O Thou! whose eye the future and the past
In one broad view beholdest—from the first
Of days, when o'er this rude unformed mass
Light, first-born of existence (*h*), smiling rose,
Down to that latest moment, when thy voice
Shall bid the sun be darkness, when thy hand
Shall blot creation out,—assist my song!
Thou only know'st, who gav'st these orbs to roll
Their destin'd circles, when their course shall set;
When ruin and destruction fierce shall ride
In triumph o'er creation. This is hid,
In kindness unto man. Thou giv'st to know
The event certain: angels know not when.[2]

'Twas on an autumn's eve, serene and calm,
I walked, attendant on the funeral
Of an old swain: around, the village crowd
Loquacious chatted, till we reach'd the place
Where, shrouded up, the sons of other years

[1] For occasion of this Poem, see p. 19 of Memoir.—G.
[2] Matt. xxiv. 36.—M'K.

Lie silent in the grave. The sexton there
Had digg'd the bed of death, the narrow house
For all that live, appointed. To the dust
We gave the dead. Then moralizing, home
The swains return'd, to drown in copious bowls
The labours of the day, and thoughts of death.
The sun now trembled at the western gate;
His yellow rays stream'd in the fleecy clouds.
I sat me down upon a broad flat stone;
And much I muséd on the changeful state
Of sublunary things. The joys of life,
How frail, how short, how passing! As the sea,
Now flowing, thunders on the rocky shore;
Now lowly ebbing, leaves a tract of sand,
Waste, wide, and dreary: so, in this vain world,
Through every varying state of life, we toss
In endless fluctuation; till, tir'd out
With sad variety of bad and worse,
We reach life's period, reach the blissful port,
Where change affects not, and the weary rest.
Then sure the sun which lights us to our shroud,
Than that which gave us first to see the light,
Is happier far. As he who, hopeless, long
Hath rode th' Atlantic billow, from the mast,
Skirting the blue horizon, sees the land,
His native land approach; joy fills his heart,
And swells each throbbing vein: so, here confin'd,
We weary tread life's long long toilsome maze;
Still hoping, vainly hoping, for relief,
And rest from labour. Ah! mistaken thought:
To seek in life what only death can give.
But what is death? Is it an endless sleep,
Unconscious of the present and the past,
And never to be waken'd? Sleeps the soul;

Nor wakes ev'n in a dream? If it is so,
Happy the sons of pleasure; they have liv'd
And made the most of life: and foolish he,
The sage, who, dreaming of hereafter, grudg'd
Himself the tasting of the sweets of life,
And call'd it temperance; and hop'd for joys
More durable and sweet, beyond the grave.
Vain is the poet's song, the soldier's toil!
Vain is the sculptur'd marble and the bust!
How vain to hope for never-dying fame,
If souls can die! But that they never die,
This thirst of glory whispers. Wherefore gave
The great Creator such a strong desire
He never meant to satisfy? These stones,
Memorials of the dead, with rustic art
And rude inscription cut, declare the soul
Immortal. Man, form'd for eternity,
Abhors annihilation, and the thought
Of dark oblivion. Hence, with ardent wish
And vigorous effort, each would fondly raise
Some lasting monument, to save his name
Safe from the waste of years. Hence Cæsar fought;
Hence Raphael painted; and hence Milton sung.
  Thus musing, sleep oppress'd my drowsy sense,
And wrapt me into rest. Before mine eyes,
Fair as the morn, when up the flaming east
The sun ascends, a radiant seraph stood,
Crown'd with a wreath of palm: his golden hair
Wav'd on his shoulders, girt with shining plumes;
From which, down to the ground, loose-floating trail'd,
In graceful negligence, his heavenly robe:
Upon his face, flush'd with immortal youth,
Unfading beauty bloom'd; and thus he spake:
  'Well hast thou judged; the soul must be immortal!

And that it is, this awful day declares;
This day, the last that e'er the sun shall gild:
Arrested by Omnipotence, no more
Shall he describe the year: the moon no more
Shall shed her borrow'd light. This is the day
Seal'd in the rolls of Fate, when o'er the dead
Almighty Power shall wake and raise to life
The sleeping myriads. Now shall be approv'd
The ways of God to man, and all the clouds
Of Providence be clear'd (*i*): now shall be disclos'd
Why vice in purple oft upon a throne
Exalted sat, and shook her iron scourge
O'er virtue, lowly seated on the ground:
Now deeds committed in the sable shade
Of eyeless darkness, shall be brought to light;
And every act shall meet its just reward.'

As thus he spake, the morn arose; and sure
Methought ne'er rose a fairer. Not a cloud
Spotted the blue expanse; and not a gale
Breath'd o'er the surface of the dewy earth.
Twinkling with yellow lustre, the gay birds
On every blooming spray sung their sweet lays,
And prais'd their great Creator: through the fields
The lowing cattle graz'd; and all around
Was beauty, happiness, and mirth, and love.—
'All these thou seest (resum'd the angelic power)
No more shall give thee pleasure. Thou must leave
This world; of which now come and see the end.'

This said, he touch'd me, and such strength infus'd,
That as he soared up the pathless air,
I lightly followed. On the awful peak
Of an eternal rock, against whose base
The sounding billows beat, he set me down.
I heard a noise, loud as a rushing stream,

When o'er the rugged precipice it roars,
And foaming, thunders on the rocks below.
Astonished, I gaz'd around; when lo!
I saw an angel down from Heaven descend.
His face was as the sun; his dreadful height
Such as the statue, by the Grecian plan'd,
Of Philip's son, Athos, with all his rocks,
Moulded into a man (*j*): One foot on earth,
And one upon the rolling sea, he fix'd.
As when, at setting sun, the rainbow shines
Refulgent, meting out the half of Heav'n—
So stood he; and, in act to speak he rais'd
His shining hand. His voice was as the sound
Of many waters, or the deep-mouth'd roar
Of thunder, when it bursts the riven cloud,
And bellows through the ether. Nature stood
Silent, in all her works: while thus he spake:—
'Hear, thou that roll'st above, thou radiant sun!
Ye heavens and earth, attend! while I declare
The will of the Eternal. By his name
Who lives, and shall for ever live, I swear
That time shall be no longer.'[1]
He disappear'd. Fix'd in deep thought I stood,
At what would follow. Straight another sound;
To which the Nile, o'er Ethiopia's rocks
Rushing in one broad cataract, were nought.
It seem'd as if the pillars that upheld
The universe, had fall'n; and all its worlds,
Unhing'd, had strove together for the way,
In cumbrous crashing ruin. Such the roar!
A sound that might be felt! It pierc'd beyond
The limits of creation. Chaos roar'd;
And heav'n and earth return'd the mighty noise.—

[1] Rev. x. 5, 6.—M'K.

'Thou hear'st,' said then my heav'nly guide, 'the sound
Of the last trumpet. See, where from the clouds
Th' archangel Michael, one of the seven
That minister before the throne of God,
Leans forward; and the sonorous tube inspires
With breath immortal. By his side the sword
Which, like a meteor, o'er the vanquish'd head
Of Satan hung, when he rebellious rais'd
War, and embroil'd the happy fields above.'

A pause ensued. The fainting sun grew pale,
And seem'd to struggle through a sky of blood;
While dim eclipse impair'd his beam: the earth
Shook to her deepest centre; Ocean rag'd,
And dash'd his billows on the frighted shore.
All was confusion. Heartless, helpless, wild,
As flocks of timid sheep, or driven deer,
Wandering, th' inhabitants of earth appear'd:
Terror in every look, and pale affright
Sat in each eye (*k*); amazed at the past,
And for the future trembling. All call'd great,
Or deem'd illustrious, by erring man,
Was now no more. The hero and the prince,
Their grandeur lost, now mingled with the crowd;
And all distinctions, those except from faith
And virtue flowing: these upheld the soul,
As ribb'd with triple steel. All else were lost!

Now, vain is greatness! as the morning clouds,
That, rising, promise rain: condens'd they stand,
Till, touch'd by winds, they vanish into air.
The farmer mourns: so mourns the helpless wretch,
Who, cast by fortune from some envied height,
Finds nought within him to support his fall.
High as his hopes had rais'd him, low he sinks
Below his fate, in comfortless despair.——

Who would not laugh at an attempt to build
A lasting structure on the rapid stream
Of foaming Tigris (*l*), the foundations laid
Upon the glassy surface? Such the hopes
Of him whose views are bounded to this world:
Immers'd in his own labour'd work, he dreams
Himself secure; when, on a sudden down,
Torn from its sandy ground, the fabric falls!
He starts, and, waking, finds himself undone.[1]
Not so the man who on religion's base
His hope and virtue founds. Firm on the Rock
Of ages his foundation laid, remains,
Above the frowns of fortune or her smiles;
In every varying state of life, the same.
Nought fears he from the world, and nothing hopes.
With unassuming courage, inward strength
Endu'd, resign'd to Heaven, he leads a life
Superior to the common herd of men,
Whose joys, connected with the changeful flood
Of fickle fortune, ebb and flow with it.
Nor is religion a chimera: Sure
'Tis something real. Virtue cannot live,
Divided from it. As a sever'd branch
It withers, pines, and dies. Who loves not God,
That made him, and preserv'd, nay more—redeem'd,
Is dangerous. Can ever gratitude
Bind him who spurns at these most sacred ties?
Say, can he, in the silent scenes of life,
Be sociable? Can he be a friend?
At best, he must but feign. The worst of brutes
An atheist is; for beasts acknowledge God.
The lion, with the terrors of his mouth,

[1] Matt. viii. 24.—M'K.

Pays homage to his Maker; the grim wolf,
At midnight, howling, seeks his meat from God.
Again th' archangel raised his dreadful voice.
Earth trembled at the sound. 'Awake, ye dead!
And come to judgment.' At the mighty call,
As armies issue at the trumpet's sound,
So rose the dead. A shaking first I heard,[1]
And bone together came unto his bone,
Though sever'd by wide seas and distant lands.
A spirit liv'd within them (*m*). He who made,
Wound up, and set in motion, the machine,
To run unhurt the length of fourscore years,
Who knows the structure of each secret spring;
Can He not join again the sever'd parts,
And join them with advantage? This to man
Hard and impossible may seem; to God
Is easy. Now, through all the darken'd air,
The living atoms flew, each to his place,
And nought was missing in the great account,
Down from the dust of him whom Cain first slew,
To him who yesterday was laid in earth,
And scarce had seen corruption; whether in
The bladed grass they cloth'd the verdant plain,
Or smil'd in opening flowers; or, in the sea,
Became the food of monsters of the Deep,
Or pass'd in transmigrations infinite
Through ev'ry kind of being. None mistakes
His kindred matter; but, by sympathy
Combining, rather by Almighty Pow'r
Led on, they closely mingle and unite
But chang'd: for subject to decay no more,
Or dissolution, deathless as the soul,

[1] Ezek. xxxvii. 7.—M'K.

The body is ; and fitted to enjoy
Eternal bliss, or bear eternal pain.
As when in Spring the sun's prolific beams
Have wak'd to life the insect tribes, that sport
And wanton in his rays at ev'ning mild,
Proud of their new existence, up the air,
In devious circles wheeling, they ascend,
Innumerable ; the whole air is dark :
So, by the trumpet rous'd, the sons of men,
In countless numbers, cover'd all the ground,
From frozen Greenland to the southern pole ;
All who ere liv'd on earth. See Lapland's sons,
Whose zenith is the pole ; a barb'rous race !
Rough as their storms, and savage as their clime,
Unpolish'd as their bears, and but in shape
Distinguish'd from them : Reason's dying lamp
Scarce brighter burns than instinct in their breast.
With wand'ring Russians, and all those who dwelt
In Scandinavia, by the Baltic Sea ;
The rugged Pole, with Prussia's warlike race :
Germania pours her numbers, where the Rhine
And mighty Danube pour their flowing urns.
Behold thy children, Britain ! hail the light :
A manly race, whose business was arms,
And long uncivilised ; yet, train'd to deeds
Of virtue, they withstood the Roman power,
And made their eagles droop. On Morven's coast,
A race of heroes and of bards arise ;
The mighty Fingal, and his mighty son,
Who launch'd the spear, and touch'd the tuneful harp ;
With Scotia's chiefs, the sons of later years,
Her Kenneths and her Malcoms, warriors fam'd ;
Her generous Wallace, and her gallant Bruce.
See, in her pathless wilds, where the grey stones

Are raised in memory of the mighty dead.
Armies arise of English, Scots, and Picts;
And giant Danes, who, from bleak Norway's coast,
Ambitious, came to conquer her fair fields,
And chain her sons: But Scotia gave them graves!—
Behold the kings that fill'd the English throne!
Edwards and Henries, names of deathless fame,
Start from the tomb. Immortal William! see,
Surrounding angels point him from the rest,
Who saved the State from tyranny and Rome.
Behold her poets! Shakspeare, fancy's child;
Spenser, who, through his smooth and moral tale,
Y-points fair virtue out; with him who sung
Of man's first disobedience.[1] Young lifts up
His awful head, and joys to see the day,
The great, th' important day, of which he sung.
  See where imperial Rome exalts her height!
Her senators and gowned fathers rise;
Her consuls, who, as ants without a king,
Went forth to conquer kings; and at their wheels
In triumph led the chiefs of distant lands.
Behold, in Cannæ's field, what hostile swarms
Burst from th' ensanguin'd ground, where Hannibal
Shook Rome through all her legions: Italy
Trembled unto the Capitol. If fate
Had not withstood th' attempt, she now had bow'd
Her head to Carthage. See, Pharsalia pours
Her murder'd thousands! who, in the last strife
Of Rome for dying liberty, were slain,
To make a man the master of the world.
  All Europe's sons throng forward; numbers vast!
Imagination fails beneath the weight.

[1] Milton.—G.

What numbers yet remain ! Th' enervate race
Of Asia, from where Tanais rolls
O'er rocks and dreary wastes his foaming stream,
To where the Eastern Ocean thunders round
The spicy Java ; with the tawny race
That dwelt in Afric, from the Red Sea, north,
To the Cape, south, where the rude Hottentot
Sinks into brute ; with those, who long unknown
Till by Columbus found, a naked race !
And only skill'd to urge the sylvan war,
That peopled the wide continent that spreads
From rocky Zembla, whiten'd with the snow
Of twice three thousand years, south to the Straits
Nam'd from Magellan, where the ocean roars
Round earth's remotest bounds. Now, had not He,
The great Creator of the universe,
Enlarg'd the wide foundations of the world,
Room had been wanting to the mighty crowds
That pour'd from every quarter. At his word,
Obedient angels stretch'd an ample plain,
Where dwelt his people in the Holy Land,
Fit to contain the whole of human race——
As when the autumn, yellow on the fields,
Invites the sickle, forth the farmer sends
His servants to cut down and gather in
The bearded grain : so, by Jehovah sent,
His angels, from all corners of the world,
Led on the living and awaken'd dead
To judgment ; as, in th' Apocalypse,
John, gather'd, saw the people of the earth,
And kings, to Armageddon.——Now look round
Thou whose ambitious heart for glory beats !
See all the wretched things on earth call'd great,
And lifted up to gods ! How little now

Seems all their grandeur ! See the conqueror,
Mad Alexander, who his victor arms
Bore o'er the then known globe, then sat him down
And wept, because he had no other world
To give to desolation ; how he droops !
He knew not, hapless wretch ! he never learn'd
The harder conquest—to subdue himself.
Now is the Christian's triumph, now he lifts
His head on high ; while down the dying hearts
Of sinners helpless sink : black guilt distracts
And wrings their tortur'd souls ; while every thought
Is big with keen remorse, or dark despair.
But now a nobler subject claims the song.
My mind recoils at the amazing theme :
For how shall finite think of infinite ?
How shall a stripling, by the Muse untaught,
Sing Heaven's Almighty, prostrate at whose feet
Archangels fall ? Unequal to the task,
I dare the bold attempt : assist me Heaven !
From Thee begun, with Thee shall end my song !
Now, down from th' opening firmament,
Seated upon a sapphire throne, high rais'd
Upon an azure ground, upheld by wheels
Of emblematic structure, as a wheel
Had been within a wheel, studded with eyes
Of flaming fire, and by four cherubs led ;
I saw the Judge descend. Around Him came
By thousands and by millions, Heaven's bright host.
About Him blaz'd insufferable light,
Invisible as darkness to the eye.
His car above the mount of Olives stay'd
Where last with his disciples He convers'd,
And left them gazing as He soar'd aloft.
He darkness as a curtain drew around ;

On which the colour of the rainbow shone,
Various and bright ; and from within was heard
A voice, as deep-mouth'd thunder, speaking thus :
'Go, Raphael, and from these reprobate
Divide my chosen saints ; go separate
My people from among them, as the wheat
Is in the harvest sever'd from the tares :
Set them upon the right, and on the left
Leave these ungodly. Thou, Michael, choose,
From forth th' angelic host, a chosen band,
And Satan with his legions hither bring
To judgment, from Hell's caverns ; whither fled,
They think to hide from my awaken'd wrath,
Which chas'd them out of Heaven, and which they dread
More than the horrors of the pit, which now
Shall be redoubled sevenfold on their heads.'
Swift as conception, at his bidding flew
His ministers, obedient to his word.
And, as a shepherd, who all day hath fed
His sheep and goats promiscuous, but at eve
Dividing, shuts them up in different folds :
So now the good were parted from the bad ;
For ever parted ; never more to join
And mingle as on earth, where often past
For other each ; ev'n close Hypocrisy
Escapes not, but, unmask'd, alike the scorn
Of vice and virtue stands. Now separate,
Upon the right appear'd a dauntless, firm,
Composed number : joyful at the thought
Of immortality, they forward look'd
With hope unto the future ; conscience, pleas'd,
Smiling, reflects upon a well-spent life ;
Heaven dawns within their breasts. The other crew,
Pale and dejected, scarcely lift their heads

To view the hated light : his trembling hand
Each lays upon his guilty face ; and now,
In gnawings of the never-dying worm,
Begins a hell that never shall be quench'd.
But now the enemy of God and man,
Cursing his fate, comes forward, led in chains,
Infrangible, of burning adamant,
Hewn from the rocks of Hell ; now too the bands
Of rebel angels, who long time had walk'd
The world, and by their oracles deceiv'd
The blinded nations, or by secret guile
Wrought men to vice, came on, raging in vain,
And struggling with their fetters, which, as fate,
Compell'd them fast. They wait their dreadful doom.
Now from his lofty throne, with eyes that blaz'd
Intolerable day, th' Almighty Judge
Look'd down awhile upon the subject crowd.
As when a caravan of merchants, led
By thirst of gain to travel the parch'd sands
Of waste Arabia, hears a lion roar,
The wicked trembled at his view ; upon
The ground they roll'd, in pangs of wild despair,
To hide their faces, which not blushes mark'd
But livid horror. Conscience, who asleep
Long time had lain, now lifts her snaky head,
And frights them into madness ; while the list
Of all their sins she offers to their view :
For she had power to hurt them, and her sting
Was as a scorpion's. He who never knew
Its wound is happy, though a fetter'd slave,
Chain'd to the oar, or to the dark damp mine
Confin'd ; while he who sits upon a throne,
Under her frown, is wretched. But the damn'd
Alone can tell what 'tis to feel her scourge

In all its horrors, with her poison'd sting
Fix'd in their hearts. This is the Second Death.
Upon the Book of Life He laid his hand,
Clos'd with the seal of Heaven; which op'd, He read
The names of the Elect. GOD knows His own.[1]
'Come (looking on the right, He mildly said),
Ye of my Father blessed, ere the world
Was moulded out of chaos—ere the sons
Of GOD, exulting, sung at Nature's birth:
For you I left my throne, my glory left,
And, shrouded up in clay, I weary walk'd
Your world, and many miseries endur'd:
Death was the last. For you I died, that you
Might live with me for ever, and in Heav'n sit
On thrones, and as the sun in brightness, shine
For ever in my kingdom. Faithfully
Have ye approv'd yourselves. I hungry was,
And thirsty, and ye gave me meat and drink;
Ye clothed me, naked; when I fainting lay
In all the sad variety of pain,
Ye cheer'd me with the tenderness of friends;
In sickness and in prison, me reliev'd.
Nay, marvel not that thus I speak: whene'er,
Led by the dictates of fair charity,
Ye help'd the man on whom keen poverty
And wretchedness had laid their meagre hands,
And for my sake, ye did it unto me.'[2]
They heard with joy, and, shouting, rais'd their voice
In praise of their Redeemer! Loos'd from earth,
They soar'd triumphant, and at the right hand
Of the great Judge sat down; who on the left
Now looking stern, with fury in His eyes,
Blasted their spirits, while His arrows fix'd

[1] 2 Tim. ii. 19.—M'K. [2] Matt. xxv. 41-45.—M'K.

Deep in their hearts, in agonizing pain
Scorched their vitals, thus their dreadful doom
(More dreadful from those lips which us'd to bless)
He awfully pronounc'd. Earth at His frown
Convulsive trembled ; while the raging deep
Hush'd in a horrid calm his waves. 'Depart,'
(These, for I heard them, were his awful words !)
'Depart from me, ye cursed ! Oft have I strove,
In tenderness and pity, to subdue
Your rebel hearts ; as a fond parent bird,
When danger threatens, flutters round her young,
Nature's strong impulse beating in her breast.
Thus ardent did I strive : But all in vain.
Now will I laugh at your calamity,
And mock your fears : as oft, in stupid mirth,
Harden'd in wickedness, ye pointed out
The man who labour'd up the steep ascent
Of virtue, to reproach. Depart to fire
Kindled in Tophet for th' arch enemy,
For Satan and his angels, who, by pride,
Fell into condemnation ; blown up now
To sevenfold fury by th' Almighty breath.
There, in that dreary mansion, where the light
Is solid gloom, darkness that may be felt,[1]
Where hope, the lenient (*n*) of the ills of life,
For ever dies ; there shall ye seek for death,
And shall not find it : for your greatest curse
Is immortality. Omnipotence
Eternally shall punish and preserve.'
So said He ; and, His hand high lifting, hurl'd
The flashing lightning, and the flaming bolt,
Full on the wicked : kindling in a blaze

[1] 'Stretch out thine hand toward heaven, that there may be darkness over the land of Egypt, even darkness which may be felt.'—Ex. x. 21.—M'K.

The scorched earth. Behind, before, around,
The trembling wretches, burst the quiv'ring flames.
They turn'd to fly; but wrath divine pursu'd
To where, beyond creation's utmost bound,
Where never glimpse of cheerful light arriv'd,
Where scarce e'en thought can travel, but, absorb'd,
Falls headlong down th' immeasurable gulf
Of Chaos—wide and wild, their prison stood
Of utter darkness, as the horrid shade
That clouds the brow of death. Its op'ned mouth
Belch'd sheets of livid flame and pitchy smoke.
Infernal thunders, with explosion dire,
Roar'd through the fiery concave; while the waves
Of liquid sulphur beat the burning shore,
In endless ferment. O'er the dizzy steep
Suspended, wrapt in suffocating gloom,
The sons of black damnation shrieking hung.
Curses unutterable filled their mouths,
Hideous to hear; their eyes rain'd bitter tears
Of agonizing madness, for their day
Was past, and from their eye repentance hid
For ever! Round their heads their hissing brands
The Furies wav'd, and o'er the whelming brink
Impetuous urg'd them. In the boiling surge
They headlong fell. The flashing billows roar'd;
And hell from all her caves return'd the sound.
The gates of flint, and tenfold adamant,
With bars of steel, impenetrably firm,
Were shut for ever: The decree of fate,
Immutable, made fast the pond'rous door.
'Now turn thine eyes,' my bright conductor said:
'Behold the world in flames! so sore the bolts
Of thunder, launch'd by the Almighty arm,
Hath smote upon it. Up the blacken'd air

Ascend the curling flames, and billowy smoke;
And hideous crackling, blot the face of day
With foul eruption. From their inmost beds
The hissing waters rise. Whatever drew
The vital air, or in the spacious deep
Wanton'd at large, expires. Heard'st thou that crash?
There fell the tow'ring Alps, and, dashing down,
Lay bare their centre. See, the flaming mines
Expand their treasures! no rapacious hand
To seize the precious bane. Now look around:
Say, Canst thou tell where stood imperial Rome,
The wonder of the world; or where, the boast
Of Europe, fair Britannia, stretch'd her plain,
Encircled by the ocean? All is wrapt
In darkness: as (if great may be compar'd
With small) when, on Gomorrah's fated field,
The flaming sulphur, by Jehovah rain'd,
Sent up a pitchy cloud, killing to life,
And tainting all the air. Another groan!
'Twas Nature's last: and see! th' extinguish'd sun
Falls devious through the void; and the fair face
Of Nature is no more! With sullen joy
Old Chaos views the havoc, and expects
To stretch his sable sceptre o'er the blank
Where once Creation smil'd: o'er which, perhaps
Creative energy again shall wake,
And into being call a brighter sun,
And fairer worlds; which, for delightful change,
The saints, descending from the happy seats
Of bliss, shall visit. And, behold! they rise,
And seek their native land: around them move,
In radiant files, Heaven's host. Immortal wreaths
Of amaranth and roses crown their heads;
And each a branch of ever-blooming palm

Triumphant holds. In robes of dazzling white,
Fairer than that by wintry tempests shed
Upon the frozen ground, array'd, they shine,
Fair as the sun, when up the steep of Heav'n
He rides in all the majesty of light.
But who can tell, or if an angel could,
Thou couldst not hear, the glories of the place
For their abode prepar'd? Though oft on earth
They struggled hard against the stormy tide
Of adverse fortune, and the bitter scorn
Of harden'd villany—their life a course
Of warfare upon earth; these toils, when view'd
With the reward, seem nought. The LORD shall guide
Their steps to living fountains, and shall wipe
All tears from ev'ry eye. The wintry clouds
That frown'd on life, rack up. A glorious sun,
That ne'er shall set, arises in a sky
Unclouded and serene. Their joy is full:
And sickness, pain, and death, shall be no more.
Dost thou desire to follow? does thy heart
Beat ardent for the prize? Then tread the path
Religion points to man. What thou hast seen,
Fix'd in thy heart retain: For, be assur'd,
In that last moment—in the closing act
Of Nature's drama, ere the hand of fate
Drop the black curtain, thou must bear thy part,
And stand in thine own lot——[1]

This said, he stretch'd
His wings, and in a moment left my sight.

[1] Dan. xii. 13.—M'K.

LOCHLEVEN:

A POEM.

The Lake described in the following Poem is situated in the county of Kinross, about twenty-seven miles north of Edinburgh, and seventeen south of Perth. In magnitude and grandeur it is inferior to Loch Lomond and Loch Katrine, and in picturesque beauty to several of the Highland lakes. It is, nevertheless, a noble expanse of waters, of about ten miles circumference, variegated with several islands, and lying in the bosom of verdant hills, and in the midst of well-cultivated fields. Portions of shore-land, gained by a partial draining of the Lake, are covered with spruce and pine, and hide within them many fair sylvan nooks, as do also the Islands.

The western quarter is by much the most picturesque, and is accordingly the portion generally chosen by the artist as the proper subject for the pencil. It besides contains the Castle, from which, as once having been the prison of Mary Queen of Scots, the lake chiefly derives its celebrity.

Lochleven is famed for its trout, the high flavour and the bright colour of which are said to arise chiefly from small red shell-fish, which abound in the lake, and constitute their food. Its chief celebrity, however, as already hinted, arises from its historical associations; and this Sir Walter Scott, by his novel of The Abbot, has tended greatly to increase. Some of these associations are alluded to in the poem, and are now more amply detailed in the Notes. It is to be borne in mind, that the writer of this poem is describing the scene as it presented itself to him seventy years ago, and that, although in all its essential elements it is still the same, yet in several of its characteristics it is considerably changed, the lake itself having been reduced in size, and the adjoining lands greatly improved.

This Lake is to be distinguished from another of the same name situated on the western coast of Scotland, which is an arm of the sea, in the vicinity of the far-famed Glencoe, separating the county of Argyle on the south from Inverness-shire on the north. That this latter lake has sometimes been mistaken for the former, is shown by MacCulloch, as quoted by Chambers: 'I was much amused,' says he, 'by meeting here with an antiquary and virtuoso, who asked me where he should find Lochleven Castle. He had been inquiring among the Highlanders, and was very wrathful that he could obtain no answer. I was a little at a loss myself at first, but soon guessed the nature of the blunder. He had been crazing himself with Whittaker and Tytler, and Robertson and Chalmers, like an old friend of mine, who used to sleep with the controversies under his pillow, and had come all the way from England to worship at the shrine of Mary, stumbling, by some obliquity of vision, on the wrong Lochleven.'—M'K. and G.

HAIL, native land! where on the flow'ry banks
Of Leven, Beauty ever-blooming dwells;

A wreath of roses, dropping with the dews
Of Morning, circles her ambrosial locks
Loose-waving o'er her shoulders; where she treads,
Attendant on her steps, the blushing Spring
And Summer wait, to raise the various flow'rs
Beneath her footsteps; while the cheerful birds
Carol their joy, and hail her as she comes,
Inspiring vernal love and vernal joy.

Attend, Agricola![1] who to the noise
Of public life preferr'st the calmer scenes
Of solitude, and sweet domestic bliss,
Joys all thine own! attend thy poet's strain,
Who triumphs in thy friendship, while he paints,
The past'ral mountains, the poetic streams,
Where raptur'd Contemplation leads thy walk,
While silent Evening on the plain descends.

Between two mountains, whose o'erwhelming tops,
In their swift course, arrest the bellying clouds,
A pleasant valley lies. Upon the south,
A narrow op'ning parts the craggy hills;
Thro' which the lake, that beautifies the vale,
Pours out its ample waters. Spreading on,
And wid'ning by degrees, it stretches north
To the high Ochil, from whose snowy top
The streams that feed the lake flow thund'ring down.

The twilight trembles o'er the misty hills,
Trinkling with dews; and whilst the bird of day
Tunes his etherial note, and wakes the wood,
Bright from the crimson curtains of the morn,
The sun appearing in his glory, throws
New robes of beauty over heav'n and earth.

[1] Mr David Arnot. See Memoir, p. 16 and elsewhere.—G.

O now, while Nature smiles in all her works,
Oft let me trace thy cowslip-cover'd banks,
O Leven! and the landscape measure round.
From gay Kinross, whose stately tufted groves
Nod o'er the lake, transported let mine eye
Wander o'er all the various checquer'd scene,
Of wilds, and fertile fields, and glitt'ring streams,
To ruin'd Arnot;[1] or ascend the height
Of rocky Lomond,[2] where a riv'let pure
Bursts from the ground, and through the crumbled crags
Tinkles amusive. From the mountain's top,
Around me spread, I see the goodly scene!
Inclosures green, that promise to the swain
The future harvest; many-colour'd meads;
Irriguous vales, where cattle low, and sheep
That whiten half the hills; sweet rural farms
Oft interspers'd, the seats of past'ral love
And innocence; with many a spiry dome
Sacred to heav'n, around whose hallow'd walls
Our fathers slumber in the narrow house.
Gay, beauteous villas, bosom'd in the woods,
Like constellations in the starry sky,
Complete the scene. The vales, the vocal hills,
The woods, the waters, and the heart of man,
Send out a gen'ral song; 'tis beauty all
To poet's eye, and music to his ear.

[1] The ruins of a castle on the Lomond Hills, and which appears to have been at one time at the eastern extremity of the Lochleven, as Kinross is at the western. Its position in this respect has been altered by the reduction of the lake. Kinross and Arnot are mentioned by the poet to define the limits of the scene he intends to describe.—M'K.

[2] The range of hills which rises behind Kinnesswood, affording the best view of the lake. Lieutenant-Colonel Miller, of Upper Urquhart, has lately attempted to show, and with great plausibility, that the Lomond Hills are the *Mons Grampius* of Tacitus. See *Transactions of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, Part 1.° vol. iv. 1830.—M'K.

Nor is the shepherd silent on his hill,
His flocks around ; nor schoolboys, as they creep,
Slow pac'd, tow'rds school ; intent, with oaten pipe
They wake by turns wild music on the way.

Behold the man of sorrows hail the light !
New risen from the bed of pain, where late,
Toss'd to and fro upon a couch of thorns,
He wak'd the long dark night, and wish'd for morn.
Soon as he feels the quick'ning beam of heav'n,
And balmy breath of May, among the fields
And flow'rs he takes his morning walk : his heart
Beats with new life ; his eye is bright and blithe ;
Health strews her roses o'er his cheek ; renew'd
In youth and beauty, his unbidden tongue
Pours native harmony, and sings to Heav'n.

In ancient times, as ancient Bards have sung,
This was a forest. Here the mountain-oak
Hung o'er the craggy cliff, while from its top
The eagle mark'd his prey ; the stately ash
Rear'd high his nervous stature, while below
The twining alders darken'd all the scene.[1]
Safe in the shade, the tenants of the wood
Assembled, bird and beast. The turtle-dove
Coo'd, amorous, all the livelong summer's day.
Lover of men, the piteous redbreast plain'd,

[1] In the first draught of the poem the following lines, which we think more beautiful than some that have been retained, were added to this part of the description :—

'Beneath their covert slept the ruffian wolf
And fox invidious, with the lesser brood
That feed on life, or o'er the frighted wild
Pursue the trembling prey. Here, too, unscathed
By man, the graceful deer trip'd o'er the lawn,
Nor heard the barking of the deep-mouth'd hound
Nor sounding horn, nor fear'd the guileful net.'—M'K.

Sole-sitting on the bough. Blithe on the bush,
The blackbird, sweetest of the woodland choir,
Warbled his liquid lay; to shepherd-swain
Mellifluous music, as his master's flock,
With his fair mistress and his faithful dog,
He tended in the vale: while leverets round,
In sportive races, through the forest flew
With feet of wind; and, vent'ring from the rock,
The snow-white coney sought his ev'ning meal.
Here, too, the poet, as inspir'd at eve
He roam'd the dusky wood, or fabled brook
That piece-meal printed ruins in the rock,
Beheld the blue-eyed Sisters of the stream,
And heard the wild note of the fairy throng
That charm'd the Queen of heav'n, as round the tree
Time-hallow'd, hand in hand they led the dance.
With sky-blue mantles glitt'ring in her beam.

Low by the Lake, as yet without a name,
Fair bosom'd in the bottom of the vale,
Arose a cottage, green with ancient turf,
Half hid in hoary trees, and from the north
Fenc'd by a wood, but open to the sun.
Here dwelt a peasant, rev'rend with the locks
Of age, yet youth was ruddy on his cheek;
His farm his only care; his sole delight
To tend his daughter, beautiful and young,
To watch her paths, to fill her lap with flow'rs,
To see her spread into the bloom of years,
The perfect picture of her mother's youth.
His age's hope, the apple of his eye;
Belov'd of Heav'n, his fair Levina grew
In youth and grace, the Naiad of the vale.
Fresh as the flow'r amid the sunny show'rs

Of May, and blither than the bird of dawn,
Both roses' bloom gave beauty to her cheek,
Soft-temper'd with a smile. The light of heav'n,
And innocence, illum'd her virgin-eye,
Lucid and lovely as the morning star.
Her breast was fairer than the vernal bloom
Of valley-lily, op'ning in a show'r;
Fair as the morn, and beautiful as May,
The glory of the year, when first she comes
Array'd, all-beauteous, with the robes of heav'n,
And breathing summer breezes; from her locks
Shakes genial dews, and from her lap the flow'rs.
Thus beautiful she look'd; yet something more,
And better far than beauty, in her looks
Appear'd: the maiden blush of modesty;
The smile of cheerfulness, and sweet content;
Health's freshest rose, the sunshine of the soul;
Each height'ning each, effus'd o'er all her form
A nameless grace, the beauty of the mind.

Thus finish'd fair above her peers, she drew
The eyes of all the village, and inflam'd
The rival shepherds of the neighb'ring dale,
Who laid the spoils of Summer at her feet,
And made the woods enamour'd of her name.
But pure as buds before they blow, and still
A virgin in her heart, she knew not love;
But all alone, amid her garden fair,
'From morn to noon, from noon to dewy eve,'[1]
She spent her days; her pleasing task to tend
The flow'rs; to lave them from the water-spring;
To ope the buds with her enamour'd breath,
Rank the gay tribes, and rear them in the sun.

[1] Milton: P. L. Book i. p. 743.—G.

In youth the index of maturer years,
Left by her school-companions at their play,
She'd often wander in the wood, or roam
The wilderness, in quest of curious flow'r,
Or nest of bird unknown, till eve approach'd,
And hemm'd her in the shade. To obvious swain,
Or woodman chanting in the greenwood glen,
She'd bring the beauteous spoils, and ask their names.
Thus ply'd assiduous her delightful task,
Day after day, till ev'ry herb she nam'd
That paints the robe of Spring, and knew the voice
Of every warbler in the vernal wood.

Her garden stretch'd along the river-side,
High up a sunny bank: on either side,
A hedge forbade the vagrant foot; above,
An ancient forest screen'd the green recess.
Transplanted here by her creative hand,
Each herb of Nature, full of fragrant sweets,
That scents the breath of summer; every flow'r,
Pride of the plain, that blooms on festal days
In shepherd's garland, and adorns the year,
In beauteous clusters flourish'd; Nature's work,
And order, finish'd by the hand of Art.
Here gowans, natives of the village green,
To daisies grew. The lilies of the field
Put on the robe they neither sow'd nor spun.
Sweet-smelling shrubs and cheerful spreading trees,
Unfrequent scatter'd, as by Nature's hand,
Shaded the flow'rs, and to her Eden drew
The earliest concerts of the Spring, and all
The various music of the vocal year:
Retreat romantic! Thus from early youth
Her life she led; one summer's day, serene

And fair, without a cloud: like poet's dream
Of vernal landscapes, of Elysian vales,
And islands of the blest; where, hand in hand,
Eternal Spring and Autumn rule the year,
And Love and Joy lead on immortal youth.

'Twas on a summer's day, when early show'rs
Had wak'd the various vegetable race
To life and beauty, fair Levina stray'd.
Far in the blooming wilderness she stray'd
To gather herbs, and the fair race of flow'rs,
That Nature's hand creative pours at will,
Beauty unbounded! over Earth's green lap,
Gay without number, in the day of rain.
O'er valleys gay, o'er hillocks green she walk'd,
Sweet as the season, and at times awak'd
The echoes of the vale, with native notes
Of heart-felt joy, in numbers heav'nly sweet;
Sweet as th' hosannahs of a Form of light,
A sweet-tongu'd Seraph in the bow'rs of bliss.

Her, as she halted on a green hill-top,
A quiver'd hunter spied. Her flowing locks,
In golden ringlets glitt'ring to the sun,
Upon her bosom play'd: her mantle green,
Like thine, O Nature! to her rosy cheek
Lent beauty new; as from the verdant leaf
The rose-bud blushes with a deeper bloom,
Amid the walks of May. The stranger's eye
Was caught as with etherial presence. Oft
He look'd to heav'n, and oft he met her eye
In all the silent eloquence of love;
Then, wak'd from wonder, with a smile began:
Fair wanderer of the wood! What heav'nly Pow'r,

Or Providence, conducts thy wand'ring steps
To this wild forest, from thy native seat
And parents, happy in a child so fair?
A shepherdess, or virgin of the vale,
Thy dress bespeaks; but thy majestic mien,
And eye, bright as the morning-star, confess
Superior birth and beauty, born to rule:
As from the stormy cloud of night, that veils
Her virgin-orb, appears the Queen of heav'n,
And with full beauty, gilds the face of night.
Whom shall I call the fairest of her sex,
And charmer of my soul? In yonder vale,
Come, let us crop the roses of the brook,
And wildings of the wood: Soft under shade,
Let us recline by mossy fountain-side,
While the wood suffers in the beam of noon.
I'll bring my love the choice of all the shades;
First fruits; the apple ruddy from the rock;
And clust'ring nuts, that burnish in the beam.
O wilt thou bless my dwelling, and become
The owner of these fields? I'll give thee all
That I possess, and all thou seest is mine.'

Thus spoke the youth, with rapture in his eye,
And thus the maiden, with a blush began:
'Beyond the shadow of these mountains green,
Deep-bosom'd in the vale, a cottage stands,
The dwelling of my sire, a peaceful swain;
Yet at his frugal board Health sits a guest,
And fair Contentment crowns his hoary hairs,
The patriarch of the plains: ne'er by his door
The needy pass'd, or the way-faring man.
His only daughter, and his only joy,
I feed my father's flock; and, while they rest,

At times retiring, lose me in the wood,
Skill'd in the virtues of each secret herb
That opes its virgin bosom to the Moon.
No flow'r amid the garden fairer grows
Than the sweet lily of the lowly vale,
The Queen of flow'rs—But sooner might the weed
That blooms and dies, the being of a day,
Presume to match with yonder mountain oak,
That stands the tempest and the bolt of heav'n,
From age to age the monarch of the wood——
O! had you been a shepherd of the dale,
To feed your flock beside me, and to rest
With me at noon in these delightful shades,
I might have list'ned to the voice of love,
Nothing reluctant; might with you have walk'd
Whole summer-suns away. At even-tide,
When heav'n and earth in all their glory shine
With the last smiles of the departing sun;
When the sweet breath of Summer feasts the sense,
And secret pleasure thrills the heart of man;
We might have walk'd alone, in converse sweet,
Along the quiet vale, and woo'd the Moon
To hear the music of true lovers' vows.
But fate forbids, and fortune's potent frown,
And honour, inmate of the noble breast.
Ne'er can this hand in wedlock join with thine.
Cease, beauteous stranger! cease, beloved youth!
To vex a heart that never can be yours.'

Thus spoke the maid, deceitful: but her eyes,
Beyond the partial purpose of her tongue,
Persuasion gain'd. The deep-enamour'd youth
Stood gazing on her charms, and all his soul
Was lost in love. He grasped her trembling hand,

And breath'd the softest, the sincerest vows
Of love: 'O virgin! fairest of the fair!
My one beloved! Were the Scottish throne
To me transmitted thro' a scepter'd line
Of ancestors, thou, thou should'st be my Queen,
And Caledonia's diadems adorn
A fairer head than ever wore a crown.'

She redden'd like the morning, under veil
Of her own golden hair. The woods among,
They wander'd up and down with fond delay,
Nor mark'd the fall of ev'ning; parted then,
The happiest pair on whom the sun declin'd.

Next day he found her on a flow'ry bank,
Half under shade of willows, by a spring,
The mirror of the swains, that o'er the meads,
Slow-winding, scatter'd flow'rets in its way.
Thro' many a winding walk and alley green,
She led him to her garden. Wonder-struck,
He gaz'd, all eye, o'er th' enchanting scene:
And much he praised the walks, the groves, the flow'rs,
Her beautiful creation; much he prais'd
The beautiful creatress; and awak'd
The echo in her praise. Like the first pair,
Adam and Eve in Eden's blissful bow'rs,
When newly come from their Creator's hand,
Our lovers liv'd in joy. Here, day by day,
In fond endearments, in embraces sweet,
That lovers only know, they liv'd, they lov'd,
And found the paradise that Adam lost.
Nor did the virgin, with false modest pride,
Retard the nuptial morn: she fix'd the day
That bless'd the youth, and open'd to his eyes

An age of gold, the heav'n of happiness
That lovers in their lucid moments dream.

And now the Morning, like a rosy bride
Adorned on her day, put on her robes,
Her beauteous robes of light: the Naiad streams,
Sweet as the cadence of a poet's song,
Flow'd down the dale: the voices of the grove,
And ev'ry winged warbler of the air,
Sung over head, and there was joy in heav'n.
Ris'n with the dawn, the bride and bridal-maids
Stray'd thro' the woods, and o'er the vales, in quest
Of flow'rs, and garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
To strew the bridegroom's way, and deck his bed.

Fair in the bosom of the level Lake
Rose a green island, cover'd with a spring
Of flow'rs perpetual, goodly to the eye,
And blooming from afar. High in the midst,
Between two fountains, an enchanted tree
Grew ever green, and every month renew'd
Its blooms and apples of Hesperian gold,
Here ev'ry bride (as ancient poets sing)
Two golden apples gather'd from the bough,
To give the bridegroom in the bed of love,
The pledge of nuptial concord and delight
For many a coming year. Levina now
Had reach'd the isle, with an attendant maid,
And pull'd the mystic apples, pull'd the fruit;
But wish'd and long'd for the enchanted tree.
Not fonder sought the first created fair
The fruit forbidden of the mortal tree,
The source of human woe. Two plants arose
Fair by the mother's side, with fruits and flow'rs

In miniature. One, with audacious hand,
In evil hour she rooted from the ground.
At once the island shook, and shrieks of woe
At times were heard, amid the troubled air.
Her whole frame shook, the blood forsook her face,
Her knees knock'd, and her heart within her dy'd.
Trembling and pale, and boding woes to come,
They seized the boat, and hurried from the isle.

And now they gain'd the middle of the lake,
And saw th' approaching land: now, wild with joy,
They row'd, they flew. When lo! at once effus'd,
Sent by the angry demon of the isle,
A whirlwind rose: it lash'd the furious Lake
To tempest, overturn'd the boat, and sunk
The fair Levina to a wat'ry tomb.
Her sad companions, bending from a rock,
Thrice saw her head, and supplicating hands
Held up to heav'n, and heard the shriek of death:
Then over-head the parting billow closed,
And op'd no more. Her fate in mournful lays,
The Muse relates; and sure each tender maid
For her shall heave the sympathetic sigh,
And happ'ly my Eumelia,[1] (for her soul
Is pity's self,) as, void of household cares,
Her ev'ning walk she bends beside the Lake,
Which yet retains her name (*o*), shall sadly drop
A tear, in mem'ry of the hapless maid,
And mourn with me the sorrows of the youth,
Whom from his mistress death did not divide.
Robb'd of the calm possession of his mind,
All night he wander'd by the sounding shore,
Long looking o'er the lake, and saw at times

[1] That is, Magdalene Grieve. See Memoir, pp. 27, 28.—G.

The dear, the dreary ghost of her he lov'd ;
Till love and grief subdu'd his manly prime,
And brought his youth with sorrow to the grave.

I knew an aged swain, whose hoary head
Was bent with years, the village-chronicle,
Who much had seen, and from the former times
Much had received. He, hanging o'er the hearth
In winter ev'nings, to the gaping swains,
And children circling round the fire, would tell
Stories of old, and tales of other times.
Of Lomond and Levina he would talk ;
And how of old, in Britain's evil days,
When brothers against brothers drew the sword
Of civil rage, the hostile hand of war
Ravag'd the land, gave cities to the sword,
And all the country to devouring fire.
Then these fair forests and Elysian scenes,
In one great conflagration, flam'd to heav'n.
Barren and black, by swift degrees arose
A muirish fen ; and hence the lab'ring hind,
Digging for fuel, meets the mould'ring trunks
Of oaks, and branchy antlers of the deer.

Now sober Industry, illustrious Power !
Hath rais'd the peaceful cottage, calm abode
Of Innocence and Joy : now, sweating, guides
The shining ploughshare ; tames the stubborn soil ;
Leads the long drain along th' unfertile marsh ;
Bids the bleak hill with vernal verdure bloom,
The haunt of flocks: and clothes the barren heath
With waving harvests, and the golden grain.

Fair from his hand, behold the village rise,

In rural pride, 'mong intermingled trees !
Above whose aged tops, the joyful swains
At even-tide, descending from the hill,
With eye enamour'd, mark the many wreaths
Of pillar'd smoke, high-curling to the clouds.
The street resounds with Labour's various voice,
Who whistles at his work. Gay on the green,
Young blooming boys, and girls with golden hair,
Trip nimble-footed, wanton in their play,
The village hope. All in a rev'rend row,
Their grey-hair'd grandsires, sitting in the sun,
Before the gate, and leaning on the staff,
The well-remember'd stories of their youth
Recount, and shake their aged locks with joy.

How fair a prospect rises to the eye,
Where beauty vies in all her vernal forms,
For ever pleasant, and for ever new !
Swells th' exulting thought, expands the soul,
Drowning each ruder care : a blooming train
Of bright ideas rushes on the mind.
Imagination rouses at the scene,
And backward, thro' the gloom of ages past,
Beholds Arcadia, like a rural Queen,
Encircled with her swains and rosy nymphs,
The mazy dance conducting on the green.
Nor yield to old Arcadia's blissful vales
Thine, gentle Leven ! green on either hand
Thy meadows spread, unbroken of the plough,
With beauty all their own. Thy fields rejoice
With all the riches of the golden year.
Fat on the plain and mountain's sunny side,
Large droves of oxen, and the fleecy flocks
Feed undisturb'd, and fill the echoing air

With music, grateful to the master's ear.
The trav'ller stops, and gazes round and round
O'er all the scenes, that animate his heart
With mirth and music. Even the mendicant,
Bowbent with age, that on the old grey stone,
Sole sitting, suns him in the public way,
Feels his heart leap, and to himself he sings.

How beautiful around the Lake outspreads
Its wealth of waters, the surrounding vales
Renews, and holds a mirror to the sky,
Perpetual fed by many sister-streams,
Haunts of the angler! First, the gulfy Po,
That thro' the quaking marsh and waving reeds
Creeps slow and silent on. The rapid Queech,
Whose foaming torrents o'er the broken steep
Burst down impetuous, with the placid wave
Of flow'ry Leven, for the canine pike
And silver eel renown'd. But chief thy stream,
O Gairny! sweetly winding, claims the song.
First on thy banks the Doric reed I tun'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant grass; while twilight meek,
Enrob'd in mist, slow-sailing thro' the air,
Silent and still, on ev'ry closéd flow'r
Shed drops nectareous; and around the fields
No noise was heard, save where the whisp'ring reeds
Wav'd to the breeze, or in the dusky air
The slow-wing'd crane mov'd heav'ly o'er the lee,
And shrilly clamour'd as he sought his nest.
There would I sit, and tune some youthful lay,
Or watch the motion of the living fires,
That day and night their never-ceasing course
Wheel round th' eternal poles, and bend the knee
To Him the Maker of yon starry sky,

Omnipotent! who, thron'd above all heav'ns,
Yet ever present through the peopl'd space
Of vast Creation's infinite extent,
Pours life, and bliss, and beauty, pours Himself,
His own essential goodness, o'er the minds
Of happy beings, thro' ten thousand worlds.

Nor shall the Muse forget thy friendly heart,
O Lelius (*p*)! partner of my youthful hours;
How often, rising from the bed of peace,
We would walk forth to meet the summer morn,
Inhaling health and harmony of mind;
Philosophers and friends; while science beam'd
With ray divine as lovely on our minds
As yonder orient sun, whose welcome light
Reveal'd the vernal landscape to the view.
Yet oft, unbending from more serious thought,
Much of the looser follies of mankind,
Hum'rous and gay, we'd talk, and much would laugh;
While, ever and anon, their foibles vain
Imagination offer'd to our view.

Fronting where Gairny pours his silent urn
Into the Lake, an island lifts its head (*q*),
Grassy and wild, with ancient ruin heap'd
Of cells; where from the noisy world retir'd
Of old, as same reports, Religion dwelt
Safe from the insults of the dark'ned crowd
That bow'd the knee to Odin; and in times
Of ignorance, when Caledonia's sons
(Before the triple-crowned giant fell)
Exchang'd their simple faith for Rome's deceits.
Here Superstition for her cloister'd sons
A dwelling rear'd, with many an arched vault;

Where her pale vot'ries at the midnight-hour,
In many a mournful strain of melancholy,
Chanted their orisons to the cold moon.
It now resounds with the wild-shrieking gull,
The crested lapwing, and the clamorous mew.
The patient heron, and the bittern dull,
Deep-sounding in the base, with all the tribe
That by the water seek th' appointed meal.

From hence the shepherd in the fenced fold,
'Tis said, has heard strange sounds, and music wild ;
Such as in Selma (*r*), by the burning oak
Of hero fallen, or of battle lost,
Warn'd Fingal's mighty son, from trembling chords
Of untouch'd harp, self-sounding in the night.
Perhaps th' afflicted Genius of the Lake,
That leaves the wat'ry grot, each night to mourn
The waste of time, his desolated isles
And temples in the dust : his plaintive voice
Is heard resounding thro' the dreary courts
Of high Lochleven Castle, famous once,
Th' abode of heroes of the Bruce's line (*s*) ;
Gothic the pile, and high the solid walls,
With warlike ramparts, and the strong defence
Of jutting battlements, an age's toil !
No more its arches echo to the noise
Of joy and festive mirth. No more the glance
Of blazing taper thro' its windows beams,
And quivers on the undulating wave :
But naked stand the melancholy walls,
Lash'd by the wintry tempests, cold and bleak,
That whistle mournful thro' the empty halls,
And piece-meal crumble down the tow'rs to dust.
Perhaps in some lone, dreary, desert tower,

That time has spar'd, forth from the window looks,
Half hid in grass, the solitary fox (*t*) ;
While from above, the owl, musician dire !
Screams hideous, harsh, and grating to the ear.

Equal in age, and sharers of its fate,
A row of moss-grown trees around it stand.
Scarce here and there, upon their blasted tops,
A shrivell'd leaf distinguishes the year ;
Emblem of hoary age, the eve of life,
When man draws nigh his everlasting home,
Within a step of the devouring grave ;
When all his views and tow'ring hopes are gone,
And ev'ry appetite before him dead.

Bright shines the morn, while in the ruddy east
The sun hangs hov'ring o'er the Atlantic wave.
Apart, on yonder green hill's sunny side,
Seren'd with all the music of the morn,
Attentive let me sit ; while from the rock,
The swains, laborious, roll the limestone huge,
Bounding elastic from th' indented grass,
At every fall it springs, and thund'ring shoots,
O'er rocks and precipices, to the plain.
And let the shepherd careful tend his flock
Far from the dang'rous steep ; nor, O ye swains !
Stray heedless of its rage. Behold the tears
Yon wretched widow o'er the mangled corpse
Of her dead husband pours, who, hapless man !
Cheerful and strong went forth at rising morn
To usual toil ; but, ere the evening hour,
His sad companions bare him lifeless home.
Urg'd from the hill's high top, with progress swift,
A weighty stone, resistless, rapid came,

Seen by the fated wretch, who stood unmov'd,
Nor turn'd to fly, till flight had been in vain ;
When now arriv'd the instrument of death,
And fell'd him to the ground. The thirsty land
Drank up his blood : such was the will of Heav'n.

How wide the landscape opens to the view !
Still as I mount, the less'ning hills decline,
Till high above them northern Grampius lifts
His hoary head, bending beneath a load
Of everlasting snow. O'er southern fields
I see the Cheviot hills, the ancient bounds
Of two contending kingdoms. There in fight
Brave Percy and the gallant Douglas bled,
The house of heroes, and the death of hosts !
Wat'ring the fertile fields, majestic Forth,
Full, deep, and wide, rolls placid to the sea,
With many a vessel trim and oaréd bark
In rich profusion cover'd, wafting o'er
The wealth and product of far distant lands.

But chief mine eye on the subjected vale
Of Leven pleas'd looks down ; while o'er the trees,
That shield the hamlet with the shade of years,
The tow'ring smoke of early fire ascends,
And the shrill cock proclaims th' advancéd morn.

How blest the man ! who, in these peaceful plains,
Ploughs his paternal field ; far from the noise,
The care, and bustle of a busy world.[1]
All in the sacred, sweet, sequester'd vale
Of Solitude, the secret primrose-path
Of rural life, he dwells ; and with him dwells

[1] Cf. Horace, Ode 2.—G.

Peace and Content, twins of the sylvan shade,
And all the Graces of the golden age.
Such is Agricola, the wise, the good,
By nature formèd for the calm retreat,
The silent path of life. Learn'd, but not fraught
With self-importance, as the starchèd fool;
Who challenges respect by solemn face,
By studied accent, and high-sounding phrase.
Enamour'd of the shade, but not morose.
Politeness, rais'd in courts by frigid rules,
With him spontaneous grows. Not books alone,
But man his study, and the better part;
To tread the ways of virtue, and to act
The various scenes of life with God's applause.
Deep in the bottom of the flow'ry vale,
With blooming sallows[1] and the leafy twine
Of verdant alders fenc'd, his dwelling stands
Complete in rural elegance. The door,
By which the poor or pilgrim never pass'd,
Still open, speaks the master's bounteous heart.
There, O how sweet! amid the fragrant shrubs
At ev'ning cool to sit; while, on their boughs,
The nested songsters twitter o'er their young,
And the hoarse low of folded cattle breaks
The silence, wafted o'er the sleeping Lake,
Whose waters glow beneath the purple tinge
Of western cloud; while converse sweet deceives
The stealing foot of time. Or where the ground,
Mounded irregular, points out the graves
Of our forefathers, and the hallow'd fane,
Where swains assembling worship, let us walk,
In softly-soothing melancholy thought,
As Night's seraphic bard, immortal Young,

[1] Query—'willows'?—G.

Or sweet-complaining Gray; there see the goal
Of human life, where drooping, faint, and tir'd,
Oft miss'd the prize,—the weary racer rests.

Thus sung the youth, amid unfertile wilds
And nameless deserts, unpoetic ground!
Far from his friends he stray'd, recording thus
The dear remembrance of his native fields,
To cheer the tedious night; while slow disease
Prey'd on his pining vitals, and the blasts
Of dark December shook his humble cot.'

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

AN ANCIENT HISTORICAL BALLAD.

Of all the Scottish northern chiefs,
Of his high warlike name,
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was as the tufted fir
That crowns the mountain's brow,
And waving o'er his shoulders broad
His locks of yellow flew.

The chieftan of the brave clan Ross,
A firm undaunted band;
Five hundred warriors drew the sword
Beneath his high command.

[1] See Memoir, pp. 33, 34 *seq.*: the 'unfertile *wilds*' above, are the same with the '*wild*' of the Elegy in Spring, which is another confirmation that it was composed at Forrest Mill, not at Kinnesswood. See Memoir, p. 38.—G.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
Against the English keen,
'Ere two-and-twenty op'ning springs
This blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rair,
Even Marg'ret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Lang had he woo'd, lang she refus'd,
With seeming scorn and pride;
Yet aft her eyes confess'd the love
Her fearful words deny'd.

At last she bless'd his well-try'd faith,
Allow'd his tender claim;
She vow'd to him her virgin heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her father, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disapprov'd,
And bade her wed Sir John the Graham,
And leave the youth she lov'd.

Ae night they met as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood,
Where on the bank beside the burn,
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Graham,
To hear what they would say.

When thus the maid began :—My sire
Your passion disapproves,
And bids me wed Sir John the Graham,
So here must end our loves !

My father's will must be obey'd,
Nought boots me to withstand ;
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
Shall bless thee with her hand.

Matilda soon shall be forgot,
And from thy mind defac'd ;
But may that happiness be thine
Which I can never taste.

What do I hear ? Is this thy vow ?
Sir James the Ross reply'd,
And will Matilda wed the Graham,
Tho' sworn to be my bride ?

His sword shall sooner pierce my heart
Than reave me of thy charms !
Then clasp'd her to his beating breast,
Fast lock'd within her arms.

I spake to try thy love, she said,
I'll ne'er wed man but thee ;
The grave shall be my bridal bed,
'Ere Graham my husband be.

Take then, dear youth, this faithful kiss
In witness of my troth,
And every plague become my lot,
That day I break my oath.

They parted thus ; the sun was set,
Up hasty Donald flies,
And turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth,
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew,
For Donald's blade before his breast
Had pierc'd his tartans through.

This for my brother's slighted love,
His wrongs sit on my arm :
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And sav'd himself frae harm.

Returning swift, his hand he rear'd
Frae Donald's head above,
And thro' the brains and crashing bones
His sharp edg'd weapon drove.

He stagg'ring reel'd, then tumbled down,
A lump of breathless clay ;
So fall my foes ! quoth valiant Ross,
And stately strode away.

Thro' the green wood he quickly hy'd
Unto Lord Buchan's hall ;
And at Matilda's window stood,
And thus began to call :

Art thou asleep, Matilda dear !
Awake, my love, awake ;
Thy luckless lover calls on thee,
A long farewel to take.

For I have slain fierce Donald Graham,
His blood is on my sword;
And distant are my faithful men,
Nor can assist their lord.

To Skye I'll now direct my way,
Where my two brothers bide,
And raise the valiant of the Isles
To combat on my side.

O, do not so! the maid replies,
With me till morning stay,
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dangerous is the way:

All night I'll watch you in the park;
My faithful page I'll send
To run and raise the Ross's clan,
Their master to defend.

Beneath a bush he laid him down,
And wrapt him in his plaid,
While trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till in a lowly glen
He met the furious Sir John Graham,
With twenty of his men.

Where go'st thou, little page? he said;
So late who did thee send?
I go to raise the Ross's clan
Their master to defend.

For he has slain fierce Donald Graham,
His blood is on his sword,
And far, far distant are his men
That should assist their lord.

And has he slain my brother dear?
The furious Graham replies;
Dishonour blast my name! but he
By me 'ere morning dies!

Tell me, where is Sir James the Ross?
I will thee well reward.
He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park;
Matilda is his guard.

They spurr'd their steeds in furious mood,
And scour'd along the lea,
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'rs
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate,
To whom thus Graham did say;
Saw ye Sir James the Ross last night,
Or did he pass this way?

Last day at noon, Matilda said,
Sir James the Ross pass'd by,
He furious prick'd his sweaty steed,
And onward fast did hy.

By this he is at Edinburgh cross,
If horse and man hold good.—
Your page then ly'd, who said he was
Now sleeping in the wood.

She wrung her hands and tore her hair,
Brave Ross! thou art betray'd,
And ruin'd by those very means
From whence I hop'd thine aid.

By this the valiant knight awak'd,
The virgin's shriek he heard;
And up he rose and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

Your sword last night my brother slew,
His blood yet dims its shine,
But 'ere the setting of the sun
Your blood shall reek on mine.

You word it well, the chief return'd,
But deeds approve the man;
Set by your men, and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.

Oft boasting hides a coward's heart,[1]
My weighty sword you fear,
Which shone in front of Floden field,
When you kept in the rear.

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar'd him to the fight;
But Graham gave back and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew its might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword;
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

[1] Audendo magnus tegitur timor.—Lucan.

Behind him basely came the Graham,
And pierc'd him in the side,
Out spouting came the purple tide,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his sword quat not the grip,
Nor dropt he to the ground,
Till thro' his en'my's heart his steel
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Graham like a tree with wind o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay,
And down beside him sunk the Ross,
And faint and dying lay.

The sad Matilda saw him fall,
O spare his life! she cried,
Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
Let her not be deny'd?

Her well known voice the hero heard,
He rais'd his half-clos'd eyes,
And fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

In vain Matilda begs the life
By death's arrest deny'd;
My race is run—Adieu, my love!
Then clos'd his eyes and dy'd.

The sword yet warm, from his left side
With frantic hand she drew;
I come, Sir James the Ross, she cried,
I come to follow you.

She lean'd the hilt against the ground,
And bar'd her snowy breast;
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sunk to endless rest (*u*).[1]

ODE: TO A FOUNTAIN.

O Fountain of the wood! whose glassy wave
Slow-welling from the rock of years,
Holds to heav'n a mirror blue,
And bright as Anna's eye,

With whom I've sported on the margin green:
My hand with leaves, with lilies white,
Gaily deck'd her golden hair,
Young Naiad of the vale.

Fount of my native wood! thy murmurs greet
My ear, like poets heavenly strain:
Fancy pictures in a dream
The golden days of youth.

O state of innocence! O paradise!
In Hope's gay garden, Fancy views
Golden blossoms, golden fruits,
And Eden ever green.

Where now, ye dear companions of my youth!
Ye brothers of my bosom! where
Do ye tread the walks of life,
Wide scatter'd o'er the world?

[1] See Note *u* for this Ballad as '*improved*' by Logan.—G.

Thus wingéd larks forsake their native nest,
The merry minstrels of the morn;
Now to heav'n they mount away,
And meet again no more.

All things decay; the forest like the leaf;
Great kingdoms fall; the peopled globe,
Planet-struck, shall pass away;
Heav'ns with their hosts expire:

But Hope's fair visions, and the beams of Joy,
Shall cheer my bosom: I will sing
Nature's beauty, Nature's birth,
And heroes on the lyre.

Ye Naiads! blue-eyed sisters of the wood![1]
Who by old oak, or storied stream,
Nightly tread your mystic maze,
And charm the wand'ring Moon,

Beheld by poet's eye; inspire my dreams
With visions, like the landscapes fair
Of heav'n's bliss, to dying saints
By guardian angels drawn.

Fount of the forest! in thy poet's lays
Thy waves shall flow: this wreath of flow'rs,
Gather'd by my Anna's hand,
I ask to bind my brow.

[1] Cf. 'Lochleven,' page 180, line 13—
'Beheld the blue-eyed Sisters of the stream.'
This, together with the evident allusion in stanza 3d to the 'Fount' called 'Scotland *Well*,' incidentally confirms the Bruce authorship of this Ode. See Memoir, p. 170.—G.

DANISH ODE.

THE great, the glorious deed is done !
The foe is fled ! the field is won !
Prepare the feast, the heroes call ;
Let joy, let triumph fill the hall !

The raven claps[1] his sable wings ;
The Bard his chosen timbrel brings ;
Six virgins round, a select choir,
Sing to the music of his lyre.

With mighty ale the goblet crown ;
With mighty ale your sorrows drown ;
To-day, to mirth and joy we yield ;
To-morrow, face the bloody field.

From danger's front, at battle's eve,
Sweet comes the banquet to the brave ;
Joy shines with genial beam on all,
The joy that dwells in Odin's hall.

The song bursts living from the lyre,
Like dreams that guardian ghosts inspire ;
When mimic shrieks the heroes hear,
And whirl the visionary spear.

Music's the med'cine of the mind ;
The cloud of Care give to the wind ;
Be ev'ry brow with garlands bound,
And let the cup of Joy go round.

[1] Originally misprinted, and so continued, 'clasps.'—G.

The cloud comes o'er the beam of light;
We're guests that tarry but a night:
In the dark house, together press'd,
The princes and the people rest.

Send round the shell,[1] the feast prolong,
And send away the night in song;
Be blest below, as those above
With Odin's and the friends they love.

DANISH ODE.

In deeds of arms, our fathers rise,
Illustrious in their offspring's eyes:
They fearless rush'd through Ocean's storms,
And dar'd grim Death in all its forms;
Each youth assum'd the sword and shield,
And grew a hero in the field.

Shall we degenerate from our race,
Inglorious, in the mountain chase?
Arm, arm in fallen Hubba's right;
Place your forefathers in your sight;
To fame, to glory fight your way,
And teach the nations to obey.

Assume the oars, unbind the sails;
Send, Odin! send propitious gales.
At Loda's stone, we will adore
Thy name with songs, upon the shore;
And, full of thee, undaunted dare
The foe, and dart the bolts of war.

[1] The ancient Danes and Scots drank in shells. 'To rejoice in the shell,' is a phrase used in Ossian for drinking freely.—M'K.

No feast of shells, no dance by night,
Are glorious Odin's dear delight:
He, king of men, his armies led,
Where heroes strove, where battles bled;
Now reigns above the morning-star,
The god of thunder and of war.

Bless'd who in battle bravely fall!
They mount on wings to Odin's Hall;
To Music's sound, in cups of gold,
They drink new wine with chiefs of old;
The song of bards records their name,
And future times shall speak their fame.

Hark! Odin thunders! haste on board;
Illustrious Canute![1] give the word.
On wings of wind we pass the seas,
To conquer realms, if Odin please:
With Odin's spirit in our soul,
We'll gain the globe from pole to pole.

TO PAOLI.

'Paoli's father was one of the patriots who effected their escape from Corsica when the French reduced it to obedience. He retired to Naples, and brought up this, his youngest son, in the Neapolitan service. The Corsicans heard of young Paoli's abilities, and solicited him to come over to his native country and take the command. He found all things in confusion: he formed a democratical government, of which he was chosen chief, and took such measures both for repressing abuses and moulding the rising generation, that if France had not interfered, Corsica might, at this day, have been as free and flourishing and happy a commonwealth as any of the Grecian States in the days of their prosperity. A desperate struggle was made against the French usurpation. They offered to confirm Paoli in the supreme government, only on condition that he would hold

[1] Canute, surnamed the Great, King of Denmark, and upon the death of Edmund, proclaimed King of England, A.D. 1017.—M'K.

it under their government. This he refused. They then set a price upon his head. During two campaigns he kept them at bay; they overpowered him at length; he was driven to the shore, and having escaped on shipboard, took refuge in England.'—SOUTHEY'S *Life of Nelson*.—M'K.

WHAT man, what hero shall the Muses sing,
On classic lyre or Caledonian string? (*v*)
Whose name shall fill th' immortal page?
Who, fir'd from heav'n with energy divine,
In sun-bright glory bids his actions shine
First in the annals of the age?
Ceas'd are the golden times of yore;
The age of heroes is no more;
Rare, in these latter times, arise to fame
The poet's strain inspir'd, or hero's heav'nly flame.

What star arising in the southern sky,
New to the heav'ns, attracting Europe's eye,
With beams unborrow'd shines afar?
Who comes, with thousands marching in his rear,
Shining in arms, shaking his bloody spear,
Like the red comet, sign of war?
Paoli! sent of Heav'n, to save
A rising nation of the brave;
Whose firm right hand his angels arm, to bear
A shield before his host, and dart the bolts of war.

He comes! he comes! the saviour of the land!
His drawn sword flames in his uplifted hand,
Enthusiast in his country's cause;
Whose firm resolve obeys a nation's call,
To rise deliverer, or a martyr fall
To Liberty, to dying laws.
Ye sons of Freedom! sing his praise;
Ye poets! bind his brows with bays;

Ye scepter'd shadows! cast your honours down,
And bow before the head that never wore a crown.

Who to the hero can the palm refuse?
Great Alexander still the world subdues,
The heir of everlasting praise.
But when the hero's flame, the patriot's light;
When virtues human and divine unite;
When olives twine among the bays,
And, mutual, both Minerva's shine;
A constellation so divine,
A wond'ring world behold, admire, and love.
And his best image here, th' Almighty marks above.

As the lone shepherd hides him in the rocks,
When high heav'n thunders; as the tim'rous flocks
From the descending torrent flee:
So flies a world of slaves at War's alarms,
When Zeal on flame, and Liberty in arms,
Leads on the fearless and the free,
Resistless; as the torrent flood,
Horn'd like the moon, uproots the wood,
Sweeps flocks, and herds, and harvests from their base,[1]
And moves th' eternal hills from their appointed place.

Long hast thou labour'd in the glorious strife,
O land of Liberty! profuse of life,
And prodigal of priceless blood.

[1] 'Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and, high above its banks,
The river left; before whose rushing tide
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages and swains,
Roll mingled down.'

THOMSON'S *Autumn*.—M'K.

Where heroes bought with blood the martyr's crown,
A race arose, heirs of their high renown,
Who dar'd their fate thro' fire and flood:
And Gaffori[1] the great arose,
Whose words of pow'r, disarm'd his foes;
And where the filial image smil'd afar,
The sire turned not aside the thunders of the war.

O Liberty! to man a guardian giv'n,
Thou best and brightest attribute of Heav'n!
From whom descending, thee we sing.
By nature wild, or by the arts refin'd,
We feel thy pow'r essential to our mind;
Each son of Freedom is a king.
Thy praise the happy world proclaim,
And Britain worships at thy name,
Thou guardian angel of Britannia's isle!
And God and man rejoice in thy immortal smile!

Island of beauty! lift thy head on high;
Sing a new song of triumph to the sky!
The day of thy deliv'rance springs!

[1] 'Gaffori was a hero worthy of old times. His eloquence was long remembered with admiration. A band of assassins was once advancing against him. He heard of their approach, went out to meet them, and with a serene dignity which overawed them, requested them to hear him. He then spoke to them so forcibly of the distresses of their country, her intolerable wrongs, and the hopes and views of their brethren in arms, that the very men who had been hired to murder him fell at his feet, implored his forgiveness, and joined his banners. While he was besieging the Genoese in Corte, a part of the garrison perceiving the nurse with his eldest son, then an infant in arms, straying at a little distance from the camp, suddenly sallied, and seized them. The use they made of their persons was in conformity to their usual execrable conduct. When Gaffori advanced to batter the walls, they held up the child directly over that part of the wall at which the guns were pointed. The Corsicans stopt; but Gaffori stood at their head, and ordered them to continue the fire. Providentially, the child escaped, and lived to relate, with becoming feeling, a fact so honourable to his father.'—SOUTHEY'S *Life of Nelson*.—M'K.

The day of vengeance to thy ancient foe.
Thy sons shall lay the proud oppressor low, (*w*)
And break the head of tyrant kings.
Paoli! mighty man of war!
All bright in arms, thy conqu'ring car
Ascend; thy people from the foe redeem,
Thou delegate of Heav'n, and son of the Supreme!

Ruled by th' eternal laws, supreme o'er all,
Kingdoms, like kings, successive rise and fall.
When Cæsar conquer'd half the earth,
And spread his eagles in Britannia's sun,
Did Cæsar dream the savage huts he won
Should give a far-famed kingdom birth?
That here should Roman freedom 'light;
The western Muses wing their flight;
The Arts, the Graces find their fav'rite home;
Our armies awe the globe, and Britain rival Rome?

Thus, if th' Almighty say, 'Let Freedom be,'
Thou, Corsica! thy golden age shalt see.
Rejoice with songs, rejoice with smiles;
Worlds yet unfound, and ages yet unborn,
Shall hail a new Britannia in her morn,
The Queen of arts, the Queen of isles:
The Arts, the beauteous train of Peace,
Shall rise and rival Rome and Greece;
A Newton Nature's book unfold sublime;
A Milton sing to heav'n, and charm the ear of Time!

THE EAGLE, CROW, AND SHEPHERD.

A FABLE.[1]

BENEATH the horror of a rock,
A shepherd careless fed his flock.
Souse from its top an eagle came,
And seiz'd upon a sporting lamb;
Its tender sides his talons tear,
And bear it bleating thro' the air.

This was discover'd by a crow,
Who hopp'd upon the plain below.
'You ram,' says he, 'becomes my prey;'
And, mounting, hastens to the fray,
Lights on his back—when lo, ill-luck!
He in the fleece entangled stuck;
He spreads his wings, but can't get free,
Struggling in vain for liberty.

The shepherd soon the captive spies,
And soon he seizes on the prize.
His children curious croud around,
And ask what strange fowl he has found?
'My sons,' said he, 'warn'd by this wretch,
Attempt no deed above your reach:
An eagle not an hour ago,
He's now content to be a crow.'

[1] See Memoir, p. 19.—G.

THE MUSIAD: A MINOR EPIC POEM.

IN THE MANNER OF HOMER. A FRAGMENT.

In ancient times, ere traps were fram'd,
  Or cats in Britain's isle were known;
A mouse, for pow'r and valour fam'd,
  Possess'd in peace the regal throne.

A farmer's house he nightly storm'd,
  (In vain were bolts, in vain were keys;)
The milk's fair surface he deform'd,
  And digg'd entrenchments in the cheese.

In vain the farmer watch'd by night,
  In vain he spread the poison'd bacon;
The mouse was wise as well as wight,
  Nor could by force or fraud be taken.

His subjects follow'd where he led,
  And dealt destruction all around;
His people, shepherd-like, he fed;
  Such mice are rarely to be found!

But evil fortune had decreed,
  (The foe of mice as well as men,)
The royal mouse at last should bleed,
  Should fall—ne'er to arise again.

Upon a night, as authors say,
  A luckless scent our hero drew,
Upon forbidden ground to stray,
  And pass a narrow cranny through.

That night a feast the farmer made,
And joy unbounded fill'd the house;
The fragments in the pantry spread
Afforded bus'ness to the mouse.

He ate his fill, and back again
Return'd; but access was deny'd.
He search'd each corner, but in vain;
He found it close on every side.

Let none our hero's fears deride;
He roar'd (ten mice of modern days,
As mice are dwindl'd and decay'd,
So great a voice could scarcely raise.)

Rous'd at the voice, the farmer ran,
And seiz'd upon his hapless prey.
With entreaties the mouse began,
And pray'rs, his anger to allay.

'O spare my life,' he trembling cries;
'My subjects will a ransom give,
Large as thy wishes can devise,
Soon as it shall be heard I live.'

'No, wretch!' the farmer says in wrath,
'Thou dy'st; no ransom I'll receive.'
'My subjects will revenge my death,'
He said; 'this dying charge I leave.'

The farmer lifts his armed hand,
And on the mouse inflicts an wound.
What mouse could such a blow withstand?
He fell, and dying bit the ground.

Thus Lambris fell, who flourish'd long,
(I half forgot to tell his name ;)
But his renown lives in the song,
And future times shall speak his fame.

A mouse, who walk'd about at large
In safety, heard his mournful cries ;
He heard him give his dying charge,
And to the rest he frantic flies.

Thrice he essay'd to speak, and thrice
Tears, such as mice may shed, fell down.
' Revenge your monarch's death,' he cries,
His voice half-stifl'd with a groan.

But having re-assum'd his senses,
And reason, such as mice may have,
He told out all the circumstances
With many a strain and broken heave.

Chill'd with sad grief, th' assembly heard ;
Each dropp'd a tear, and bow'd the head :
But symptoms soon of rage appear'd,
And vengeance for their royal dead.

Long sat they mute : at last up rose
The great Hypenor, blameless sage !
A hero born to many woes ;
His head was silver'd o'er with age.

His bulk so large, his joints so strong,
Though worn with grief, and past his prime,
Few rats could equal him, 'tis sung,
As rats are in these dregs of time.

Two sons, in battle brave, he had,
Sprung from fair Lalage's embrace ;
Short time they grac'd his nuptial bed,
By dogs destroy'd in cruel chase.

Their timeless fate the mother wail'd,
And pined with heart-corroding grief :
O'er every comfort it prevail'd,
Till death advancing brought relief.

Now he's the last of all his race,
A prey to wo : he inly pin'd ;
Grief pictur'd sat upon his face ;
Upon his breast his head reclin'd.

And, 'O my fellow-mice !' he said,
'These eyes ne'er saw a day so dire,
Save when my gallant children bled.
O wretched sons ! O wretched sire !

'But now a gen'ral cause demands
Our grief, and claims our tears alone ;
Our monarch, slain by wicked hands,
No issue left to fill the throne.

'Yet, tho' by hostile man much wrong'd,
My counsel is, from arms forbear,
That so your days may be prolong'd ;
For man is Heav'n's peculiar care.'

ANACREONTIC: TO A WASP.

THE FOLLOWING IS A LUDICROUS IMITATION OF THE USUAL ANACREONTICS; THE SPIRIT OF COMPOSING WHICH WAS RAGING, A FEW YEARS AGO, AMONG ALL THE SWEET SINGERS OF GREAT BRITAIN.

WINGÉD wand'rer of the sky!
Inhabitant of heav'n high!
Dreadful with thy dragon tail,
Hydra-head, and coat of mail!
Why dost thou my peace molest?
Why dost thou disturb my rest?
When in May the meads are seen,
Sweet enamel! white and green;
And the gardens, and the bow'rs,
And the forests, and the flow'rs,
Don their robes of curious dye,
Fine confusion to the eye!
Did I —— chase thee in thy flight?
Did I —— put thee in a fright?
Did I —— spoil thy treasure hid?
Never—never—never—did.
Envious nothing! pray beware;
Tempt mine anger, if you dare.
Trust not in thy strength of wing;
Trust not in thy length of sting.
Heav'n nor earth shall thee defend;
I thy buzzing soon will end.
Take my counsel, while you may;
Devil take you, if you stay.
Wilt—thou—dare—my—face—to—wound?—
Thus, I fell thee to the ground.
Down amongst the dead men, now
Thou shalt forget thou ere wast thou.

Anacreontic Bards beneath,
Thus shall wail thee after death.

CHORUS OF ELYSIAN BARDS.

'A Wasp, for a wonder,
To paradise under
Descends: See! he wanders
By Styx's meanders!
Behold, how he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's snows (*x*)
He sweats, in a trice,
In the regions of ice!
Lo! he cools, by God's ire,
Amidst brimstone and fire!
He goes to our king,
And he shows him his sting.
(God Pluto loves satire,
As women love attire;)
Our king sets him free,
Like fam'd Euridice.
Thus a wasp could prevail
O'er the Devil and hell,
A conquest both hard and laborious!
Tho' hell had fast bound him,
And the Devil did confound him,
Yet his sting and his wing were victorious.' (*y*)

ALEXIS.

A PASTORAL.

Upon a bank with cowslips cover'd o'er,
Where Leven's waters break against the shore;

What time the village sires in circles talk,
And youths and maidens take their evening walk ;
Among the yellow broom Alexis lay,
And view'd the beauties of the setting day.

Full well you might observe some inward smart,
Some secret grief hung heavy at his heart.
While round the field his sportive lambkins play'd,
He rais'd his plaintive voice, and thus he said :

Begin, my pipe ! a softly mournful strain.
The parting sun shines yellow on the plain ;
The balmy west-wind breathes along the ground ;
Their evening sweets the flow'rs dispense around ;
The flocks stray bleating o'er the mountain's brow,
And from the plain the answ'ring cattle low ;
Sweet chant the feather'd tribes on every tree,
And all things feel the joys of love, but me.

Begin, my pipe ! begin the mournful strain.
Eumelia meets my kindness with disdain.[1]
Oft have I try'd her stubborn heart to move,
And in her icy bosom kindle love :
But all in vain—ere I my love declar'd,
With other youths her company I shar'd ;
But now she shuns me hopeless and forlorn,
And pays my constant passion with her scorn.

Begin, my pipe ! the sadly-soothing strain,
And bring the days of innocence again.
Well I remember, in the sunny scene
We ran, we play'd together on the green.

[1] See Memoir, p. 28.—G.

Fair in our youth, and wanton in our play,
We toy'd, we sported the long summer's day.
For her I spoil'd the gardens of the Spring,
And taught the goldfinch on her hand to sing.
We sat and sung beneath the lover's tree ;
One was her look, and it was fix'd on me.

Begin, my pipe ! a melancholy strain.
A holiday was kept on yonder plain ;
The feast was spread upon the flow'ry mead,
And skilful Thyrsis tun'd his vocal reed ;
Each for the dance selects the nymph he loves,
And every nymph with smiles her swain approves :
The setting sun beheld their mirthful glee,
And left all happy in their love, but me.

Begin, my pipe ! a softly mournful strain.
O cruel nymph ! O most unhappy swain !
To climb the steepy rock's tremendous height,
And crop its herbage is the goat's delight ;
The flowery thyme delights the humming bees,
And blooming wilds the bleating lambkins please ;
Daphnis courts Chloe under every tree :
Eumelia ! you alone have joys for me !

Now cease, my pipe ! now cease the mournful strain.
Lo, yonder comes Eumelia o'er the plain !
Till she approach, I'll lurk behind the shade,
Then try with all my art the stubborn maid :
Though to her lover cruel and unkind,
Yet time may change the purpose of her mind.
But vain these pleasing hopes ! already see,
She hath observ'd, and now she flies from me !

Then cease, my pipe! the unavailing strain.
Apollo aids, the Nine inspire in vain:
You, cruel maid! refuse to lend an ear;
No more I sing, since you disdain to hear.
This pipe Amyntas gave, on which he play'd:
'Be thou its second lord,' the dying shepherd said.
No more I play, now silent let it be;
Nor pipe, nor song, can e'er give joy to me.

DAMON, MENALCAS, AND MELIBŒUS.

AN ECLOGUE.

DAMON.

Mild from the shower, the morning's rosy light
Unfolds the beauteous season to the sight:
The landscape rises verdant on the view;
The little hills uplift their heads in dew;
The sunny stream rejoices in the vale;
The woods with songs approaching summer hail:
The boy comes forth among the flow'rs to play;
His fair hair glitters in the yellow ray.
Shepherds, begin the song! while, o'er the mead,
Your flocks at will on dewy pastures feed.
Behold fair nature, and begin the song;
The songs of nature to the swain belong,
Who equals Cona's bard in sylvan strains, (*z*)
To him his harp an equal prize remains;
His harp, which sounds on all its sacred strings
The loves of hunters, and the wars of kings.

MENALCAS.

Now fleecy clouds in clearer skies are seen;
The air is genial, and the earth is green:

O'er hill and dale the flow'rs spontaneous spring,
And blackbirds singing now invite to sing.

MELIBŒUS.

Now milky show'rs rejoice the springing grain ;
New-opening pea-blooms purple all the plain ;
The hedges blossom white on every hand ;
Already harvest seems to clothe the land.

MENALCAS.

White o'er the hill my snowy sheep appear,
Each with her lamb ; their shepherd's name they bear.
I love to lead them where the daisies spring,
And on the sunny hill to sit and sing.

MELIBŒUS.

My fields are green with clover and with corn ;
My flocks the hills, and herds the vales adorn.
I teach the stream, I teach the vocal shore,
And woods to echo that 'I want no more.'

MENALCAS.

To me the bees their annual nectar yield ;
Peace cheers my hut, and plenty clothes my field.
I fear no loss : I give to Ocean's wind
All care away, a monarch in my mind.

MELIBŒUS.

My mind is cheerful as the linnet's lays ;
Heav'n daily hears a shepherd's simple praise.
What time I shear my flock, I send a fleece
To aged Mopsa, and her orphan niece.

MENALCAS.

Lavinia, come! here primroses upspring;
Here choirs of linnets, here yourself may sing;
Here meadows worthy of thy foot appear:
O come, Lavinia! let us wander here!

MELIBŒUS.

Rosella, come! here flow'rs the heath adorn;
Here ruddy roses open on the thorn;
Here willows by the brook a shadow give;
O here, Rosella! let us love to live!

MENALCAS.

Lavinia's fairer than the flow'rs of May,
Or Autumn apples ruddy in the ray:
For her my flow'rs are in a garland wove,
And all my apples ripen for my love.

MELIBŒUS.

Prince of the wood, the oak majestic tow'rs;
The lily of the vale is queen of flow'rs:
Above the maids Rosella's charms prevail,
As oaks in woods, and lilies in the vale!

MENALCAS.

Resound, ye rocks! ye little hills! rejoice!
Assenting woods! to Heaven uplift your voice!
Let Spring and Summer enter hand in hand;
Lavinia comes, the glory of our Land!

MELIBŒUS.

Whene'er my love appears upon the plain,
To her the wond'ring shepherds tune the strain:

'Who comes in beauty like the vernal morn,
When yellow robes of light all heaven and earth adorn.'

MENALCAS.

Rosella's mine, by all the Pow'rs above;
Each star in heav'n is witness to our love.
Among the lilies she abides all day;
Herself as lovely, and as sweet as they.

MELIBŒUS.

By Tweed Lavinia feeds her fleecy care,
And in the sunshine combs her yellow hair.
Be thine the peace of Heav'n, unknown to kings,
And o'er thee angels spread their guardian wings!

MENALCAS.

I followed Nature, and was fond of praise;
Thrice noble Varo has approved my lays;
If he approves, superior to my peers,
I join th' immortal choir, and sing to other years.

MELIBŒUS.

My mistress is my Muse: the banks of Tyne
Resound with Nature's music, and with mine;
Helen the fair, the beauty of our green,
To me adjudg'd the prize when chosen queen.

DAMON.

Now cease your songs: the flocks to shelter fly,
And the high sun has gain'd the middle sky.
To both alike the poet's bays belong,
Chiefs of the choir, and masters of the song.
Thus let your pipes contend, with rival strife,
To sing the praises of the pastoral life:

Sing Nature's scenes with Nature's beauties fir'd;
Where poets dream'd, where prophets lay inspir'd.
Even Caledonian queens have trod the meads,
And scepter'd kings assum'd the shepherd's weeds:
Th' angelic choirs, that guard the throne of God,
Have sat with shepherds on the humble sod.
With us renew'd the golden times remain,
And long-lost innocence is found again.

PHILOCLES:[1]

AN ELEGY, ON THE DEATH OF MR WILLIAM DRYBURGH.

Wailing, I sit on Leven's sandy shore,
And sadly tune the reed to sounds of woe;
Once more I call Melpomene! once more
Spontaneous teach the weeping verse to flow!

The weeping verse shall flow in friendship's name,
Which friendship asks, and friendship fain would pay;
The weeping verse, which worth and genius claim.
Begin then, Muse! begin thy mournful lay.

Aided by thee, I'll twine a rustic wreath
Of fairest flow'rs, to deck the grass-grown grave
Of Philocles, cold in the bed of death,
And mourn the gentle youth I could not save.

Where lordly Forth divides the fertile plains,
With ample sweep, a sea from side to side,
A rocky bound his raging course restrains,
For ever lashed by the resounding tide.

[1] See Memoir, pp. 17, 24, 36.—G.

There stands his tomb upon the sea-beat shore,[1]
Afar discerned by the rough sailor's eye,
Who, passing, weeps, and stops the sounding oar,
And points where piety and virtue lie.

Like the gay palm on Rabbah's fair domains,
Or cedar shadowing Carmel's flowery side;
Or, like the upright ash on Britain's plains,
Which waves its stately arms in youthful pride:

So flourished Philocles: and as the hand
Of ruthless woodman lays their honours low,[2]
He fell in youth's fair bloom by fate's command.
'Twas fate that struck, 'tis ours to mourn the blow.

Alas! we fondly thought that Heaven designed
His bright example mankind to improve:
All they should be, was pictured in his mind;
His thoughts were virtue, and his heart was love.

[1] 'His remains lie on the south side, and near the top of the west burying-ground in this parish. The spot is marked by a neat and rather handsome stone, which does not, however, seem to have been erected to his memory, as the inscription relating to his father occupies the front and principal part of the stone, while that relating to himself and a half brother, whose name was Lister, a minister of the Secession in Dundee, occupies the back, and was probably put on at a later period than the other.'—*Letter from Rev. W. A. Pettigrew, Dysart, to Dr Mackelvie.*

[2] 'Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum,
Cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus, instant
Eruere agricolæ certatim; illa usque minatur,
Et tremefacta comam, concusso vertice, nutat.'

VIRGIL, *Æneid II.*

'Rent like a mountain ash, which dar'd the winds,
And stood the sturdy strokes of lab'ring hinds.
About the roots the cruel axe resounds:
The stumps are pierc'd with oft repeated wounds,
The war is felt on high, the nodding crown
Now threats a fall, and throws the leafy honours down.'

DRYDEN'S *Translation.*—M'K.

Calm as a summer's sun's unruffled face,
He looked unmoved on life's precarious game,
And smiled at mortals toiling in the chase
Of empty phantoms—opulence and fame.

Steady he followed Virtue's onward path,
Inflexible to Error's devious way;
And firm at last, in hope and fixéd faith,
Thro' Death's dark vale he trod without dismay.

The gloomy vale he trod, relentless Death!
Where waste and horrid desolation reign.
The tyrant, humbled, there resigns his wrath;
The wretch, elated, there forgets his pain;

There sleep the infant, and the hoary head;
Together lie the oppressor and the oppressed;
There dwells the captive, free among the dead;
There Philocles, and there the weary rest.

The curtains of the grave fast drawn around,
'Till the loud trumpet wakes the sleep of death,
With dreadful clangour through the world resound,
Shake the firm globe, and burst the vaults beneath.

Then Philocles shall rise, to glory rise,
And his Redeemer for himself shall see;
With Him in triumph mount the azure skies:
For where He is, His followers shall be.

Whence then these sighs? and whence this falling tear?
To sad remembrance of his merit just,
Still must I mourn, for he to me was dear,
And still is dear, though buried in the dust.

DAPHNIS: A MONODY.

TO THE MEMORY OF MR WILLIAM ARNOT, SON OF MR DAVID ARNOT, OF PORTMOAK, NEAR KINROSS.

[A Letter from Bruce, sending this Monody to Mr Arnot (or Arnott) senior, is now before us. It begins:—'Dear Sir,—Walking lately by the churchyard of your town, which inspires with a kind of veneration for our ancestors, I was struck with these beautiful lines of Mr Gray, in his "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard,"

"Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid,
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;"

and immediately I called to mind your son, whose memory will be ever dear unto me; and, with respect to that Place [Heaven], put the supposition out of doubt. I wrote the most part of this poem the same day, which I should be very sorry if you look upon as a piece of flattery: I know you are above flattery; and if I know anything of my own mind, I am so too. It is the language of the heart; I think a lie in verse and prose the same. The versification is irregular, in imitation of Milton's Lycidas.' Then follows the Monody, as printed here. Comparison with previous texts will show in them departures from what Bruce wrote, that are not improvements, as well as new lines and epithets, and other lesser details. Under the title is a quotation from Horace, 'Quis desiderio sit pudor, aut modus, tam cani capitis.' After the poem he adds, 'I have sent a line from Mr Henderson to Mr Dryburgh. You may [en]close mine in it as this seems to be largest, and deliver them with as much ease as one. Excuse this trouble from yours sincerely, MICHAEL BRUCE.' It is dated 'Gairny-Bridge, May 29th, 1765,' and there is a P.S.: 'This will give you an idea of George's way of writing.'—G.]

No more of youthful joys, or love's fond dreams;
No more of morning fair, or ev'ning mild;
While Daphnis lies among the silent dead
Unsung; though long ago he trode the path,
The dreary road to death,
Which soon or late each mortal foot must tread.
He trode the dark uncomfortable wild
By Faith's fair light, and Truth's unsullied beams;
By Love, whose image gladdens mortal eyes,
And keeps the golden key that opens all the skies.

Assist ye Muses!—and ye will assist:
For Daphnis, whom I sing, to you was dear:

Ye loved the boy, and on his youthful head
Your kindest influence shed.—
So may I match his lays, who to the lyre
Wailed his lost Lycidas by wood and rill:
So may the Muse my grov'ling mind inspire
With high poetic fire;
As thy sad loss, dear youth, with grief do [I deplore]
To sing a farewell to thy ashes blest;[1]
To bid fair peace be to thy gentle shade;
To scatter flowerets, cropt by Fancy's hand,
In sad assemblage round thy tomb,
If watered by the Muse, to latest time to bloom.

Oft by the side of Leven's crystal Lake,
Trembling beneath the closing lids of light,
With slow short-measured steps we took our walk:
Then the dear youth would talk
Of argument, far, far above his years;
Or young compeers;
And high would reason: he could reason high;
Till from the east the silver Queen of Night
Her journey up heaven's steep began to make,
And Silence reigned attentive in the sky.

O happy days!—for ever, ever gone!
When o'er the flow'ry green we ran, we play'd
With blooms bedropt by youthful Summer's hand:
Or, in the willow's shade,
Upon the echoing banks of the fair Lake
We mimic castles built among the sand,
Soon by the sounding surge to be beat down,

[1] Lines, 'To sing,' etc., on to 'time to bloom,' not in the MS. as sent to Mr Arnot senior.—G.

Or sweeping wind; when, by the sedgy marsh,
Or rushy pool we wand'red in our play,
And heard the heron and the wild duck harsh,
Or sweeter lark tune her melodious lay,
At highest noon of day.
Among the antic moss-grown stones we'd roam,
With ancient hieroglyphic figures wrought;
Winged hour-glasses, bones, and spades, and sculls,
And obsolete inscriptions, by the hands
Of other years. Ay me! I little thought
That where we play'd he soon should fill a tomb.[1]

Where were ye, Muses! when the leaden hand
Of Death, remorseless, clos'd your Daphnis' eyes?
For sure ye heard the weeping mother's cries;—
But the dread pow'r of Fate what can withstand?
Young Daphnis smil'd at Death; the tyrant's darts
As stubble counted. What was his support?
His conscience, and firm trust in Him whose ways
Are truth; in Him who sways
His potent sceptre o'er the dark domain
Of death and hell; who holds in streight'ned rein
Their banded legions; 'Thro' the darksome vale
He'll guide my steps; He will my heart sustain;
I trust His plighted word, it will not fail;'
He, smiling, said, and died!—

Hail, and farewell, blest youth! Soon hast thou left
This evil world. Short was thy thread of life:
And quickly by the envious Sisters shorn.
Thus have I seen a rose with rising morn

[1] The farm of Portmoak stands on the margin of Lochleven. The parish church formerly stood beside it, and a portion of the old burying-ground still remains in which young Arnot is interred.—M'K. [See photograph.—G.]

Unfold its fragrant bloom, sweet to the smell,
And lovely to the eye ; when a keen wind
Has tore its leaves, and laid its green head low,
Strip't of its sweets : ev'n so,
So Daphnis fell ! long ere his prime he fell !
Nor left he on these plains his peer behind ;
These plains, that mourn their loss, of him bereft,
No more look gay, but desert and forlorn.
No song is heard, mute is the sylvan strife.

Now cease your lamentation, shepherds, cease :
For Daphnis whom you weep, and whom you lov'd,
A better life, and in a fairer clime,
Now lives. No sorrow enters that blest place ;
But songs of love and joy for ay resound :
And music floats around,[1]
By fanning zephyrs from the spicy groves,
And flowers immortal wafted ; asphodel
And amaranth, unfading, deck the ground,
With fairer colours than, ere Adam fell,
In Eden bloomed. There, haply he may hear
This artless song. Ye powers of verse ! improve,
And make it worthy of your darling's ear,
And make it equal to the shepherd's love.

Thus, in the shadow of a frowning rock,
Beneath a mountain's side, shaggy and hoar,
A homely swain, tending his little flock,
Tun'd to the Doric reed his rural lay,

[1] Instead of what follows, the original MS. runs—

'And music floats around
On aromatic gales born ! and improv'd,
There haply hears with pity my sad rhyme—
Rhyme ! Ah, how inferior to my love !'—G.

Rude and unletter'd in the Muse's lore,
Till in the west sunk the descending day ;
Then rising, homeward slowly held his way.[1] (*aa*)

VERSES

ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. WM. M'EWEN.[2]

M'Ewen gone ! and shall the mournful Muse
A tear unto his memory refuse ?
Forbid it all ye powers that guard the just,
Your care his actions, and his life your trust.
The righteous perish ! is M'Ewen dead ?
In him Religion, Virtue's friend, is fled.
Modest in strife, bold in religion's cause,
He sought true honour in his God's applause.
What manly beauties in his works appear,
Close without straining, and concise though clear.
Though short his life, not so his deathless fame,
Succeeding ages shall revere his name.
Hail, blest immortal, hail ! while we are tost,
Thy happy soul is landed on the coast,
That land of bliss, where on the peaceful shore
Thou view'st with pleasure, all thy dangers o'er ;
Lain in the silent grave, thy honour'd dust
Expects the resurrection of the just.

[1] See Note (*aa*) at end for 'various readings.'—G.

[2] Author of 'A Treatise on the Scripture Types, Figures, and Allegories,' and 'Essays on various subjects.' He died suddenly at Leith, in the twenty-eighth year of his age, and seventh of his ministry.—M'K.

TO JOHN MILLAR, M.D.[1]

ON RECOVERY FROM A DANGEROUS FIT OF ILLNESS.—(WRITTEN IN THE NAME OF MR DAVID PEARSON.)

A RUSTIC youth (he seeks no better name)
Alike unknown to fortune and to fame,
Acknowledging a debt he ne'er can pay,
For thee, O Millar! frames the artless lay:
That yet he lives, that vital warmth remains,
And life's red tide bounds briskly thro' his veins;
To thee he owes. His grateful heart believe,
And take his thanks sincere, 'tis all he has to give.
Let traders brave the flood in thirst of gain,
Kept with disquietude as got with pain;
Let heroes, tempted by a sounding name,
Pursue bright honour in the fields of fame.
Can wealth or fame a moment's ease command
To him, who sinks beneath affliction's hand?
Upon the wither'd limbs fresh beauty shed;
Or cheer the dark, dark mansions of the dead?

[1] Dr Millar was a surgeon in Kirkaldy, twelve miles from Kinnesswood, whence he had come repeatedly to visit David Pearson, who had an ulcer in his leg, and whose poverty prevented him from giving this skilful physician his well-earned remuneration. Pearson applied to his friend Bruce to express his acknowledgments in verse, which he did. The above is only a small part of the letter of thanks taken down by Mr Birrel, according as Pearson was able to repeat it. The original was given by Pearson into Logan's own hand. It ended with the following lines:—

'For tuneful Garth is gone, and mighty Mead,
Pope's Arbuthnot lies slumbering with the dead:
And when at last (far distant be the day)
Remorseless Death shall mark thee for his prey,
May thy free spirit mount the climes above,
And join thy consort in the land of love.'—M'K.

AN EPIGRAM.

With Celia talking, Pray, says I,
. Think you, you could a husband want,
Or would you rather choose to die
If Heav'n the blessing should not grant?

Awhile the beauteous maid look'd down,
Then with a blush she thus began:
'Life is a precious thing I own,
But what is life—without a man?'

PASTORAL SONG.

TO THE TUNE OF THE YELLOW-HAIR'D LADDIE.

In May when the gowans appear on the green,
And flow'rs in the field and the forest are seen;
Where lilies bloom'd bonny, and hawthorns upsprung,
The Yellow-hair'd laddie oft whistled and sung.

But neither the shades, nor the sweets of the flow'rs,
Nor the blackbirds that warbled on blossoming bow'rs,
Could pleasure his eye, or his ear entertain;
For love was his pleasure, and love was his pain.

The shepherd thus sung, while his flocks all around
Drew nearer and nearer, and sigh'd to the sound:
Around as in chains, lay the beasts of the wood,
With pity disarmed, with music subdu'd.

Young Jessy is fair as the spring's early flower,
And Mary sings sweet as the bird in her bower:

But Peggy is fairer and sweeter than they ;
With looks like the morning, with smiles like the day.

In the flower of her youth, in the bloom of eighteen,
Of virtue the goddess, of beauty the queen :
One hour in her presence an æra excels
Amid courts, where ambition with misery dwells.

Fair to the shepherd the new-springing flow'rs,
When May and when morning lead on the gay hours :
But Peggy is brighter and fairer than they ;
She's fair as the morning, and lovely as May.

Sweet to the shepherd the wild woodland sound,
When larks sing above him, and lambs bleat around ;
But Peggy far sweeter can speak and can sing,
Than the notes of the warblers that welcome the Spring.

When in beauty she moves by the brook of the plain,
You would call her a Venus new sprung from the main :
When she sings, and the woods with their echoes reply,
You would think that an angel was warbling on high.

Ye Pow'rs that preside over mortal estate !
Whose nod ruleth Nature, whose pleasure is fate,
O grant me, O grant me the heav'n of her charms !
May I live in her presence, and die in her arms !

LOCHLEVEN NO MORE.

TO THE TUNE OF 'LOCHABER NO MORE.'

Farewell to Lochleven and Gairny's fair stream,
How sweet, on its banks, of my Peggy to dream ;
But now I must go to a far distant shore,
And I'll may-be return to Lochleven no more.

No more in the Spring shall I walk with my dear,
Where gowans bloom bonny, and Gairny runs clear;
Far hence must I wander, my pleasures are o'er,
Since I'll see my dear maid and Lochleven no more.

No more do I sing, since far from my delight,
But in sighs spend the day, and in tears the long night;
By Devon's dull current stretch'd mourning I'll lie,
While the hills and the woods to my mourning reply.

But wherever I wander, by night or by day,
True love to my Peggy still with me shall stay;
And ever and aye my loss I'll deplore,
Till the woodlands re-echo Lochleven no more.

Though from her far distant, to her I'll be true,
And still my fond heart keep her image in view:
O could I obtain her, my griefs were all o'er,
I would mourn the dear maid and Lochleven no more.

But if Fate has decreed that it ne'er shall be so,
Then grief shall attend me wherever I go;
Till from life's stormy sea I reach death's silent shore,
Then I'll think upon her and Lochleven no more.[1]

FRAGMENTS OF SATIRES.

'There was a piece entitled "Fungus;" and the writer has reason to believe that there were a number of satires; for, on a slip of paper in his possession, there is this note in the poet's handwriting, "Add to Satire first;" and then these lines follow.'—M'K.

I.

Or shall we weep, or grow into the spleen,
Or shall we laugh at the fantastic scene,

[1] This Song appeared in a somewhat inaccurate form in 'The Weekly Magazine or Edinburgh Amusement,' vol. iii. p. 306, March 9, 1769. It is not deemed worth while to notice the variations. It was composed on leaving 'Gairney Bridge' for Forrest Mill.—G.

To see a dull mechanic, in a fit,
Throw down his plane, and strive to be a wit.
Thus wrote De Foe, a tedious length of years,
And bravely lost his conscience and his ears,
To see a priest eke out the great design,
And tug with Latin points the halting line.
Who would not laugh, if two such men there were?
Such there have been—I don't say such there are.

II.

'Last week I made a visit to Portmoak, the parish where I was born, and being accidentally at the funeral of an aged rustic, I was invited to partake of the usual entertainment before the interment. We were conducted into a large barn, and placed almost in a square,

When lo! a mortal, bulky, grave, and dull,
The mighty master of the sevenfold skull,
Arose like Ajax. In the midst he stands—
A well filled bicker loads his trembling hands.
To one he comes, assumes a visage new—
'Come ask a blessing John?—'tis put on you.'
'Bid Mungo say,' says John, with half a face,
Famed for his length of beard and length of grace.
Thus have I seen, beneath a hollow rock,
A shepherd hunt his dogs among his flock—
'Run collie, Battie, Venture.' Not one hears,
Then rising, runs himself, and running swears.

In short, Sir, as I have not time to poetize, the grace is said, the drink goes round, the tobacco pipes are lighted, and, from a cloud of smoke, a hoary-headed rustic addressed the company thus:—'Weel, John (*i.e.* the deceased), noo when he's gone, was a good, sensible man, stout, and healthy, and hale; and had the best

hand for casting peats of onybody in this kintra side. Aweel, Sirs, we maun a' dee—Here's to ye.' I was struck with the speech of this honest man, especially with his heroic application of the glass, in dispelling the gloomy thoughts of death.[1]

THE POET'S PETITION FOR 'A TABLE.'

WITHIN this school a table once there stood—
It was not iron—No! 'twas rotten wood.
Four generations it on earth had seen—
A ship's old planks composed the huge machine.
Perhaps that ship in which Columbus hurl'd
Saw other stars rise on another world,—
Or that which bore, along the dark profound,
From pole to pole, the valiant Drake around.—
Tho' miracles long since were said to cease,
Three weeks—thrice seven long days—it stood in peace;
Upon the fourth, a warm debate arose,
Managed by words, and more emphatic blows;
The routed party to the table fled,
Which seemed to offer a defensive shade.
Thus, in the town, I've seen, when rains descend,
Where arched porticoes their shades extend,
Papists and gifted Quakers, Tories, Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs—
Men born in India, men in Europe bred,
Commence acquaintance in a mason's shed.

[1] This unseemly procedure, which was once common at funerals in the country, but now happily falling into disuse, seems to have strongly impressed the mind of our poet, for he introduces it also into his 'Last Day,' with implied disapprobation—

> 'To the dust
> We gave the dead. Then, moralizing, home
> The swains returned, *to drown in copious bowls*
> The labours of the day, and thoughts of death.'—M'K.

Thus they ensconc'd beneath the table lay,—
With shouts the victors rush upon the prey,—
Attack'd the rampart where they shelter took.
With firing battered, and with engines shook,
It fell. The mighty ruins strew the ground.
It fell! The mountains tremble at the sound.
But to what end (say you) this trifling tale?
Perhaps, sir, man as well as wood is frail;
Perhaps his life can little more supply,
'Than just to look about us and to die.'

EGLOGUE.

IN THE MANNER OF OSSIAN.

O COME, my love! from thy echoing hill; thy locks on the mountain wind!

The hill-top flames with setting light; the vale is bright with the beam of eve. Blithe on the village green the maiden milks her cows. The boy shouts in the wood, and wonders who talks from the trees. But Echo talks from the trees, repeating his notes of joy. Where art thou, O Morna! thou fairest among women? I hear not the bleating of thy flock, nor thy voice in the wind of the hill. Here is the field of our loves; now is the hour of thy promise. See, frequent from the harvest-field the reapers eye the setting sun: but thou appearest not on the plain.—

Daughters of the bow! Saw ye my love, with her little flock tripping before her? Saw ye her, fair moving over the heath, and waving her locks behind like the yellow sun-beams of evening?

Come from the hill of clouds, fair dweller of woody Lumon!

I was a boy when I went to Lumon's lovely vale. Sporting among the willows of the brook, I saw the daughters of the plain. Fair were their faces of youth; but mine eye was fixed on Morna. Red was her cheek, and fair her hair. Her hand was white as the lily. Mild was the beam of her blue eye, and lovely as the last smile of the sun. Her eye met mine in silence. Sweet were our words together in secret. I little knew what meant the heavings of my bosom, and the wild wish of my heart. I often looked back upon Lumon's vale, and blest the fair dwelling of Morna. Her name dwelt ever on my lip. She came to my dream by night. Thou didst come in thy beauty, O maid! lovely as the ghost of Malvina, when, clad with the robes of heaven, she came to the vale of the Moon, to visit the aged eyes of Ossian king of harps.

Come from the cloud of night, thou first of our maidens! come——

The wind is down; the sky is clear: red is the cloud of evening. In circles the bat wheels over head; the boy pursues his flight. The farmer hails the signs of heaven, the promise of halcyon days: Joy brightens in his eyes. O Morna! first of maidens! thou art the joy of Salgar! thou art his one defire! I wait thy coming on the field. Mine eye is over all the plain. One echo spreads on every side. It is the shout of the shepherds folding their flocks. They call to their companions, each on his echoing hill. From the red cloud rises the evening star.—But who comes yonder in light, like the Moon the queen of heaven? It is she! the star of stars! the

lovely light of Lumon! Welcome, fair beam of beauty, for ever to shine in our valleys!

MORNA.

I come from the hill of clouds. Among the green rushes of Balva's bank, I follow the steps of my beloved. The foal in the meadow frolics round the mare: his bright mane dances on the mountain wind. The leverets play among the green ferns, fearless of the hunter's horn, and of the bounding grey-hound. The last strain is up in the wood.—Did I hear the voice of my love? It was the gale that sports with the whirling leaf, and sighs in the reeds of the lake. Blessed be the voice of winds that brings my Salgar to mind. O Salgar! youth of the rolling eye! thou art the love of maidens. Thy face is a sun to thy friends: thy words are sweet as a song: thy steps are stately on thy hill: thou art comely in the brightness of youth; like the Moon, when she puts off her dun robe in the sky, and brightens the face of night. The clouds rejoice on either side: the traveller in the narrow path beholds her, round, in her beauty moving through the midst of heaven. Thou art fair, O youth of the rolling eye! thou wast the love of my youth.

SALGAR.

Fair wanderer of evening! pleasant be thy rest on our plains. I was gathering nuts in the wood for my love, and the days of our youth returned to mind; when we played together on the green, and flew over the field with feet of wind. I tamed the blackbird for my love, and taught it to sing in her hand. I climbed the ash in the cliff of the rock, and brought you the doves of the wood.

MORNA.

It is the voice of my beloved! Let me behold him from the wood-covered vale, as he sings of the times of old, and complains to the voice of the rock. Pleasant were the days of our youth, like the songs of other years. Often have we sat on the old grey stone, and silent marked the stars, as one by one they stole into the sky. One was our wish by day, and one our dream by night.

SALGAR.

I found an apple-tree in the wood. I planted it in my garden. Thine eye beheld it all in flower. For every bloom we marked, I count an apple of gold. To-morrow I pull the fruit for you. O come, my best beloved.

MORNA.

When the gossamer melts in air, and the furze crackle in the beam of noon, O come to Cona's sunny side, and let thy flocks wander in our valleys. The heath is in flower. One tree rises in the midst. Sweet flows the river by its side of age. The wild bee hides his honey at its root. Our words will be sweet on the sunny hill. Till grey evening shadow the plain, I will sing to my well-beloved.

THE VANITY OF OUR DESIRE OF IMMORTALITY HERE:

A STORY IN THE EASTERN MANNER.

CHILD of the years to come, attend to the words of Calem;—Calem, who hath seen fourteen kings upon the throne of China, whose days are a thousand four hundred thirty and nine years.

Thou, O young man! who rejoicest in thy vigour; the

days of my strength were as thine. My possessions were large, and fair as the gardens of Paradise. My cattle covered the vallies; and my flocks were as the grass on Mount Tirza. Gold was brought me from the ocean, and jewels from the Valley of Serpents. Yet I was unhappy; for I feared the sword of the angel of Death.

One day, as I was walking through the woods which grew around my palace, I heard the song of the birds: but I heard it without joy. On the contrary, their cheerfulness filled me with melancholy. I threw myself on a bank of flowers, and gave vent to my discontent in these words: 'The time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard. These trees spread their verdant branches above me, and beneath the flowers bloom fair. The whole creation rejoices in its existence. I alone am unhappy. Why am I unhappy? What do I want? Nothing. But what avail my riches, when in a little I must leave them? What is the life of man? His days are but a thousand years! As the waves of the ocean; such are the generations of man: The foremost is dashed on the shore, and another comes rolling on. As the leaves of a tree; so are the children of men: They are scattered abroad by the wind, and other leaves lift their green heads. So, the generations before us are gone; this shall pass away, and another race arise. How, then, can I be glad, when in a few centuries I shall be no more? Thou Eternal, why hast thou cut off the life of man? and why are his days so few?'

I held my peace. Immediately the sky was black with the clouds of night. A tempest shook the trees of the forest: the thunder roared from the top of Tirza, and the red bolt shot through the darkness. Terror and amazement seized me; and the hand of him before whom the sun is extinguished, was upon me. 'Calem,' said he

(while my bones trembled), 'I have heard thee accusing me. Thou desirest life; enjoy it. I have commanded Death, that he touch thee not.'

Again the clouds dispersed; and the sun chased the shadows along the hills. The birds renewed their song, sweeter than ever before I had heard them. I cast mine eyes over my fields, while my heart exulted with joy. 'These,' said I, 'are mine for ever!' But I knew not that sorrow waited for me.

As I was returning home, I met the beautiful Selima walking across the fields. The rose blushed in her cheeks; and her eyes were as the stars of the morning. Never before had I looked with a partial eye on woman. I gazed; I sighed; I trembled. I led her to my house, and made her mistress of my riches.

As the young plants grow up around the cedar; so my children grew up in my hall.

Now my happiness was complete. My children married; and I saw my descendants in the third generation. I expected to see them overspread the kingdom, and that I should obtain the crown of China.

I had now lived a thousand years; and the hand of time had withered my strength. My wife, my sons, and my daughters, died; and I was a stranger among my people. I was a burden to them; they hated me, and drove me from my house. Naked and miserable, I wandered; my tottering legs scarce supported my body. I went to the dwellings of my friends; but they were gone, and other masters chid me from their doors. I retired to the woods; and, in a cave, lived with the beasts of the earth. Berries and roots were my meat; and I drank of the stream of the rock. I was scorched with the summer's sun; and shivered in the cold of winter. I was weary of life.

One day I wandered from the woods, to view the palace which was once mine. I saw it; but it was low. Fire had consumed it: It lay as a rock cast down by an earthquake. Nettles sprung up in the court; and from within the owl scream'd hideous. The fox looked out at the windows: the rank grass of the wall waved around his head. I was filled with grief at the remembrance of what it, and what I had been. 'Cursed be the day,' I said, 'in which I desired to live for ever. And why, O Thou Supreme! didst thou grant my request? Had it not been for this, I had been at peace; I had been asleep in the quiet grave; I had not known the desolation of my inheritance; I had been free from the weariness of life. I seek for death, but I find it not: my life is a curse unto me.'

A shining cloud descended on the trees; and Gabriel the angel stood before me. His voice was as the roaring stream, while thus he declared his message: 'Thus saith the Highest, What shall I do unto thee, O Calem? What dost thou now desire? Thou askedst life, and I gave it thee, even to live for ever. Now thou art weary of living; and again thou hast opened thy mouth against me.'

NOTES.

NOTE (*a*)—P. 130.

Paraphrase from Complaint of Nature.—The following is the text of this Paraphrase (Job xiv. 1-15) as it is given in the 'Translations and Paraphrases' of the 'Kirk of Scotland:'—

Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, 'Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return.'

Behold the emblem of thy state
In flow'rs that bloom and die,
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.

Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
Before thy sov'reign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted springs
A hallow'd stream afford?

Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

Great God! afflict not, in thy wrath,
The short allotted span
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.

All nature dies, and lives again:
The flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield,

Resign the honours of their form
At Winter's stormy blast,
And leave the naked leafless plain
A desolated waste.

Yet soon reviving plants and flow'rs
Anew shall deck the plain;
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return:
Shall any foll'wing spring revive
The ashes of the urn?

The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again.

So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light;

And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
Shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.

O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!

Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind,
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come,
When death shall set me free.

NOTE (*b*)—P. 133.

Heavenly Wisdom.—The version of this Paraphrase, as it appears in the 'Translations and Paraphrases,' presents some noticeable variations. In the second stanza, line first, for 'has,' it reads 'hath;' and line third, for 'reward,' reads 'rewards;' and for our text in line fourth,

'Than all their stores of gold.'

In the second stanza, second line, for 'years,' reads 'days;' and for our text what follows:—

'Riches, with splendid honours join'd,
Are what her left displays.'

In the third stanza, line second, for 'path,' reads 'paths.'

We have in these changes, no doubt, another illustration of Logan's course in claiming authorship. In his own volume of 1781 he had given Bruce's Hymn from Bruce's MS. volume *as his own*. Qualms of conscience seem in the interval to have visited him; and so, to satisfy these, he makes the above (so-called) 'improvements' in giving it to the volume of 'Translations and Paraphrases,' and then he felt as free to claim its authorship as after the same self-deceiving process with Doddridge's and the rest of Bruce's. See our Memoir, pp. 95-100; and also for the very same thing in the 'Ode to the Cuckoo,' pp. 83-86.—G.

NOTE (*c*)—P. 135.

Simeon Waiting.—The following is the text of this Paraphrase (Luke ii. 25-33) as it is given in the 'Translations and Paraphrases:'—

Just and devout old Simeon liv'd;
To him it was reveal'd,
That Christ, the Lord, his eyes should see
Ere death his eyelids seal'd.

For this consoling gift of Heav'n
To Israel's fallen state,
From year to year with patient hope
The aged saint did wait.

Nor did he wait in vain; for, lo!
Revolving years brought round,
In season due, the happy day,
Which all his wishes crown'd.

When Jesus, to the temple brought
By Mary's pious care,
As Heav'n's appointed rites requir'd,
To God was offer'd there,

Simeon into those sacred courts
A heavn'ly impulse drew ;
He saw the Virgin hold her son,
And straight his Lord he knew.

With holy joy upon his face
The good old father smil'd;
Then fondly in his wither'd arms
He clasp'd the promis'd child :

And while he held the heav'n-born Babe,
Ordain'd to bless mankind,
Thus spoke, with earnest look, and heart
Exulting, yet resign'd :

Now, Lord ! according to thy word,
Let me in peace depart ;

Mine eyes have thy salvation seen,
And gladness fills my heart.

At length my arms embrace my Lord,
Now let their vigour cease ;
At last my eyes my Saviour see,
Now let them close in peace.

This great salvation, long prepar'd,
And now disclos'd to view,
Hath prov'd thy love was constant still,
And promises were true.

That Sun I now behold, whose light
Shall heathen darkness chase ;
And rays of brightest glory pour
Around thy chosen race.

Our remarks in Note *b* apply equally to this Paraphrase, as a comparison will show.—G.

NOTE (*d*)—P. 150.

'*And follow Nature up to Nature's God.*'—Pope had said :

> 'Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
> But looks thro' Nature up to Nature's God.'
> *Essay on Man.*—G.

NOTE (*e*)—P. 151.

'*Oft morning dreams presage approaching fate.*'—Horace furnishes one example :

> 'Atqui, ego cum Græcos facerem, natus mare citra,
> Versiculos, vetuit me tali voce Quirinus
> Post mediam noctem visus, cum somnia vera.'
> *Satires*, x.—G.

NOTE (*f*)—P. 155.

Weaving Spiritualized.—This subject appears to have been suggested to Bruce by Ralph Erskine's 'Smoking Spiritualized.'

The Lines are circulated amongst the villagers of Kinnesswood, in manuscript, with whom it is popular; and from a copy belonging to one of them the above is transcribed, with a few verbal alterations.—M'K.

NOTE (*g*)—P. 156.

Inscription on a Bible.—This was written on the fly-leaf of the Poet's own little Bible. The volume is still preserved.—G.

NOTE (*h*)—P. 157.

Light first-born of existence. Milton:

'Hail holy light, offspring of Heaven first-born.'
Paradise Lost, B. iii. l. 1.—G.

NOTE (*i*)—P. 160.

The Ways . . . of Providence be cleared. Milton:

'I may assert Eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to man.'
Paradise Lost, B. i. l. 26.

Pope:

'And vindicate the ways of God to man.'
Essay on Man.—G.

NOTE (*j*)—P. 161.

Athos.—Dr Mackelvie adds to this reference the following quotation from good old Lempriere, under Athos, which will be sought for in vain in Dr Smith's 'Dictionary:'—

'Athos, a mountain of Macedonia, 150 miles in circumference, projecting into the Ægean Sea, like a promontory. It is so high that it overshadows the island of Lemnos, though at the distance of 87 miles. A sculptor, called Dinocrates, offered Alexander to cut Mount Athos, and to make with it a statue of the King holding a town in his left hand, and in the right a spacious basin

to receive all the waters which flowed into it. Alexander greatly admired the plan, but objected to the place; and he observed, that the neighbouring country was not sufficiently fruitful to produce corn and provisions for the inhabitants, which were to dwell in the city, in the hand of the statue.'

NOTE (*k*)—P. 162.

Pale affright.—We have here a recollection of Milton, Paradise Lost, B. vi. l. 856 *seq.* It may also be noted here that in 'Daphnis: a Monody,' we have like recollection of 'Lycidas':

> 'For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime;
> Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.'

Similarly elsewhere.—G.

NOTE (*l*)—P. 163.

The rapid stream . . . Tigris.—The river Tigris, *i.e.* Sagitta, is so called from its rapidity.—M'K.

NOTE (*m*)—P. 164.

A spirit lived within them.—Dr Mackelvie supplements the Bible allusion here by a reference to the 'Spiritus intus olit' of Horace.

NOTE (*n*)—P. 172.

Lenient.—Milton: 'Lenient of grief,' Samson Agonistes, l. 659.—G.

NOTE (*o*)—P. 188.

Which yet retains her name.—The poet here insinuates that *Lochleven* is an abbreviation of Lochlevina, which is about as probable as another derivation given by some of the inhabitants around the Lake, that Lochleven is an abbreviation of Loch-eleven; and they account for this appellation by affirming that it was once fed by eleven streams, surrounded by eleven proprie-

tors' lands, was eleven miles in circumference, was studded by eleven islands, seen from eleven parishes, inhabited by eleven kinds of fish, and so forth, to the number of eleven elevens, not one of which peculiarities, so far as we can learn, ever belonged to it. It is, however, a striking circumstance, that the only two hills in Scotland named Lomond, should each have a lake at its base called Leven; for so Loch-Lomond was anciently called, as the stream by which it empties itself into the Clyde is still named, and by which name it has been celebrated by Smollett, in the famous Ode beginning—

> 'On Leven's banks, while free to rove,
> And tune the rural pipe to love.'

The word Leven is held to be of Saxon origin, and by some it is understood to mean clear, by others smooth. The former interpretation seems the more probable, from the fact that this property is a characteristic of all the waters to which the name is applied; of which in Britain, besides those already named, there is the river Leven in Westmoreland, the stream by which the lake Windermere empties itself into the sea; and there are also the 'Black' and 'White' Leven, two streams in Cumberland. —M'K.

NOTE (*p*)—P. 192.

O Lælius!—In the first draught of the poem the following verses preceded those in the text:—

> . . . . . 'And oft would join
> My walk the good Philologus, whose mind,
> Superior to the world, with scorn looks down
> And pity, on the low pursuits of men;
> And, far above the mists which little pride
> And erring passions raise, his piercing eye
> Roves through the spacious intellectual world.'

By Philologus and Lælius our poet is known to intend his early friend Mr George Henderson, son of the proprietor of Turfhills, afterwards assistant to the Rev. James Fisher, of the Secession Church, Glasgow. This gentleman was suddenly cut off in the midst of his usefulness. He preached in his usual health on Sabbath, and died on the Thursday following, in the

thirty-sixth year of his age, and fourteenth of his ministry. His widow survived till within the last few months.

The name Philologus was changed into that of Lælius, as expressive of the friendship that subsisted between Bruce and Henderson, in allusion to the intimacy between Lælius the Roman consul and Africanus the younger,—an intimacy so great, that Cicero, in his treatise *De Amicitia*, adduces it in illustration of the real nature of friendship, with its attendant pleasures.—M'K.

NOTE (*q*)—P. 192.

Fronting Gairny.—This island, the largest of the four which embellish Lochleven, has been increased, by the partial draining of the Lake, from thirty-two to eighty acres. It is named St Serf's Isle, as having been the site of a priory dedicated to St Serf or Servanus, who is reported to have been a pilgrim from Canaan, and in whose honour Bondeus, a Pictish king, founded the place, and gave the isle to his Culdees. David I. annexed it to the priory of St Andrews. Andrew Winton was prior of this place, and wrote in it his History of the World, beginning with the Creation, and ending with the captivity of James I., in whose reign he died. This history is still extant in the Advocates' Library. [Published.—G.] The island has been recently brought under the plough, and the ruins of the priory converted into a stable, which Sir James Montgomery is about to shade with some trees from his neighbouring plantations, and so remove in part the present naked appearance of the scenery in that portion of the Lake. [Done.—G.]—See *Chambers' Gazetteer*, *Sibbald's Fife*, and *Forsyth's Beauties of Scotland.*—M'K.

NOTE (*r*)—P. 193.

Selma.—'Selma,' according to the expositors of Ossian, was the capital of Morven; and Morven, or Mor Bean, signifies the hill country or highlands. 'I beheld thy towers, O Selma, the oaks of thy shaded wall.'—See *Ossian's Poems*, *The War of Inisthona.*—M'K.

NOTE (*s*)—P. 193.

Lochleven Castle.—Lochleven Castle is of unknown antiquity. It is said to have been founded by Congal, son of Dongart, king of the Picts. It occurs in history as early as 1334, when an unsuccessful siege was laid to it by John de Strevelin, an English officer. It was anciently a royal castle, and occasionally the residence of the Pictish and Scottish kings. Alexander III. lived some time in it after his return from an interview with Henry III. of England. It was granted by Robert III. to a branch of the Douglas family, but it seems to have reverted again to the Crown. Sir Robert Douglas, in 1542, received from James V. grants of the baronies of Dalkeith and Kinross, with the Lake and castle of Lochleven, which title the family still enjoys, together with that of Morton, to which earldom they afterwards succeeded.

Lochleven Castle has been repeatedly used as a State prison. Patrick Graham, Archbishop of St Andrews, and grandson of King Robert III., after an unsuccessful attempt to reform the lives of the Catholic clergy, was, through their influence at Court, arrested, confined in different monasteries, and at last died a prisoner in Lochleven Castle in 1478. After Mary Queen of Scots had parted with Bothwell at Carberry, and surrendered herself a prisoner to the Confederate Lords, she was conveyed to this Castle, and shut up, June 16, 1567, under charge of the wife of Douglas of Lochleven, the mother of Murray, afterwards Regent of Scotland. On the ensuing 24th of July she was compelled, by a party of those statesmen, to sign an instrument, resigning the Crown to her infant son, who was accordingly inaugurated a few days after at Stirling, under the title of James VI. Several attempts had been made to rescue her from her place of confinement, which the vigilance of her keeper rendered abortive; but Mary had captivated the heart of George Douglas, her keeper's brother, a youth of eighteen, who, on May 2, 1568, conveyed her from the Castle in a boat to the shore, an accomplice having found means to steal the keys and open the gates. The keys were thrown into the Lake, and were recently found by a young man belonging to Kinross, who presented them to the Earl of Morton, in whose possession they now are. The Earl of Northumberland, after his rebellion in England, was seized in

Scotland, and confined in Lochleven Castle from 1569 to 1572, when he was delivered up to Queen Elizabeth and executed. The square tower, and a portion of the rampart which surrounded the building, are all that now remain of this famous place, and which Sir James Montgomery is in the act of securing from further dilapidation. [Thoroughly done by the present baronet, Sir Graham Montgomery: the Castle, as our photograph shows, is now embosomed in 'plantations.'—G.]—See *Noble's Genealogical History of the Stuarts*, *Chambers's Gazetteer*, *Maitland's History of Scotland*, and *Forsyth's Beauties of Scotland*.—M'K.

NOTE (*t*)—P. 201.

Fox.—I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fire had resounded in the halls, and the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls. The thistle shook there its lonely head. The moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out of the windows; the rank grass of the wall waved round its head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina; silence is in the house of her fathers.'—*Ossian's Poems*, *Carthon*.—M'K.

NOTE (*u*)—P. 205.

Sir James the Ross.—I have given 'Sir James the Ross' as it appears in the 'Weekly Magazine or Edinburgh Amusement,' vol. ix. Sept. 20, 1770, pp. 371-373. Prefixed was the following short note:—

To the Publisher of the 'Weekly Magazine.'

SIR,—Some days ago I met with an old Scottish Ballad, of which the following is a copy; which, I dare say, you will be willing to preserve from oblivion, by giving it a place in your entertaining Amusement. There are few of your Readers, I am persuaded, but will be pleased to see at once such a specimen of ancient Scottish poetry and valour.

It is deemed proper to furnish here also the Ballad as Logan published it in the volume of 1770. A comparison will reveal alterations and insertions. In all likelihood these belong to Logan; and it is a marvel that on the strength of them he did not

claim the whole as his, according to his wont. The Ballad of 'Sir James the Ross' was enclosed in a letter by Bruce to Mr David Pearson, in which he excellently distinguishes between the Song and the Ballad.—G.

SIR JAMES THE ROSS.

AN HISTORICAL BALLAD.

Of all the Scottish northern Chiefs
Of high and mighty name,
The bravest was Sir James the Ross,
A knight of meikle fame.

His growth was like a youthful oak,
That crowns the mountain's brow;
And, waving o'er his shoulders broad,
His locks of yellow flew.

Wide were his fields, his herds were large,
And large his flocks of sheep,
And num'rous were his goats and deer
Upon the mountains steep.

The chieftain of the good Clan Ross,
A firm and warlike band:
Five hundred warriors drew the sword
Beneath his high command.

In bloody fight thrice had he stood
Against the English keen,
Ere two and twenty op'ning springs
The blooming youth had seen.

The fair Matilda dear he lov'd,
A maid of beauty rare;
Even Marg'ret on the Scottish throne
Was never half so fair.

Long had he woo'd, long she refus'd
With seeming scorn and pride;
Yet oft her eyes confess'd the love
Her fearful words deny'd.

At length she bless'd his well-try'd love,
Allow'd his tender claim;
She vow'd to him her virgin-heart,
And own'd an equal flame.

Her brother, Buchan's cruel lord,
Their passion disapprov'd:
He bade her wed Sir John the Græme,
And leave the youth she lov'd.

One night they met, as they were wont,
Deep in a shady wood;
Where on the bank, beside the burn,
A blooming saugh-tree stood.

Conceal'd among the underwood
The crafty Donald lay,
The brother of Sir John the Græme,
To watch what they might say.

When thus the maid began: 'My Sire
Our passion disapproves;
He bids me wed Sir John the Græme,
So here must end our loves.

'My father's will must he obey'd,
Nought boots me to withstand;
Some fairer maid in beauty's bloom
Shall bless thee with her hand.

'Soon will Matilda be forgot,
And from thy mind effac'd;
But may that happiness be thine,
Which I can never taste!'

'What do I hear? Is this thy vow?'
Sir James the Ross replied;
'And will Matilda wed the Græme,
Tho' sworn to be my bride?

'His sword shall sooner pierce my heart,
Than reave me of thy charms'——
And clasped her to his throbbing breast,
Fast lock'd within her arms.

'I spoke to try thy love,' she said,
'I'll near wed man but thee;
The grave shall be my bridal bed,
If Græme my husband be.

'Take then, dear youth! this faithful kiss,
In witness of my troth;
And every plague become my lot,
That day I break my oath.'

They parted thus—the sun was set:
Up hasty Donald flies;
And, 'Turn thee, turn thee, beardless youth!'
He loud insulting cries.

Soon turn'd about the fearless chief,
And soon his sword he drew;
For Donald's blade before his breast
Had pierc'd his tartans thro'.

'This for my brother's slighted love;
His wrongs sit on my arm.'—
Three paces back the youth retir'd,
And sav'd himself from harm.

Returning swift, his sword he rear'd
Fierce Donald's head above;
And thro' the brain and crashing bone
The furious weapon drove.

Life issued at the wound; he fell,
A lump of lifeless clay:
'So fall my foes,' quoth valiant Ross,
And stately strode away.

Thro' the green wood in haste he pass'd
Unto Lord Buchan's hall,
Beneath Matilda's windows stood,
And thus on her did call:

'Art thou asleep, Matilda fair!
Awake, my love! awake;
Behold thy lover waits without,
A long farewell to take.

'For I have slain fierce Donald Græme,
His blood is on my sword;
And far, far distant are my men,
Nor can defend their lord.

'To Skye I will direct my flight,
Where my brave brothers bide,
And raise the Mighty of the Isles
To combat on my side.'

'O do not so,' the maid replied,
'With me till morning stay;
For dark and dreary is the night,
And dang'rous is the way.

'All night I'll watch thee in the park;
My faithful page I'll send,
In haste to raise the brave Clan Ross
Their master to defend.'

He laid him down beneath a bush,
And wrap'd him in his plaid;
While, trembling for her lover's fate,
At distance stood the maid.

Swift ran the page o'er hill and dale,
Till, in a lowly glen,
He met the furious Sir John Græme
With twenty of his men,

'Where goest? thou little page!' he said,
'So late who did thee send?'
'I go to raise the brave Clan Ross,
Their master to defend.

'For he has slain fierce Donald Græme,
His blood is on his sword;
And far, far distant are his men,
Nor can assist their lord.'

'And has he slain my brother dear?'
The furious chief replies:
'Dishonour blast my name, but he
'By me ere morning dies.

'Say, page! where is Sir James the Ross?
I will thee well reward.'
'He sleeps into Lord Buchan's park;
Matilda is his guard.'

They spurr'd their steeds, and furious flew,
Like lightning, o'er the lea:
They reach'd Lord Buchan's lofty tow'r
By dawning of the day.

Matilda stood without the gate
Upon a rising ground,
And watch'd each object in the dawn,
All ear to every sound.

'Where sleeps the Ross?' began the
'Or has the felon fled? [Græme,
This hand shall lay the wretch on earth,
By whom my brother bled.'

And now the valiant knight awoke,
The virgin shrieking heard:
Straight up he rose, and drew his sword,
When the fierce band appear'd.

'Your sword last night my brother slew,
His blood yet dims its shine;
And, ere the sun shall gild the morn,
Your blood shall reek on mine.'

'Your words are brave,' the chief re-
'But deeds approve the man. [turn'd;
Set by your men, and hand to hand
We'll try what valour can.'

With dauntless step he forward strode,
And dar'd him to the fight:
The Græme gave back, and fear'd his arm,
For well he knew his might.

Four of his men, the bravest four,
Sunk down beneath his sword;
But still he scorn'd the poor revenge,
And sought their haughty lord.

Behind him basely came the Græme,
And wounded in the side:
Out spouting came the purple stream,
And all his tartans dy'd.

But yet his hand not dropp'd the sword,
Nor sunk he to the ground,
Till thro' his en'my's heart his sword
Had forc'd a mortal wound.

Græme, like a tree by winds o'erthrown,
Fell breathless on the clay;
And down beside him sunk the Ross,
And faint and dying lay.

Matilda saw, and fast she ran:
'O spare his life,' she cried;
'Lord Buchan's daughter begs his life,
Let her not be denied.'

Her well-known voice the hero heard;
He rais'd his death-clos'd eyes;
He fix'd them on the weeping maid,
And weakly thus replies:

'In vain Matilda begs the life
By death's arrest deny'd;
My race is run—adieu, my love!'
Then clos'd his eyes, and dy'd.

The sword, yet warm from his left side,
With frantic hand she drew;
'I come, Sir James the Ross,' she cry'd,
'I come to follow you.'

The hilt she lean'd against the ground,
And bar'd her snowy breast,
Then fell upon her lover's face,
And sunk to endless rest.

NOTE (v)—P. 210.

'Quem virum, aut heroa, lyra vel acri
Tibia sumis celebrare, Clio.'
HORACE, i. xii.

NOTE (*w*)—P. 213.

It is curious to find a whole line of Burns' 'Scots wha hae'—save only 'usurpers' substituted for 'oppressor,'—in this somewhat stilted 'Ode:'

> 'Lay the proud usurpers low,
> Tyrants fall,' etc.

Our great national poet wrote with characteristic sympathy concerning Bruce, on the application of Principal Baird for aid toward his new edition of Bruce's 'Poems.' The correspondence is given in Burns' Works, and also by Dr Mackelvie from Boys' 'Lives of the Scottish Poets' (3 vols. 12mo, 1822).—G.

NOTE (*x*)—P. 220.

Rhodope's Snows.—

> 'Now with furies surrounded,
> Despairing, confounded;
> He trembles, he glows,
> Amidst Rhodope's snows.'
>
> POPE'S *Ode to St Cecilia's Day.*—M'K.

NOTE (*y*).—P. 220.

Victorious.—

> 'Thus song could prevail
> O'er death and o'er hell;
> A conquest how hard and how glorious!
> Though Fate had fast bound her
> With Styx nine times round her,
> Yet Music and Love were victorious.'
>
> POPE'S *Ode to St Cecilia's Day.*—M'K.

NOTE (*z*)—P. 223.

Cona.—Ossian frequently styles himself the 'Voice of Cona,' and his harp sounds little else than 'The loves of hunters and the wars of kings.' Cona, from which the Son of Fingal probably took his name, is a small stream running through Glencoe in Argyleshire. 'The streams of Cona answer to the voice of Ossian.'—M'K.

NOTE (*aa*)—P. 234.

As stated in the Note prefixed to the Monody, it is now given for the first time from Bruce's own MS. But it is deemed well to record the 'various readings' presented in the text issued under the editorship of Logan. In all probability Logan took his from the quarto volume of transcribed 'Poems' mentioned in our Memoir, and thus the variations may be explained, though perhaps he also 'tinkered' what Bruce had written. Besides those insertions noted in their places, these are noticeable:—First of all, the heading in the volume of 1770 is 'Daphnis: a Monody. To the memory of a young boy of great parts.'

I. Line 1 is made line 2, and line 2 line 1.
5 for 'to' reads 'of.'
6 for 'mortal' reads 'human.'
8 for 'fair' reads 'pure;' and for our text, 'by Hope's heav'n-op'ning beams.'

II. Line 8, 9, of our text omitted. The MS. being torn, I have supplied the words 'I deplore.'

III. Line 4 'the dear youth' omitted.
6 omitted.
7 for our text, simply, 'Then he would reason high.'

IV. Line 4 for 'willow' reads 'willow-shade.'
5 omitted.
8 for 'wind' reads 'winds,' and line 9 omitted.
10 for 'and heard' reads 'We heard;' and line 11, for 'or' reads 'And,' and for 'her' reads 'his.'
14 for 'wrought' reads 'graced;' and line 15 reads 'and skulls and spades.'
17 for 'years' reads 'ages,' and for 'ay me' reads 'ah.'
18 for our much more vivid text reads 'That we then play'd o'er his untimely tomb.'

V. Line 12 inserts 'trembling' before 'steps,' and instead of our text reads 'with heavenly ray I see the dawning of immortal day,' and the last words of lines 9 and 10 plural instead of singular.

VI. Line 2 for 'short' reads 'fair,' a poor substitute; and for 'and' in next line 'reads 'but.'
5 for 'fragrant' reads 'glowing.'
7 for 'has tore' reads 'hath torn,' and inserts 'blushing' before 'leaves,' and omits 'its green head.'
8 for 'ev'n so' reads 'ah! so.'
13 omitted.

VII. Line 2 reads 'Though Daphnis died below, he lives above.'
4 reads 'He lives,' and line 5 inserts 'ceaseless' and omits 'for ay.'
6 for 'music' reads 'fragrance.'

VIII. Line 4 omitted, and next three lines read thus:—

Rude, yet a lover of the Muse's lore,
Chanted his Doric strain till close of day;
Then rose, and homeward slowly bent his way.—G.

*** I request the following corrections to be made. At page 102 it ought to have been stated that Dr Mackelvie overlooked the twelfth Hymn or Paraphrase, 'Dying in the Lord' (pp. 138, 139). At page 112, line 3d from bottom, read 'unfading' for 'unfailing.'—G.

THE END.

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